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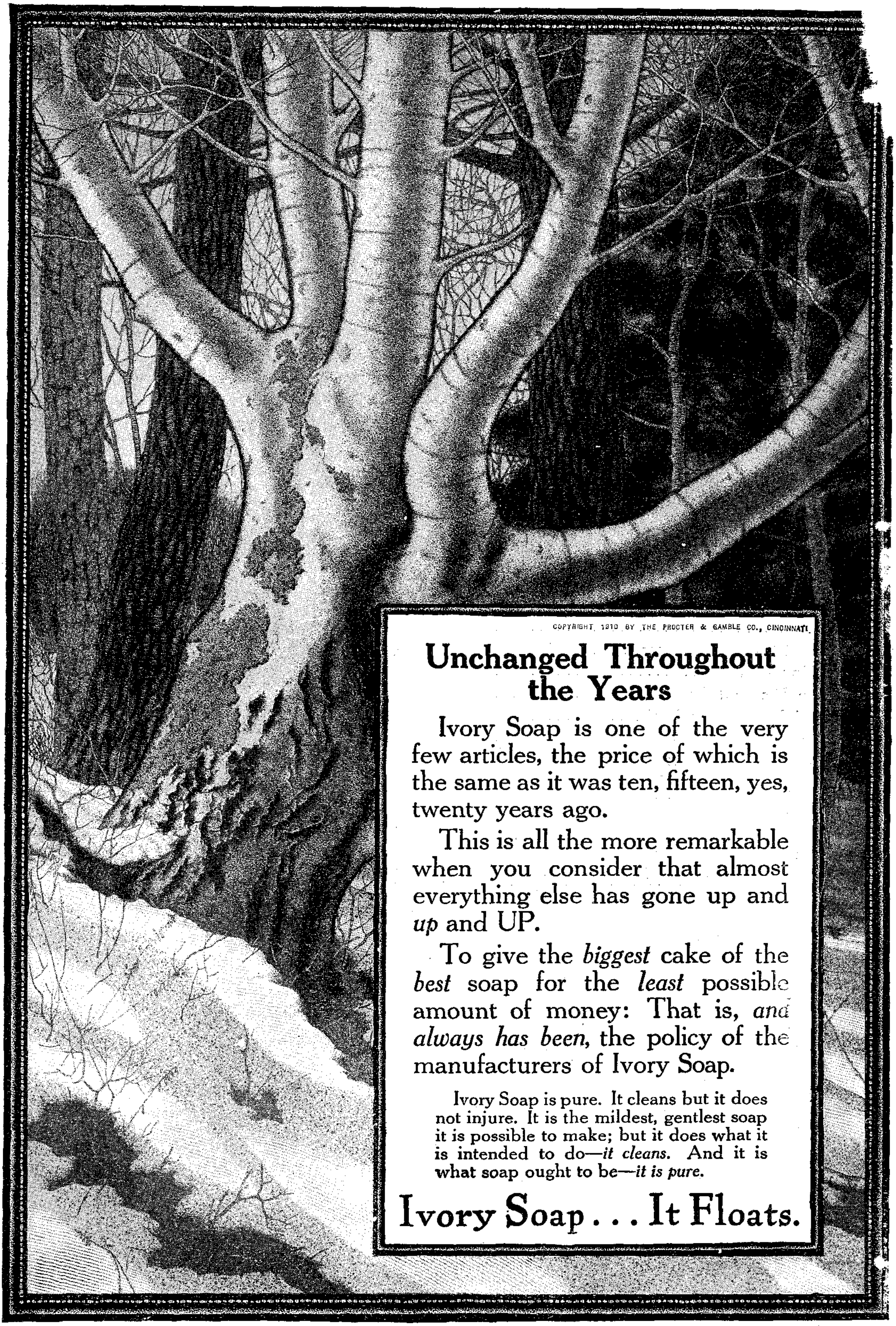

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The Outlook

APRIL 23, 1910

LYMAN ABBOTT, Editor-in-Chief. HAMILTON W. MABIE, Associate Editor
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Contributing Editor

A MESSAGE FROM MR. ROOSEVELT

In a despatch from Mr. Lawrence F. Abbott, President of the Outlook Company, The Outlook is authorized by Mr. Roosevelt to say that the report appearing in the New York "Herald" regarding his political opinions and plans is totally without any basis of truth. As previously cabled, he is expressing no opinions on either American or European politics. Any political statement ascribed to him which does not appear over his own name is a fabrication. Mr. Roosevelt has consistently declined to give interviews to any individual correspondent, and will continue to pursue that course.

MR. ROOSEVELT AND THE FIGHT FOR CONSERVATION

The three things for which the Roosevelt Administration which ended last year will longest be remembered are, in all probability, the making of peace between Japan and Russia, the action looking to the control of corporations in the interest of the people, and the inception of what was practically a new movement, the conservation of our resources—forest, land, mineral, and water power. In the fight for public preservation, use, and control of the people's property Gifford Pinchot and Theodore Roosevelt worked ardently and in harmony. It is not a matter of surprise, then, that, after the meeting between the two men at Porto Maurizio on Monday of last week, the announcement should be made through Mr. Pinchot that Mr. Roosevelt had accepted an invitation to address the National Conservation Congress late in the coming summer, at a time and place yet to be fixed. Mr. Pinchot is now the President of the National Conservation Association, and, all disputed questions aside, is a foremost advocate of principles and measures which all thorough friends of the cause of conservation believe to be fundamental, and of importance beyond estimation. Mr. Roosevelt is, because of his enthusiasm in that cause and his accomplished work in its behalf, most peculiarly fitted to address the Conservation Congress, and through it the people, on this topic. As to any discussion of public or political questions which may have taken place at Porto Maurizio between Mr. Pinchot and Mr. Roosevelt, no statement has been made by either; and it was thoroughly understood in advance that neither would talk about what was purely a personal conversation. During last week Mr. Roosevelt made a brief visit to Venice, and thence proceeded to Vienna, where the preparations for his reception have been elaborate. This week he reaches Paris, where, on Saturday, he will deliver his lecture before the Sorbonne, which will appear in full in next week's Outlook.

THE SCIENTIFIC SIDE OF THE ROOSEVELT EXPEDITION

No association in this country has higher authority among American scientists, or indeed in learned circles the world over, than the National Geographic Society. No well-informed person has entertained any question as to the practical value, from a scientific point of view, of the expedition in East Africa undertaken for the Smithsonian Institution by Mr. Roosevelt, in which, on the part of the Smithsonian, three eminent naturalists were engaged. A notable recognition of this value is found in the recent action of the National Geographic Society through its cable message sent to Mr. Roosevelt in Khartum. In this message there were included not only an invitation to Mr. Roosevelt to address the Association on the experiences and results of the expedition from the scientific view-point, but also the congratulations of the National Geographic Society on "the extraordinary success and immense scientific value of your expedition." In return the Society received a reply from Khartum, in which Mr. Roosevelt stated that he would gladly address the Society, but must await his return before a definite appointment could be fixed. It is noted that both Commander Peary and Sir Ernest Shackleton delivered their first addresses on their explorations, respectively in the Arctic and Antarctic regions, before the National Geographic Society, and the officers of the Society are desirous that Mr. Roosevelt should honor their body in a similar manner. Further evidence of the scientific importance of the expedition is had in the formal report from Mr. Roosevelt to the Smithsonian Institution, which has been given out for publication by its secretary. It will be followed by fuller reports from the three naturalists, Messrs. Mearns, Heller, and Loring; but some of the figures given in the preliminary report are certainly surprising as showing the extraordinary extent of the work done. The enormous number of 11,397 vertebrates were collected. This, of course, includes an immense number of smaller specimens, but there were no fewer than 4,897 mammals, and it is stated that, out of 1,020 specimens of mammals prepared by Mr. Heller, the majority are of large size. The other departments of the vertebrate kingdom are represented by about 4,000 specimens of birds, 2,000 specimens of reptiles and batrachians, and 500 fishes. This does not give the total numerical strength of the collection, which includes also marine and fresh-water fishes, numerous invertebrates, and several thousand plants, while Dr. Mearns gathered anthropological materials, and some additional material was received as a gift. A biological survey of Mount Kenia and other separate trips of exploration were made by members of the party. It is quite evident that the Smithsonian Institution is to receive, not only a large collection, but one thoroughly representative. The interest and value of such a collection of specimens of animal life can be judged by any one who will visit the American Museum of Natural History in New York City and examine the facilities afforded for study and the interest excited by such a collection; even the non-scientific and often uneducated visitors find in such a reproduction of the animal life of the globe material for enjoyment and a glimpse at the marvels of natural history. The Smithsonian is to be congratulated on such a substantial addition as it will have when the specimens sent by the Roosevelt expedition are prepared and on exhibition. When the proper time comes, we shall hope to give in The Outlook a full description of this collection.

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PRESIDENT TAFT ON WOMAN SUFFRAGE President Taft made what we call his "Confession of Faith" on the subject of woman's suffrage at the banquet given last week in Washington in connection with the National Woman's Suffrage Convention. At sixteen years of age he was an ardent suffragist, having inherited his views from his father. Actual experience had modified his views somewhat. If he were sure that women as a class would exercise the suffrage, he would be in favor of it, but at present there exists in his mind considerable doubt. Suffrage in the Rocky Mountain States, where there is no great concentration of population, has not been a failure, has perhaps even shown some improvement in the conduct of public affairs, but has not made any distinct difference. He does not believe that uneducated, unintelligent persons are fitted for self-government; of the intelligence of women, however, there is no question. But—and here we transcribe the President's exact words:

> The other qualification to which I call attention is that the class should as a whole care enough to look after its interests, to take part as a whole in the exercises of political power if it is conferred. Now, if it does not care enough for this, then it seems to me that the danger is, if the power is conferred, that it may be exercised by that part of the class least desirable as political constituents and may be neglected by many of those who are

intelligent and patriotic and would be most desirable as members of the electorate.

At this point an extraordinary incident occurred. This self-evident proposition was greeted with hisses, which, however, it is but fair to the suffragists generally to say, came apparently only from a few of the chronically hysterical suffragettes. The interruption furnished the President, whose equanimity was not in the least disturbed, with a sound argument for going slowly in the movement for the extension of the suffrage:

> "Now, my dear ladies," he said, when the hissing was over, "you must show yourselves equal to self-government by exercising in listening to opposing arguments that degree of restraint without which successful self-government is impossible."

Taken as a whole, this speech, and still more this incident, illustrate the position of The Outlook on this subject. Suffrage is not a National right to be exercised by every member of the community regardless of conditions. To its exercise two conditions are necessary: intelligence and a desire to vote. The women have the intelligence but not the desire. And to impose the duty of suffrage on all the women because five or ten per cent desire it would be both a hazardous and an unjust experiment—unjust, because it would impose on women a burden from which they have a right to be relieved; hazardous, because, if so imposed, there is danger that it would be exercised only by the women least competent to exercise it, as, for example, by suffragettes who have not even self-control enough to listen to opposing arguments, however gently presented, without extraordinary discourtesy to their invited guests.

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THE PINCHOT-BALLINGER INVESTIGATION

On March 26 Mr. Vertrees, counsel for Secretary Ballinger, made to the Congressional committee which is investigating the Pinchot-Ballinger controversy a statement, already reported in The Outlook, of what he intended to show. In the four meetings since then the time of the Committee has been occupied in hearing the examination and cross-examination of witnesses introduced on Mr. Ballinger's behalf. The testimony of these witnesses has been mainly elicited for the purpose of discrediting the statements of witnesses for the "prosecution." Thus Mr. Behrens, a real estate dealer of Seattle, Washington, was called to deny certain statements made by Mr. Glavis, the discharged Chief of the Field Service in the Land Office. The direct examination was brief. On cross-examination Mr. Behrens found it necessary to modify somewhat the denials he made. For example, he testified that he had not communicated with Mr. Dennett, head of the Land Office. On cross-examination he had to identify a card on which he had written a message to Mr. Dennett, but he explained that it was not concerning any business of the Land Office. Mr. Todd, a United States Attorney, was called to explain a transaction in which it was charged that Mr. Ballinger had acted improperly regarding an escrow agreement. Mr. Todd testified that this agreement was oral, and therefore could not be described as a document improperly drawn by Mr. Ballinger, because it was not a document at all. He also gave incidental testimony regarding certain missing letters which Mr. Glavis was suspected of abstracting. On cross-examination, Mr. Todd was led to bring out certain interesting facts. One was that Judge Hanford, who exonerated Mr. Ballinger from the accusations brought to disbar him, was interested in an irrigation company on behalf of which Mr. Ballinger had made requests to the Land Office. Another was that Mr. Glavis had taken steps to bring criminal proceedings in the Cunningham claims. In his letter to the President, giving his opinion against Mr. Glavis, Attorney-General Wickersham declared that although, to avoid the statute of limitations, charges would have had to be brought before the Grand Jury in May, 1908, "no proceeding whatever was taken by him [Mr. Glavis] to bring these criminal prosecutions or to take any steps in connection therewith." Mr. Todd acknowledged that Mr. Glavis had presented affidavits on which Mr. Todd had been able to form an opinion, that Mr. Todd had told Mr. Glavis he was unable, on account of his many duties, to bring a presentment to the May Grand Jury, and that the July Grand Jury would suffice. It has already been shown that before he could proceed to bring evidence for the July Grand Jury Mr. Glavis was called off from the work on these cases. Then Mr. Love was called. He was the special agent on whose recommendation Mr. Ballinger ordered the Cunningham claims clear-listed for patent, and who was superseded by Mr. H. T. Jones. Mr. Love characterized a statement made by Mr. Jones as "absolutely false." The statement by Mr. Jones was that Mr. Love had said that he was embarrassed in his investigations because coal claimants were friends of his, and because he had to accept hospitality from people under suspicion, "because you had to take what they give you or sleep outdoors." On cross-examination it proved that Mr. Love acknowledged that he did accept hospitality even though it was unnecessary, and that what was false in the statement of Mr. Jones was that Mr. Love had said the acceptance of such hospitality was necessary. It would appear that Mr. Love's objection to Mr. Jones's statement was that it was too generous. Mr. Love also confessed to a feeling of unfriendliness to both Mr. Glavis and Mr. Jones. He also had to acknowledge that Mr. Jones, who superseded him, had ascertained facts against the Cunningham claims which he had failed to discover. By means of a witness named Spaulding, Mr. Ballinger's counsel elicited the fact that Mr. Glavis had attempted to alter an item in his account with the Government. This item, of fifty-five dollars, was for stenographic work. On cross-examination it was shown that Mr. Glavis had done this in order to pay the money out of his own pocket. Mr. Brooks, Division Chief on Alaskan Mineral Resources in the Geological Survey, testified at length concerning coal deposits, and expressed the opinion that those in Alaska should be developed.

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THE MISSING LETTERS

Many hours were consumed in testimony regarding the missing letters already referred to. It was charged that Mr. Glavis, on being dismissed, had secreted twenty-four official letters that belonged in the Government files. Witnesses were produced to testify in detail concerning the finding of these letters, together with other effects, in a box belonging to Mr. Glavis. Mr. Glavis's successor, Mr. Christensen, declared that he himself found the letters. According to a telegram and letter he had sent, he had broken open this box in the Grand Jury room, and found all the letters except one, and two carbon copies of all. On cross-examination it transpired that he did not break open the box but found it with a loose cover, that it was not in the room he said but in a locked storeroom, and that he did not find all the papers he said he did. It was shown that the box had been packed by some one other than Mr. Glavis, that the things had been put into this storeroom to which Mr. Glavis did not have the key—a storeroom in a Government building—and that they were in an open box to which others had access. The witness acknowledged that it seemed peculiar that Mr. Glavis should take this method of concealing letters, especially as these letters were of no value to Mr. Ballinger's side of the case. Finally, Mr. Pierce, First Assistant Secretary under Mr. Ballinger, testified that Mr. Ballinger, after he became Secretary of the Interior, actually did not interfere in the matter of the Cunningham cases. The progress of the investigation has been interrupted by controversy among those engaged in it. Several times the chairman, Senator Nelson, has cast reflections on Mr. Brandeis, counsel for Mr. Glavis. In one instance the Committee contemplated a formal disavowal of the chairman's remarks, but, as one member said, since the record ought to show the bias and prejudice of the members of the Committee, there was no alteration in the minutes. Two or three members, however, explicitly expressed their dissent from the chairman's views. At another time there was considerable discussion over the right of counsel to introduce witnesses. The Committee refused permission to Mr. Brandeis to call Mr. Ballinger, and declined Mr. Brandeis's request that Mr. Ballinger be called first among witnesses for the "defense." Mr. Ballinger and his counsel protested against supplying documents called for by Mr. Brandeis after the "prosecution" had rested. Mr. Ballinger had written, objecting that the request for documents could not be regarded as in furtherance of a proper inquiry, "but as being made as a mere 'fishing' process." One member of the Committee, however, replied that the purpose of the investigation was to elicit facts, and another, Mr. James, added, "Well, you can fish, but it does not hurt anything without you catch something." The decision of the Committee was that the call for documents from the Interior Department be heeded. In these paragraphs we are endeavoring to give an impartial account and as complete as the space allows. We purposely refrain from expressing any opinion at present. When the facts are fully before the country, we expect to sum up the case and give our readers our judgment upon the facts.

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STANDARD OIL AND TOBACCO TRUST CASES TO BE REARGUED

Decisions in two of the most important cases that have been before the United States Supreme Court in a number of years have been postponed. These cases are the suits brought by the Government for the dissolution of the so-called Tobacco Trust and the Standard Oil Company. It is announced by the Court that they must be reargued before it, and it is probable that this cannot be done until the late fall. The decision of the Court to have the cases reargued is interpreted in several directions as indicating that the available members of the Court were nearly equally divided in their opinion upon the cases. The death of Justice Brewer removed one of the judges who had listened to the pleadings in both cases; the serious illness of Justice Moody has kept him from active participation in the work of the Court for a considerable time; Justice Lurton was probably too recently appointed to have taken part in the consideration of both cases. Therefore there were only seven at the most, and possibly only six, members of the Court who were prepared to take part in the decisions. It is said to be the recognized practice of the Court not to decide cases of such far-reaching importance as the Tobacco and Standard Oil cases unless at least a majority of the full bench concurs. This would mean the concurrence of at least five Justices; and if only six were able to take part in these cases, it would not be at all remarkable if five were not found who were able to agree. The final decision of these cases is of the greatest importance in the work begun by the preceding Administration, and no less heartily continued by the present Administration, of controlling and regulating the activities of great corporations. The interpretation of the Sherman Anti-Trust Law which will doubtless be given by the Court's decision will be of the greatest assistance to the Administration in indicating what the next step should be. But the postponement of the rendering of that decision ought not to mean the postponement of any attempt to take the next step. Two measures in particular are before Congress for dealing with this question. They are the Federal Corporation Act, recommended by President Taft, and the bill amending the Sherman Anti-Trust Law. We can see no conceivable reason why this action of the Supreme Court should have any effect whatever upon the consideration of the first of these measures. Whatever the Court may decide in the Standard Oil and Tobacco cases, an act permitting the Federal incorporation of concerns doing an inter-State business ought to be enacted. It would smooth the way of the Administration in controlling, for the benefit of the whole people, those corporations whose activities have a vital relationship to the welfare of the whole people. It would smooth the way of those corporations which should prefer, by taking advantage of it, to substitute a single uniform regulation for the heterogeneous regulation of forty-six States; and there are many such corporations whose managers are wise enough to appreciate the advantage which they would gain from such an act. As to the second measure, this delay emphasizes the fact that the Sherman Anti-Trust Law is so vague that the people cannot be sure whether they are controlling the corporations, and the corporations cannot be sure whether they are lawless or not, until the Court speaks. Law concerning trusts should be made more definite. Of this aspect of the matter we shall make further comment at another time.

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BARGAINS IN UPPER BERTHS

"Nothing left but uppers!" has, time out of mind, been the stereotyped reply of the sleeping-car ticket agent to the eleventh-hour traveler on American railways. The lower berth is the prize of the far-sighted, of the one who is born lucky, or sometimes, we fear it must be confessed, of the one who knows how to slip an unobtrusive but seductive piece of silver into the ticket-seller's hand. Probably the majority of American travelers would be prepared to affirm out of the bitter depths of experience that the average Pullman car is three-quarters upper berth and only one-quarter lower. But we seem likely to change all that. If what we see is the true dawn and not the "false morning" of the Persian poet, we may expect a new day on which the traveler may have a fair chance of securing a lower berth without arranging for it days in advance, or trusting to phenomenal luck or dexterous bribery. Or, at least, if he does not secure the much-desired "lower," he may lay the unction to his soul as he clambers into his "upper" that he is saving money. The Inter-State Commerce Commission has handed down a decision requiring the Pullman Company on certain specified runs in the Northwest to charge less for an upper berth than it does for a lower berth. For instance, where the present rate is $2, the new rate for an upper berth is to be $1.50; where the present rate is $1.50, the new upper berth rate is to be $1.10. The decision also requires the Company to lower certain of its rates for both lower and upper berths. The rates involved cover journeys between only a few points—such as St. Paul and Chicago, St. Paul and Seattle, St. Paul and Fargo, North Dakota—for it was only these rates which were by specific complaints brought before the Commission. If, however, the decision of the Commission stands, the almost inevitable result will be that the Pullman Company will reduce its rate proportionately all over the country. The Pullman Company may carry the matter to the courts, and, in case of such action, the final determination of the matter will doubtless be postponed for a number of months. Nevertheless, this decision of the Commission must strike the average traveler as one of the most interesting that that body has enunciated. Freight rates, rebates, discriminations, pools, and combinations are as far removed from the man in the street (or the man in the sleeping-car) as the conditions surrounding transportation on the Martian Canals. But the upper berth is always with him. A Commission which can ameliorate the Procrustean conditions of that lofty couch must be a wonderful body indeed! The "crank" who has always declared that he preferred an upper berth will be twice blessed. He will have his money and his ventilation too!

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NEW YORK LEGISLATIVE SCANDALS

A full and sweeping investigation of New York legislative scandals seems now assured. Last week, by a unanimous vote, the State Senate adopted a resolution providing for a joint committee of three Senators and five Assemblymen with full powers to investigate charges of corrupt practices either in connection with legislation or the State departments. Very probably the Assembly will take similar action before this is read. The disclosures of the Allds case, the charges made in the report of Superintendent Hotchkiss as to bribery in fire insurance matters, and the allegation that ten members of the New York Legislature had speculative stock accounts with a firm of brokers, one of whom was a notorious lobbyist—all these things emphasized the necessity of immediate and complete exposure of the facts. Most of all, however, has Governor Hughes's stern and unsparing admonition impelled the Legislature to action. In a special Message on the subject the Governor declares that the disclosures "have caused every honest citizen to tingle with shame and indignation, and have made irresistible the demand that every proper means should be employed to purge and to purify." This refers specifically to the assertions in the Hotchkiss report, but Mr. Hughes continues, after approval of the action by the Senate in the Allds case, to point out that "this is a promising opportunity to pursue the opening trails of corruption, to reveal illicit methods and agencies, to uncover the perfidious influences which have dishonored the State, and thus to aid in securing the wholesome exercise of its beneficent authority." Throughout, this Message is one of the most plain-spoken and drastic public documents ever put forth. It demands not only exposure of past wrong-doing, but remedial action to prevent such evils in the future. The report of the Superintendent of Insurance which accompanies it gives concrete instances of a large number of facts which are mildly described if we call them suspicious, and positively asserts that considerable sums of money were paid by many fire insurance companies in promoting or retarding legislation. As the Governor remarks, the Legislature (and he might have added the people) is entitled to know how, wherein, and by whom it has been deceived and its powers perverted. If a special session of the Legislature is necessary, it must be held; the voters of New York are not in a mood to be trifled with on this question.

THE SPIRIT OF INDUSTRIAL DEMOCRACY

A spirit of mutual conciliation and mutual regard for the rights of the other party is the one thing needed to reduce conflicts between labor and capital to the vanishing point. Whenever this spirit manifests itself, the hoary contention that there is an "irrepressible conflict" between labor and capital disappears like smoke, and employer and workman are revealed working shoulder to shoulder and not fighting face to face. Last week the officials of the New York Central Railroad gave a gratifying display of such a spirit, and a threatening labor conflict was averted as by a turn of the wrist. The conductors and trainmen on the New York Central had made a demand for increased wages. The railway officials had met the demand by an offer of somewhat less than the men desired. Almost unanimously the men voted to refuse the offer and to strike if necessary. Thereupon the officials proposed arbitration, and suggested two arbitrators—Mr. E. E. Clark, a member of the Inter-State Commerce Commission, and Mr. P. H. Morrissey, President of the American Railway Employees Investors Association. The proposition of the officials was accepted out of hand by the trainmen, and the facts in the case and the contentions of each side will be presented to the arbitrators forthwith. If they cannot agree, they will select an umpire whose decision will be final. The unexpectedly conciliatory nature of the Central's proposal lies in the fact that both of the arbitrators are labor men. Mr. Clark was formerly Grand Master of the Order of Railroad Conductors, and Mr. Morrissey Grand Master of the Brotherhood of Railroad Trainmen. It is not at all usual for employers of labor to be willing to intrust their interests in a labor dispute to any other than stanch representatives of capital. Railway officials who are willing to trust men whose previous experience would tend to make them sympathize with the workingman show not only a fine spirit but, we believe, a far-sighted wisdom. Such a spirit can hardly fail to arouse a response in kind. When it prevails in both industrial camps, labor questions will be settled not by the barbaric methods of industrial warfare but by methods of reason and good sense.

MUNICIPAL PROGRESS

In its municipal election April 5, Kansas City, Missouri, ratified the outcome of the election last December by which it defeated by a decisive majority a proposal to grant the street railway company a forty-two-year franchise. The successful candidate, Mr. Darius A. Brown, a young lawyer, was nominated by the Republicans on the strength of his record as a member of the lower house of the Common Council, where he had taken the lead in the fight against the franchise extension, and where he had uniformly shown courage, independence, and high ideals. The Democrats universally recognized the fact that, in view of his connection with the unpopular franchise, a second term for Mayor T. T. Crittenden was out of the question. After much perplexity the party leaders finally compromised by drafting the services of an ex-Circuit Judge, Mr. A. F. Evans, a lawyer of ability and high standing, who had taken no part in the franchise campaign, and who, it was understood, had not even voted on the question. The Republicans refused a renomination to such of their Aldermen as had voted for the franchise in the Council, and the canvass was largely on the basis of records. Of nine Aldermen who were candidates for re-election only one who had voted for the franchise was successful, and none of those who had voted against it was defeated. The outcome was an emphatic rebuke to the Crittenden administration for its control by the street railway company, and an expression of confidence in the officials who had stood for the people's interests. A Democratic plurality of sixteen hundred in 1908 was turned into a Republican plurality of more than two thousand. Fortunately, Kansas City holds its election in the spring, when no National election is at hand. An effort on the part of some of the Democratic speakers to inject the tariff and Cannonism into the campaign was ridiculously ineffective. The question of a franchise extension for the street railway is regarded as settled for the present by the heavy adverse vote of last December. The most important question with which the new administration will have to deal will be that of applying the merit system provisions of the new charter. A rigid merit system goes into effect for the first time with the Brown administration. Virtually, all the city offices are now in the classified service. The new Mayor has announced himself a firm believer in civil service reform, and it is believed that he will carry out its provisions in good faith. This is especially fortunate because of the importance of filling the offices at the outset with efficient men. In Kansas City, Kansas, on the same day, the first election under the commission form of government was held. Nominations were by a non-partisan primary. One Democrat and one Republican were nominated for Mayor, and three Democrats and five Republicans for the other four Commissionerships. James E. Porter, Democrat, was elected Mayor, and two Democrats and two Republicans were elected Commissioners. Mr. Porter has had long experience in police work and as county sheriff, where he made a reputation for enforcing the law. As the Mayor is head of the Department of Public Safety, he was regarded as especially qualified for the place, although his opponent, the retiring Mayor, Mr. Guyer, had made a good record. While the personnel of the Commission might be improved in some respects, it is regarded as decidedly superior to that of the recent City Councils. Kansas City, Kansas, with a population approaching a hundred thousand, is one of the largest cities to adopt the commission form of government, so its experience will be watched with interest. One of the amusing incidents of the election was in connection with the attempt to "get out the vote," including the women, who vote in municipal elections in Kansas. An election worker complained to headquarters in this language: "Mrs. Jones can't go to vote. She says she has a cake in the oven and she just can't leave it."

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GOVERNOR PATTERSON PROMOTER OF HOMICIDE

When Colonel Cooper and his son were arrested for killing Senator Carmack, of Tennessee, in a political dispute on the street, it was predicted freely that, however guilty they might be, they would never suffer the penalty of the law. Governor Patterson, of Tennessee, has made that prediction good. Senator Carmack and Governor Patterson, though both Democrats, were bitter political opponents. Senator Carmack was the leading figure in the prohibition movement in the State, while Governor Patterson was the leading figure in a faction opposing prohibition. Among Governor Patterson's most vigorous supporters was Colonel Cooper. On behalf of Governor Patterson, Colonel Cooper took a prominent part in a campaign against Senator Carmack, who was a candidate for Governor. Resenting an expression that appeared in a newspaper controlled by Senator Carmack, Colonel Cooper, accompanied by his son, encountered Senator Carmack in the street, and, after some words of altercation, one of the Coopers shot Senator Carmack to death. The trial of these two men aroused great excitement. Every influence was brought to bear for their acquittal. Governor Patterson himself was a witness on behalf of the accused. In spite of everything, and to the surprise of those who knew the strength of political influence exerted for the benefit of Colonel Cooper and his son, the two men were convicted and sentenced to twenty years' imprisonment. On appeal, the conviction of Colonel Cooper was sustained by the Supreme Court of the State. Before the convicted man had been taken from the court-room to the jail he received from the Governor, his friend, political associate, and witness on his behalf, a full pardon. There was no petition for this pardon. It was granted on the initiative of the Governor alone. The excuse that Governor Patterson gives for the pardon, that the conviction was a denial of justice, is itself a self-accusation; for it is the substitution of the prejudiced opinion of a political friend for the deliberate decision of the constituted judicial authorities of the State. The bare recital of the facts is enough to explain why the State of Tennessee has been aroused as few States have ever been to excitement and resentment. Governor Patterson, by his act, has declared that political assassination, provided that it is perpetrated on behalf of those in power, is safe. Governor Patterson has attacked something more fundamental even than democracy. He has attacked the very essence of all orderly government. Political authority that keeps its place by means of murder cannot be even called a government. Unless the people of Tennessee are indifferent, not merely to the spread of homicide, but also to the loss of popular liberties, they will terminate Malcolm R. Patterson's public career.

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THE STORMY PROGRESS OF THE ASQUITH GOVERNMENT

After a tumultuous session in the House of Commons on Thursday night of last week, described by an eye-witness as "a scene unparalleled in bitterness in the recent annals of Parliament," Mr. Asquith's resolutions relative to the veto power of the House of Lords were adopted by a strictly party (Liberal, Labor, and Nationalist) majority of something over one hundred. The Premier's course was opposed at every point by the leader of the Opposition, Mr. Balfour, with all the resources of his exceptional parliamentary skill. In spite of everything that the Liberal leader could do, Mr. Balfour succeeded in preventing him, until after the vote on the resolutions had been taken, from making a statement as to the course which the Ministry would take in case the Lords rejected the resolutions. At midnight, the resolutions having been carried, Mr. Asquith succeeded in making his statement in connection with a motion to adjourn. He said that it was not usual for a Government to make a statement of policy regarding contingencies that had not yet arisen, but the Government was now confronted by an exceptional, perhaps a unique, state of things. The resolutions had now been passed by the House of Commons, and the enactment of them into law was an indispensable condition of the Government's useful and effective existence. He continued:

> If the Lords fail to accept our policy or decline to consider it when it is formally presented to them, we shall immediately tender advice to the Crown as to the steps which will have to be taken if that policy is to receive statutory effect. What the precise terms of that advice will be is of course not right for me to say now, but if we do not find ourselves in a position to insure statutory effect being given to our policy, we shall either resign or recommend the dissolution of Parliament. In no case could we recommend dissolution, except under conditions securing that in the new Parliament the judgment of the people, as expressed at an election, will be carried into law.

The Premier's statement can have but one meaning. If, or perhaps it may be more accurate to say when, the House of Lords rejects the resolutions just passed by the Commons, the Ministry will advise the Crown so to deal with the House of Lords that it will be impossible for that body to reject the proposals a second time. There is probably only one method in which this end could be accomplished by the Crown, that is, the method of "swamping." It was the threat of the use of this method which in 1832 forced the passage of the Reform Bill against the overwhelming desire of the House of Lords. The method consists in the creation by the Crown of a sufficient number of peers representing the minority party in the House to change the balance of power. In 1832 only the threat was necessary; the Lords capitulated. There is, however, one wide difference between the situation then and the situation now. Then it would have required the creation of only about eighty peers to turn the scale. Now it would mean the creation of, at the very least, two hundred and seventy-five, and probably a considerable number more. Whether Mr. Asquith intends to advise the King to agree to create the necessary peers out of hand, or to agree that they shall be created if after a general election the Liberals are returned to power, does not appear at present. It is clear, however, that the Ministry is prepared to dissolve Parliament and to appeal to the country if it shall receive from the Crown those guarantees which it deems essential to its continued assumption of responsibility; and that it is prepared to resign office if those guarantees are not forthcoming. Mr. Asquith and the Liberal Government find themselves at this crisis in a humiliating position, and in our view they are adopting the methods of political opportunism rather than proceeding in a spirit of fearless and broad-minded statesmanship. Their course is dictated, apparently to the letter, by Mr. Redmond and his followers in the Irish Nationalist party. The Nationalists want but one thing, Home Rule. To the adoption of Home Rule there is one impassable obstacle, the House of Lords. Unless the veto of the House of Lords can be done away with, the Nationalists see no hope of securing Home Rule. Therefore they are prepared to support the Liberal Government so long and only so long as it subordinates everything, even the indispensable financial provisions for carrying on the government, to the elimination of the Lords' veto. To this Irish ultimatum Mr. Asquith and his followers have sacrificed their own independence of initiative and action. To be sure, the Liberals as well as the Nationalists are convinced that the House of Lords must be shorn of its powers. But it is hardly conceivable that except under the strongest pressure they would have kept the country plunged into financial chaos by indefinitely postponing the enactment of the Budget for which they had sought at the general election a mandate of the people. We wish Mr. Asquith had been wise enough and strong enough to reject, even at the cost of defeat, an alliance offered upon such terms.

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TWO EMINENT SCOTCHMEN Last week there passed away two well-known Scotchmen, the one a statistician, the other a painter. Sir Robert Giffen was born in 1837; Sir William Quiller Orchardson in 1835. Both were educated in their native country, the first at Glasgow, the second at Edinburgh. Sir Robert Giffen began life as an employee in a commercial house, later becoming connected with the press as sub-editor for a Stirling paper and then for the London "Globe." Afterward he assisted Lord Morley in the conduct of the "Fortnightly Review," and still later was assistant editor and principal contributor to the London "Economist" under the late Walter Bagehot. Sir Robert's most important work in life began when he was appointed chief of the Statistical Department of the Board of Trade, a position which he held for many years. During this period he published his well-known volumes on finance, the most important of which are his "Essays in Finance," "The Growth of Capital," and "The Case against Bimetallism." These works, together with his frequent contributions to the press, caused him to be regarded as the most authoritative among economists and statisticians on such subjects as banking, currency, the tariff, and the issuance of securities. During all this time Sir William Quiller Orchardson was exhibiting his refined, harmonious, and very decorative pictures, chiefly historical and figure paintings, in Edinburgh and London. Among his best-known historical pictures are "Voltaire," now in the Kunsthalle at Hamburg, "Napoleon on Board H.M.S. Bellerophon," now hanging in the Tate Gallery at London, and "The Salon of Madame Récamier." The purely *genre* works of Orchardson, as well as these historical subjects, had an equal appeal to Britons, most of whom have a great liking for pictures which "tell a story."

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LORD KITCHENER'S VISIT Field-Marshal Lord Kitchener of Khartum has arrived in America for a short visit. Lord Kitchener is one of the greatest living military authorities and administrators. His early activities in the Egyptian campaign in 1882, his attempt in 1884 to keep open communication with the Nile Expedition to relieve General Gordon at Khartum, his ensuing work in the Egyptian native army, his governorship of Suakin, on the Red Sea, his campaign in the Sudan, and finally his command as Sirdar of the Egyptian forces, all had as a motive preparations for the recovery of the lost provinces of Upper Egypt which had been under Mahdist rule. When he finally overthrew the Khalifa, the Mahdi's successor, at the battle of Omdurman, and captured Khartum, completing the defeat of the Dervishes, he received a peerage, the thanks of both houses of Parliament, and a grant of $150,000, following which he was appointed Governor-General of the Sudan. When the Boer War conditions became critical and Lord Roberts was appointed Commander-in-Chief, he chose Lord Kitchener as his Chief of Staff. The latter rendered great aid in facilitating Lord Roberts's marches across the veldts, and finally defeated General de Wet. When Lord Roberts returned to England, Lord Kitchener assumed chief command, and his measures resulted in the acceptance of peace conditions by the Boers in 1902. A baron, he was now created viscount and appointed Commander-in-Chief of the army in India. His successor in India is, like himself, an Irishman, but, unlike Lord Kitchener, with a very Irish-sounding name, General Sir O'Moore Creagh, who has been the principal military adviser of Lord Morley, Secretary of State for India. It will be interesting to see whether the new Commander-in-Chief is in sympathy with his predecessor's centralizing policy as shown in his seven years' administration as Commander-in-Chief of the British army in India. He has brought the Indian army to a standard of hitherto unexcelled efficiency. His aim has been to make India self-contained and able to carry on possible hostilities for a year, if necessary, without recourse to English sources of supply until the command of the sea could be established and reinforcements and stores safely brought into the country from other parts of the Empire. To this end he has steadily pointed out the necessity for the Commander-in-Chief to have control of the various services on which the army depends for its subsistence. These had been separately administered by the military heads of the Viceroy's Council. With characteristic bluntness, Lord Kitchener did not conceal his main reason for centralization of power, declaring that India is no longer in her former position of comparative isolation, that slowly but surely the deserts of Central Asia, once believed to be an impenetrable barrier, have been crossed, indeed some of them are now spanned by railways. If conflict with a great northern power should arise, changes in the administration of the British army could not be initiated at the last moment. Delays and confusion would inevitably arise, and, as a proof, Lord Kitchener pointed to those which occurred during the most recent Afghan war. All this has been received by the British nation with a degree of respect impossible save to one who had proved his worth by deed.

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WILLIAM GRAHAM SUMNER

President Hadley, of Yale, has the faculty of characterizing with the utmost compactness and precision the gifts and methods of his fellow-workers. Of Professor Sumner, who died last week at the age of seventy, after thirty-seven years of service as Professor of Political and Social Science at Yale, Dr. Hadley says: "In clearness of statement, in power of choosing illustration, and in a certain concrete definiteness of effect on his pupils he has had no equal. He was one of the few men who really taught his pupils to think, and to think forcibly." Political economy used to be called the dismal science; it never was dismal in the lecture-room of "Billy Sumner," as two generations of Yale men have called him. Judicial in temperament he was not. He never weighed the merits of free trade and high protection so evenly that the student went away wondering which he believed in. There was no scholastic aridity or calm theorizing about him; what he believed he expounded, eagerly, fluently, pugnaciously sometimes. He would bring a newspaper into class and apply to the news of the day the economic principles under discussion; he would pour forth irony and scorn on published arguments of ignorant demagogues; he would make his students sit up and think hard. Kindly and friendly in all his personal relations, he was a merciless logician, and he positively hated false reasoning and mental hypocrisy. If the object of economic teaching in a college is to inform the student of contending views without influencing him in either direction, Professor Sumner was unfitted to be the sole teacher of economics, as for a time we believe he was. But he was a living power in arousing interest and awakening reason, and as the teaching force in his department increased, opposing views were more fully presented. Despite his aggressiveness of argument, no teacher was ever more respected even by those among his hearers whom he failed to convince. His keen intellectual grasp of a subject, his happy method of familiar illustration, his wit, and his originality of expression, compelled even unwilling hearers to admiration. It is not too much to say that Professor Sumner was recognized as one of the two or three foremost advocates in this country of the gold standard and of free trade. As an economist he was an adherent of the old doctrine of *laissez faire*, and of the unvarying and exact working of the law of competition. In the view of the more advanced school of thinkers and writers he laid too much stress on that division of economy which deals with the accumulation of wealth, too little stress on that which deals with the distribution of wealth. That our understanding of the laws of political economy is capable of growth and change, however immutable the ultimate laws themselves may be, did not, we judge, enter quite clearly into his view. But in his own school of writing and thinking Professor Sumner was unexcelled in ability; and although his best work was as a teacher rather than as an author, his books on Jackson and Hamilton and his " History of Banking " are recognized as standing high in the literature of politics and finance.

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A WELCOME CONSERVATIVE PUBLICATION

Two Christian laymen, names not given, are standing as financial sponsors and supporters of an interesting educational movement—the publication by the Testimony Publishing Company, of Chicago, of a series of booklets devoted to the advocacy of what may be termed the extreme conservative positions in theology and Biblical criticism. The publishers say that they are sending this series to " every pastor, evangelist, missionary, theological professor, theological student, Young Men's Christian Association, and Young Women's Christian Association in the English-speaking world, so far as the addresses of all these can be obtained," that no expense is involved on the part of those to whom the series is sent, and they invite the addresses of any who come within this category who have been overlooked. The first volume, of 126 pages, contains six essays besides a short " personal testimony." The name of the editor is not given, but the names of the contributors are a guarantee of the conservatism of the publication. The essays in the first volume are written in a lucid style, are remarkably free from technicalities in language, and from bitterness and narrowness in spirit. They are distinctively constructive, not polemical. These Christian laymen are rendering a valuable service to the Church. For it is very desirable that laymen should understand the difference between the older and the newer thinking in theology, and especially important that they should understand that difference if they are themselves doing any religious teaching. And as it is almost impossible for any one to interpret accurately a theology in which he does not believe, the only way in which a layman can get such information is by means of a non-controversial interpretation of the positions of the respective schools. We are not, however, by any means certain that the object which these Christian laymen wish to accomplish will be accomplished. If Professor James Orr has made the strongest case that can be made for the Virgin Birth of Christ, we apprehend that a good many doubters will find their doubts increased rather than removed by his essay; and that the unprejudiced reader of Canon Hague's " History of the Higher Criticism " will hardly be convinced that the writer of the Pentateuch did not produce his history out of pre-existing materials, as most historians have done. We should be glad to see some layman who has equal faith in the spiritual power of the newer thinking furnish an analogous endowment for a non-critical, non-controversial forthputting of the modern view of Christian doctrine, set out in as simple, reverent, and constructive spirit as characterizes this Volume I of " The Fundamentals," which is devoted to the defense of views which to a considerable extent we regard as archaic and, in the light of modern knowledge, untenable.

ARE THE INSURGENTS DISLOYAL?

Attorney-General Wickersham, in a notable address in Chicago on the anniversary of Appomattox Day, April 9, 1865, effectively defended, perhaps we should rather say eulogized, the administration of Mr. Taft. The degree of his eulogy is indicated by the question toward the close of his address: "What other Administration can point to the accomplishment of so much in so short a time?" The test which he applied converted the current criticism into a verdict of commendation: "That it has accomplished much is abundantly attested by the volume of criticism and by the increasing vehemence of attacks upon it." The responsibility for failure to redeem the party pledges, if failure there should be, he puts on Congress: "In a word, the President has placed before Congress for enactment into law all those measures which the Republican party in convention assembled in June, 1908, pledged itself to adopt; and if the second session of the Sixty-second Congress should adjourn without having made good those party pledges, upon the Republican majority in Congress should the responsibility rest for that breach of faith." And, finally, his hopefulness as to the action of the present Congress is indicated by the sentence: "I am firmly persuaded that . . . the Republican majority in Congress will make good the party pledges and give the country the benefit of that legislation which the party has promised and which the President has so clearly and forcefully outlined."

The Outlook, in its recent editorial entitled "A Political Balance Sheet," has anticipated the Attorney-General's report of what has been accomplished by the present Administration in the year of its existence. We agree with the Attorney-General that it is for Congress at this session to enact into law at least the more important of the policies urged upon it by the President and so fulfill the party pledges. We hope that the Attorney-General's anticipation of this result is well founded. But we must, in all frankness, add that, by two unfortunate paragraphs in his speech, the Attorney-General has done something—how much we cannot tell—to lessen the probability both of party victory in the general election and party achievement in the present Congress. These paragraphs are the following:

> Is it not time that all those who call themselves Republicans should stop coquetting with the Democratic party, should sink their individual preferences about details of legislation, and join with Republican workers in carrying to fruition under our great, patient, candid, wise Republican President the work of clinching the reforms of the last eight years on the lines so carefully and so wisely laid down in the platform of 1908?
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> I speak to an assembly of loyal Republicans. I am sure I voice your thought when I say the time of running with the hare and hunting with the hounds is over, and every one must choose whether or not he is for the President and the Republican party. He that "hath no stomach to the fight," let him depart. Treason has ever consisted in giving aid and comfort to the enemy. If any one wishes to join the Democratic party, let him do so. But let him not claim to be a Republican and in and out of season work to defeat Republican measures and to subvert the influence of the Republican President.

The Outlook holds no brief for the Insurgents. Some of them, irritated by the attack upon them by the President's Winona speech, and by his apparent identification of the party with one wing of the party, have been irritating in turn, perhaps deliberately so. Some of them are possibly in their spirit Democratic rather than Republican, Jeffersonian rather than Hamiltonian, disbelievers in the New Federalism while belonging to the party which stands for the New Federalism. But reading such men out of the party is not the way to party efficiency or party success. That can be won only by allowing, in Congress and out of it, free and untrammeled expression to "individual preferences about details of legislation." That is exactly what Representatives are elected to Congress for. It is only by a frank and free interchange of "individual preferences about details of legislation," by men who are agreed in the essential ends to be accomplished, that results can be achieved by a representative assembly of the people.

What is the test of party loyalty? Is Mr. Wickersham right? Must the loyal Republican be an unquestioning supporter of the Republican President and the Republican party? No! Mr. Wickersham is wrong. That is not the test. The test of loyalty is support of Republican principles.

It is not support of the leader, not even of the chosen leader. If it were, then the loyal Democrat must have supported the gold standard with Grover Cleveland and free silver with William J. Bryan.

It is not support of the party organization. If it were, then the loyal Republican would have to be at one and the same time a supporter of the corrupt Republican organization in Philadelphia and the reforming Republican organization in Washington.

It is not even loyalty to every plank in the party platform. For it often happens that, by some gust of emotion or some skillful trick in committee, the party convention commits the party to a specific principle which is not germane to the great issues involved, nor even consistent with other principles embodied in the party platform.

Loyalty does not require, and never can require, a man to stultify his conscience or sacrifice his self-respect. Moral virtue never demands intellectual dishonesty. Loyalty to a party is neither loyalty to a leader, to an organization, nor to a platform; it is loyalty to those fundamental political principles which the leader is selected to interpret, which the organization is created to promote, and which the platform is supposed to embody.

We do not pretend to give a complete and comprehensive statement of Republican principles as held by the reorganized Republican party—reorganized in the last eight years under Mr. Roosevelt's leadership. But they at least include the following:

Government regulation and control of the great corporations, especially of such as administer the National highways or deal in the necessaries of life.

Government ownership and regulation, though not administration, of certain great properties now belonging to the people; specifically the great forest lands, mineral deposits, and water power sites, so that they shall be developed and administered, not primarily for the benefit of individual owners, but for the benefit of all the people.

A protective tariff, so adjusted as to secure for American workingmen a wage sufficient to enable them to maintain the American standard of living for themselves and their families.

Power in the Federal Government adequate to enable it to accomplish these results.

He who is loyal to these principles is a loyal Republican. He may believe that the measures recommended to Congress by the Administration are inadequate to secure these ends. Believing this and saying this frankly does not make him disloyal. He may believe that the party organization which shapes legislation in Congress does not comprehend the principles of the reorganized Republican party, or, comprehending them, does not believe in them, and he may in consequence be critical and even suspicious of that organization; believing this and saying this, he may be more loyal than the controlling spirits in that organization. He may believe that the President has appointed men to protect the public interests who are themselves indifferent to the public interests, or who are prevented by traditional prejudices or by personal entanglements from adequately and efficiently safeguarding the public interests; thinking this and saying this does not make him disloyal to the party whose principles he fears will suffer from official inefficiency or apathy. He may believe that the President has greater Constitutional powers than the President thinks himself to possess, and he may criticise the President for not exercising these powers without being disloyal to him. He may believe in the President—in his integrity and ability—and in the policies which he recommends, and have "individual preferences about details of legislation" because he believes that by changes in details the legislation can be improved, without rendering himself justly amenable to the charge of running with the hare and hunting with the hounds.

That there are some Insurgents who are not ardent believers in the Roosevelt-

Taft policies is not improbable. That there are some Regulars who are not so is evident. What is wanted is a perfectly free and untrammeled discussion, in Congress and out of it, for the purpose of finding out, not who are loyal to the President and the Republican party, but who are loyal to Republican principles. If Mr. Wickersham's sanguine expectations are not realized at the next general election, it will not be because there are some Insurgents in Congress. It will be because the attempt to prevent the full discussion of legislative proposals and the free criticism of administrative methods has created a suspicion in the public mind that the Republican party is not standing sincerely and working efficiently for the three great principles avowed by the Republican party: National conservation of public wealth, National regulation of the great corporations, and National protection and promotion of American labor.

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SAVE THE PEOPLE'S MONEY

One of the most important questions before the Administration at Washington is that of sufficiency of revenue. How may it be secured? By making the budget balance—that is, by making the revenue or income balance the expenditures or outlays.

As presented to European Parliaments, a budget is the annual statement of the financial policy of the existing government with reference to the probable income and outgo for the ensuing twelve months. The ministry submits the budget to Parliament, and Parliament refers it to a committee, which examines it, increasing or decreasing its appropriations.

Our Government has had nothing like this. Extravagance has followed its absence. Originally, doubtless, it was expected that a budget would be presented by the Secretary of the Treasury. Indeed, Hamilton began in that way. But, from Alexis de Tocqueville to James Bryce, and now to Franklin MacVeagh, the present Secretary of the Treasury, students of our institutions have pointed out that the rigid separation between the Government's executive and legislative branches has prevented the elements of financial responsibility from getting together, and hence has prevented the framing of a budget. In the British Parliament, for instance, Cabinet members are necessarily members of Parliament and respond for the Government. But in the American Congress Cabinet members, as the direct representatives of the Administration, are regrettably excluded. Hence, in any desire to bring forth a budget, our Administration is deprived of both influence and responsibility in proposing and securing for each executive department adequate appropriations of money for a twelvemonth to come. Indeed, we have often reached the point where not only has the Executive had little or nothing to say in the final determination of action, but where the Executive's estimates of expenditures have actually been made for trading purposes with the various appropriation committees in Congress!

A budget is still further from realization because Congress is compelled to meet its economic responsibilities in a partisan way, reflecting the particular political organization in power. Hence there arise both unintentional and intentional instances of waste. This is due largely to duplication, first, because each member of the Cabinet sends his own departmental estimates to Congress without any common consideration by the whole Cabinet of all the estimates of all the departments; second, because in Congress separate appropriation bills are referred to unrelated committees.

A prominent Senator recently said that if he could have the management of the Government, he could save two or three hundred million dollars a year simply by instituting efficient for inefficient budget methods. Two years ago Mr. Cortelyou, Secretary of the Treasury, said: "It is commended to the serious consideration of the Congress whether a careful study should not be made of the entire subject of the budget with a view not niggardly to economize, but to apply the money of the taxpayers in the most efficient and beneficial manner." In his recent report Mr. MacVeagh declares that "it is too early to say what final form the reorganization of our fiscal responsibilities will take, but it fair to hope that there will be constant progress away from the extreme disorganization of the past. Even if our country is rich, it cannot afford to be wholly unscientific in its appropriations."

What are the methods proposed for giving to the country what other countries enjoy—a budget? First, a year ago Congress sensibly incorporated in the Sundry Civil Appropriations Bill a provision declaring that upon receiving the estimates of appropriations needed for the Government's various branches, the Secretary of the Treasury shall estimate the Government's revenues for the ensuing fiscal year, and, if the estimates for appropriation exceed the estimated revenues, shall advise Congress how the appropriations can, with least injury to the public service, be reduced so as to bring them within the estimated revenues.

Then followed President Taft's appeals to the heads of the various executive departments: first, to reduce the demands for appropriations; second, to institute an earlier and more thorough consideration of the estimates; and, finally, to consider them with a view to a common relationship. (The President's appeal has resulted in a saving of $41,000,000 in the War and Navy estimates alone over last year's estimates. Here is a practical step towards retrenchment.)

Has Congress other budget methods? The Senate has already done its part in forming a Committee on Expenditures, the membership of which is composed of the chairmen of the separate committees having charge of the appropriation bills with a view to co-operation and correlation. Now comes Senator Aldrich with a still better proposition—namely, to create a "Government Business Methods Commission," composed of five members from either branch of Congress to pass upon the whole question of revenues and expenses.

But the mere creation of a budget—machinery for correlating expenditures and balancing them to revenues—is of little avail unless Congress does with the appropriation bills now pending what the President has already done—carry out a policy of caution in outlay. Has Congress at any time shown the nerve to do this unpopular thing? Especially now, facing the autumn elections, has it the nerve? We shall soon see.

THE SPIRIT OF AMERICA

For a good many years we were dependent on foreigners for studies of American conditions. A few books of intelligence and insight were written, but the vast mass of this criticism was worthless by reason of ignorance, prejudice, or sheer stupidity. Of late years we have begun to study ourselves, and, as American criticism of other peoples, represented by such books as Emerson's "English Traits," Mr. Brownell's "French Traits," and Mr. Price Collier's "England and the English," have been conspicuous for dispassionate opinion and sympathetic interpretation, so also American studies of home conditions have been notable for candor and comprehension. As the loose-tongued condemnation of anything American has ceased to be the keynote of foreign criticism, so the exuberant laudation of anything American has ceased to be the feature of domestic criticism. For that antiquated and wearisome phase of American self-consciousness we must turn to the oratory of Senator Jeff Davis and the few survivors of a past epoch.

Dr. van Dyke was a peculiarly happy appointee as Hyde Lecturer in the University of Paris because he knows American society at first hand, has a very human sympathy with it, and has the gift of clear and illuminating speech. The seven lectures which make up "The Spirit of America" (Macmillan) were part of a much longer course delivered last year at the Sorbonne in Paris and at a number of provincial universities. When one remembers the mist of ignorance or misconception of America that has long hung like a fog over Europe, a presentation of the realities of American life so simple and so convincing is a service to the people whom it explains and the people to whom it is addressed. These chapters are not philosophical but vital in form. They present the principles which underlie American society the more effectively because, discarding the dialect often used in such weighty discussions, they use the language of the widest human intercourse. They are direct, familiar, and full of effective illustration; they put the hearer or reader on the inside, so to speak, and give him the sense, not of an abstract political system, but of a living society. And this is far and away the most important work of an international interpreter.

National character is often complicated by contradictions, but is essentially simple, at least among the Western peoples. An element of subtlety is sometimes brought in by temperament, but when this happens the fundamental motives are generally simple. We are in the habit of thinking of the Italians as subtle, but those who know them well declare that they are singularly direct and simple in the last analysis. Depth is something very different from subtlety, and in the character of a people, as of a person, it is found not in complexity of ideas but in their deep-going rootage and their far-reaching influence. It is significant that great men are not prolific of ideas, but are rooted in a few that are fundamental, which they apply with constructive power and illustrate with compelling force or elegance. "My secrets are few," said Savonarola to his torturers, "because my purposes have been great."

Dr. van Dyke enforces the conception that Americans are not a heterogeneous assemblage of diverse races, but a distinct racial individuality with a soul; that the early exiles of England, of Scotland, of France, of Holland, and of Germany "became one folk into which the spirit of America entered," and this took place long before the Declaration of Independence, which did not create it but was created by it. "We, the people of the United States, . . . do ordain and establish this Constitution," was the language of a people whose soul was not only living but had become conscious. This spirit still informs and inspires Americans, and Dr. van Dyke notes the significant fact that of the more than sixteen thousand names of people of more or less prominence contained in "Who's Who in America," more than eighty-six per cent are those of native Americans. There has been only one President, Buchanan, whose ancestors were not here before the Revolution. The latest comers are not less ardently American; they are eager to share the inheritance of freedom, the ideas of justice, law, and order which have inspired the American spirit.

In dealing with political, social, and economic problems that spirit has given itself objective forms of institution, habit, purpose, and method through certain qualities of character and action which have become typically American: self-reliance, the passion for fair play, power of will and of work, energy in the pursuit of wealth, a sense of the value of common order and social co-operation, free play for personal development, and the passion for education. The report of altruistic and educational activity with which Dr. van Dyke enforces his position is impressive in the range and variety of organized brotherliness and individual opportunity which it presents; and these chapters ought to be read as a corrective of the daily accounts of breaches of trust and tyrannical use of privilege which make the newspapers such depressing reading for those who feel that the spirit of America is misrepresented by too many Americans. The chapter on American literature, moderate in its claims and dispassionate in its general estimate of the permanent value of this form of the expression of the American spirit, completes an exposition of the real America singularly direct, lucid, and penetrating.

The value of such an interpretation of the soul of a nation burdened with tremendous tasks, and often hidden by them, is very great both for our friends beyond sea and for ourselves; it shows them much that they have not seen, and it clarifies our view of what we have become and of what we ought to become. It is fortunate for the service of such a book that it has no dull pages.

A TESTIMONY OF THE ROCKS

The "National Geographic Magazine" is so far an authority on geography that we have a right to regard the article in its December number, by Frank E. Hoskins, of Beirut, Syria, on "The Route over which Moses Led the Children of Israel out of Egypt," as a valuable testimony to the substantial truth of the Biblical account of the Exodus. It is based on a trip made by the writer, in which he followed the supposed route of Moses and Israel from Egypt though the Sinaitic Peninsula to the Jordan and Jericho, a journey of about a thousand miles and occupying about forty days—" a day for each year of the Exodus."

The writer's account of the testimony of the rocks is the more significant because he is not a hard and fast partisan committed to establishing the literal accuracy of every incident and event as narrated in the Old Testament. His frank recognition of the difficulty of determining with exactitude the dates adds strength to his cautious but decisive statement that " there are great difficulties in settling all dates for events the other side of the Christian era, but the data for Bible dates are superior to all other human records." His frank acknowledgment that there are parts of the Mosaic route which it as yet impossible to identify adds weight to his statement that " the first section of the route from Raamses to Sinai is known perfectly, and the recovery of most of the ancient names simply a matter of time." Accepting Petrie's definition of a miracle, " anything we *admire* is literally a miracle," Mr. Hoskins finds in modern phenomena interpretations of the miracles which accompanied the wandering of Israel in the wilderness. " After we left Elim and were approaching the seacoast, one of our cameleers suddenly rushed ahead of us some twenty-five yards, and a moment later returned with a live quail in his hands which he had just caught. This event, occurring at the very region where the Children of Israel were so abundantly fed by the flocks of quails wearied by their flight over the Akaba arm of the Red Sea, was a wholly unexpected exemplification of the phenomena of the Bible." It is true that " to have led three million, with their flocks and herds, was a physical impossibility, and would have involved an unbroken series of miracles far beyond the claims of the most ardent supporters of the 'miraculous;' " but the actual number of the population led through the wilderness probably did not exceed twenty thousand people at the utmost. " The reduction of the numbers, for perfectly justifiable considerations, relieves the situation of its most perplexing elements, and brings the whole movement well within historical limits without taking one iota from the divinely ordered plan."

Making due allowances for errors in transmission, and even in the understanding and report of some of the incidents by the original writers, geography furnishes a striking and cumulative evidence of the historical truth of the Biblical narratives. It is possible to trace with measurable certainty a large proportion of the route described by them. The names in many localities remain unchanged to this day. " Out of eighty place names on or near the route as plotted by Mr. Auchincloss, at least forty are known and identified with all certainty; ten more tentatively located; another ten have been conjectured, leaving only fifteen or twenty of minor importance that have been practically lost." The general features make the identification of many localities practically certain. This is true of the plain where Israel encamped at the foot of Mount Sinai, of the oasis of Ain Hudherah, the Hazeroth of the Exodus, where Miriam was stricken with leprosy, and of other less notable localities. In brief, " the Bible writers plainly knew that country as well as George Washington ever knew the country between Boston and Yorktown, and the writer, after twenty-six years in Bible lands and many journeys into these most remote regions, would record his conviction that the geography of the Bible fits the land as the key fits the lock, and each succeeding generation of men will realize this more clearly."

To those who believe that every line and letter of the Pentateuch was authoritatively dictated by Jehovah and written down by Moses, such testimony as this of the land to the record will not be satisfactory. But to those who believe that the sacred value of the books lies in the moral and spiritual truths which they contain, and who are satisfied with reasonable evidence that as histories they possess the same sort of historical accuracy which belongs to other ancient writings, such geographical confirmation of the history of the Exodus as this paper furnishes is of the very highest evidential value, because it furnishes a testimony which it would have been impossible to manufacture and which it is difficult to misinterpret.

What the Young Man Can Do for Egypt

By Theodore Roosevelt

An Address at the University of Cairo

Mr. Roosevelt at Cairo

Staff Correspondence

THE address by Mr. Roosevelt to-day, March 28, at the University of Cairo, which I send in full with this letter, and the circumstances under which it was delivered, constitute one of the most striking—it would not perhaps be too much to say dramatic—events of Mr. Roosevelt's remarkable journey down the Nile from Khartum to the Mediterranean. Egypt is just now passing through one of those periods of political unrest and religious fanaticism which have during the last twenty-five years given all Europe many bad quarters of an hour. Technically a part of the Ottoman Empire and a province of the Sultan of Turkey, Egypt is practically an English protectorate. During the quarter of a century since the tragic death of Gordon at Khartum Egypt has made astonishing progress, under English control and influence, in prosperity, in the administration of justice, and in political stability. But a faction or party of native Egyptians, calling themselves Nationalists, is coming into prominence; more and more openly they are urging the expulsion of the English, who have, it is admitted by all impartial observers, been the chief factor in Egypt's progress; more and more feverishly they are giving utterance to the cry, "Egypt for the Egyptians!" Americans have heard similar appeals in Porto Rico and the Philippines. In Egypt the cry means more than a political antagonism; it means the revival of the ancient and bitter feud between Mohammedanism and Christianity. Perhaps what the Nationalists really mean is "Egypt for Islam." However sincere some of the Nationalists may be, adventurers, sentimental theorists, and lovers of darkness and disorder are joining with them in fomenting the unrest. The Christians—by which term I mean to include Copts and the several varieties of European Christians—who form less than ten per cent of the population and own more than fifty per cent of the property, stand behind the present Government, which the Nationalists wish to overthrow. The Nationalists, however, appear to be the only people who are not afraid to talk openly and take definite steps. Everybody else is walking very "gingerly;" the situation is said to be very "delicate;" it must be handled with "caution;" prejudices must not be "offended;" even the English, who are commonly courageous and outspoken in great crises, give one the impression of speaking in whispers, in the hope that, if it is ignored, the agitation may die away instead of developing into riot and bloodshed. The recent brutal assassination of Boutros Pasha, the Prime Minister, a native Egyptian Christian and an able and efficient officer and supporter of the Government which the Nationalists wish to overthrow, is discussed with many shakings of the head but in quiet corners and low tones of voice.

Now, this spirit and method of dealing with the lawbreaker and political agitator are totally foreign to Mr. Roosevelt. He talks in the open and fights in the open. In two speeches in Khartum, received with every manifestation of approval by both Egyptians and English of the order-loving type, he pointed out in vigorous language the dangers of religious fanaticism and the kind of "nationalism" that condones assassination. Newspaper organs of the Nationalists attacked him for these speeches when he arrived in Cairo. This made him all the more determined to say the same things in Cairo if the proper opportunity came. The opportunity came in an invitation to address the University of Cairo. His speech was carefully thought out, and written with equal care; some of his friends, both Egyptian and English, whom he consulted, were in the uncertain frame of mind of hoping that he would mention the assassination of Boutros, but wondering whether he really ought to do so. Even the American missionaries, who are doing a fine educational work in this part of the world, and who know and say distinctly that the stability of the present Anglo-Egyptian Government is essential to their practical and successful achievements in the direction of moral, intellectual, and medical enlightenment, were a little timorous beforehand about the effect of any public reference to the assassination.

Mr. Roosevelt spoke with all his characteristic effectiveness of enunciation and gesture. He was listened to with earnest attention and vigorous applause by a representative audience of Egyptians and Europeans, of Moslems and Christians. The address was delivered this morning; this afternoon the comment everywhere is, "Why haven't these things been said in public before?" The only critics of the speech are the extreme Nationalists, who recognize, as does everybody else, that it will have a wide influence in Egypt in supporting and promoting the work of those, in both official and private life, who really desire a stable, just, and enlightened form of government. Two incidents indicate the impression which the address has made upon all portions of the community. Reuter's, the great European news agency (corresponding somewhat to our Associated Press), has cabled a full synopsis of the speech to India; and the University of Cairo has conferred an honorary degree upon the speaker.

A day or two has elapsed since the foregoing was written, and it is possible to make a somewhat more complete estimate of the effect of this address and the two or three speeches which Mr. Roosevelt made in the Sudan. Government officers of the highest authority as well as private citizens of the highest character and patriotism have united in expressing, personally and by letter, their appreciation of his course. On the other hand, the Nationalists have been very bitter. Their newspapers, printed in Arabic, have devoted whole pages to denunciatory criticisms of Mr. Roosevelt's speech at the University; they have protested to the University authorities that the honorary degree should never have been conferred; they have called him "a traitor to the principles of George Washington" and an advocate of despotism; one paper announced that the United States Senate had recorded its disapproval of his speech by taking away his pension of $5,000; an orator at a Nationalist mass-meeting explained that his "opposition to political liberty" is due to his Dutch origin, "for the Dutch, as every one knows, have treated their colonies more cruelly than any other civilized nation." Of course these criticisms did not disturb Mr. Roosevelt; he is accustomed to hearing things of a similar tenor at home sometimes. To those who know him and to those who have heard or read the speech which gave rise to them their passionate ignorance will seem amusing. But it is also a thing to be thought of seriously when such prejudice and ignorance are regarded by great masses of people as being the true expression of the spirit of political liberty and popular rights.

LAWRENCE F. ABBOTT.

Cairo, Egypt.

Mr. Roosevelt's Address

IT is to me a peculiar pleasure to speak to-day under such distinguished auspices as yours, Prince Fouad,[1] before this National University, and it is of good augury for the great cause of higher education in Egypt that it should have enlisted the special interest of so distinguished and eminent a man. The Arabic-speaking world produced the great University of Cordova, which flourished a thousand years ago, and was a source of light and learning when the rest of Europe was either in twilight or darkness; in the centuries following the creation of this Spanish Moslem university, Arabic men of science, travelers, and geographers—such as the noteworthy African traveler Ibn Batutu, a copy of whose book, by the way, I saw yesterday in the library of the Alhazar [2]—were teachers whose works are still to be eagerly studied; and I trust that here we shall see the revival, and more than the revival, of the conditions that made possible such contributions to the growth of civilization.

This scheme of a National University is fraught with literally untold possibilities for good to your country. You have many rocks ahead of which you must steer clear; and because I am your earnest friend and well-wisher, I desire to point out one or two of these which it is necessary especially to avoid. In the first place, there is one point upon which I always lay stress in my own country, in your country, in all countries—the need of entire honesty as the only foundation on which it is safe to build. It is a prime essential that all who are in any way responsible for the beginnings of the University shall make it evident to every one that the management of the University, financial and otherwise, will be conducted with absolute honesty. Very much money will have to be raised and expended for this University in order to make it what it can and ought to be made; for, if properly managed, I firmly believe that it will become one of the greatest influences, and perhaps the very greatest influence, for good in all that part of the world where Mohammedanism is the leading religion; that is, in all those regions of the Orient, including North Africa and Southwestern Asia, which stretch from the Atlantic Ocean to the farther confines of India and to the hither provinces of China. This University should have a profound influence in all things educational, social, economic, industrial, throughout this whole region, because of the very fact of Egypt's immense strategic importance, so to speak, in the world of the Orient; an importance due partly to her geographical position, partly to other causes. Moreover, it is most fortunate that Egypt's present position is such that this University will enjoy a freedom hitherto unparalleled in the investigation and testing out of all problems vital to the future of the peoples of the Orient.

Nor will the importance of this University be confined to the Orient. Egypt must necessarily from now on always occupy a similar strategic position as regards the peoples of the Occident, for she sits on one of the highways of the commerce that will flow in ever-increasing volume from Europe to the East. Those responsible for the management of this University should set before themselves a very high ideal. Not merely should it stand for the uplifting of all Mohammedan peoples and of all Christians and peoples of other religions who live in Mohammedan lands, but it should also carry its teaching and practice to such perfection as in the end to make it a factor in instructing the Occident. When a scholar is sufficiently apt, sufficiently sincere and intelligent, he always has before him the opportunity of eventually himself giving aid to the teachers from whom he has received aid.

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[1] Prince Fouad is the uncle of the Khedive, a Mohammedan gentleman of education and enlightened views.—L. F. A.

[2] The great Moslem University of Cairo, in which 9,000 students study chiefly the Koran in mediæval fashion.—L. F. A.

Now, to make a good beginning towards the definite achievement of these high ends, it is essential that you should command respect and should be absolutely trusted. Make it felt that you will not tolerate the least little particle of financial crookedness in the raising or expenditure of any money, so that those who wish to give money to this deserving cause may feel entire confidence that their piasters will be well and honestly applied.

In the next place, show the same good faith, wisdom, and sincerity in your educational plans that you do in the financial management of the institution. Avoid sham and hollow pretense just as you avoid religious, racial, or political bigotry. You have much to learn from the universities of Europe and of my own land, but there is also in them not a little which it is well to avoid. Copy what is good in them, but test in a critical spirit whatever you take, so as to be sure that you take only what is wisest and best for yourselves. More important even than avoiding any mere educational shortcoming is the avoidance of moral shortcoming. Students are already being sent to Europe to prepare themselves to return as professors. Such preparation is now essential, for it is of prime importance that the University should be familiar with what is being done in the best universities of Europe and America. But let the men who are sent be careful to bring back what is fine and good, what is essential to the highest kind of modern progress, and let them avoid what are the mere non-essentials of the present-day civilization, and, above all, the vices of modern civilized nations. Let these men keep open minds. It would be a capital blunder to refuse to copy, and thereafter to adapt to your own needs, what has raised the Occident in the scale of power and justice and clean living. But it would be a no less capital blunder to copy what is cheap or trivial or vicious, or even what is merely wrongheaded. Let the men who go to Europe feel that they have much to learn and much also to avoid and reject; let them bring back the good and leave behind the discarded evil.

Remember that character is far more important than intellect, and that a really great university should strive to develop the qualities that go to make up character even more than the qualities that go to make up a highly trained mind. No man can reach the front rank if he is not intelligent and if he is not trained with intelligence; but mere intelligence by itself is worse than useless unless it is guided by an upright heart, unless there are also strength and courage behind it. Morality, decency, clean living, courage, manliness, self-respect—these qualities are more important in the make-up of a people than any mental subtlety. Shape this University's course so that it shall help in the production of a constantly upward trend for all your people.

You should be always on your guard against one defect in Western education. There has been altogether too great a tendency in the higher schools of learning in the West to train men merely for literary, professional, and official positions; altogether too great a tendency to act as if a literary education were the only real education. I am exceedingly glad that you have already started industrial and agricultural schools in Egypt. A literary education is simply one of many different kinds of education, and it is not wise that more than a small percentage of the people of any country should have an exclusively literary education. The average man must either supplement it by another education, or else as soon as he has left an institution of learning, even though he has benefited by it, he must at once begin to train himself to do work along totally different lines. His Highness the Khedive, in the midst of his activities touching many phases of Egyptian life, has shown conspicuous wisdom, great foresight, and keen understanding of the needs of the country in the way in which he has devoted himself to its agricultural betterment, in the interest which he has taken in the improvement of cattle, crops, etc.

You need in this country, as is the case in every other country, a certain number of men whose education shall fit them for the life of scholarship, or to become teachers or public officials. But it is a very unhealthy thing for any country for more than a small proportion of the strongest and best minds of the country to turn into such channels. It is essential also to develop industrialism, to train people so that they can be cultivators of the soil in the largest sense on as successful a scale as the most successful lawyer or public man, to train them so that they shall be engineers, merchants—in short, men able to take the lead in all the various functions indispensable in a great modern civilized state. An honest, courageous, and far-sighted politician is a good thing in any country. But his usefulness will depend chiefly upon his being able to express the wishes of a population wherein the politician forms but a fragment of the leadership, where the business man and the landowner, the engineer and the man of technical knowledge, the men of a hundred different pursuits, represent the average type of leadership. No people has ever permanently amounted to anything if its only public leaders were clerks, politicians, and lawyers. The base, the foundation, of healthy life in any country, in any society, is necessarily composed of the men who do the actual productive work of the country, whether in tilling the soil, in the handicrafts, or in business; and it matters little whether they work with hands or head, although more and more we are growing to realize that it is a good thing to have the same man work with both head and hands. These men, in many different careers, do the work which is most important to the community's life; although, of course, it must be supplemented by the work of the other men whose education and activities are literary and scholastic, of the men who work in politics or law, or in literary and clerical positions.

Never forget that in any country the most important activities are the activities of the man who works with head or hands in the ordinary life of the community, whether he be handicraftsman, farmer, or business man—no matter what his occupation, so long as it is useful, and no matter what his position, from the guiding intelligence at the top down all the way through, just as long as his work is good. I preach this to you here by the banks of the Nile, and it is the identical doctrine I preach no less earnestly by the banks of the Hudson, the Mississippi, and the Columbia.

Remember always that the securing of a substantial education, whether by the individual or by a people, is attained only by a process, not by an act. You can no more make a man really educated by giving him a certain curriculum of studies than you can make a people fit for self-government by giving it a paper constitution. The training of an individual so as to fit him to do good work in the world is a matter of years; just as the training of a nation to fit it successfully to fulfill the duties of self-government is a matter, not of a decade or two, but of generations. There are foolish empiricists who believe that the granting of a paper constitution, prefaced by some high-sounding declaration, of itself confers the power of self-government upon a people. This is never so. Nobody can "give" a people "self-government," any more than it is possible to "give" an individual "self-help." You know that the Arab proverb runs, "God helps those who help themselves." In the long run, the only permanent way by which an individual can be helped is to help him to help himself, and this is one of the things your University should inculcate. But it must be his own slow growth in character that is the final and determining factor in the problem. So it is with a people. In the two Americas we have seen certain commonwealths rise and prosper greatly. We have also seen other commonwealths start under identically the same conditions, with the same freedom and the same rights, the same guarantees, and yet have seen them fail miserably and lamentably, and sink into corruption and anarchy and tyranny, simply because the people for whom the constitution was made did not develop the qualities which alone would enable them to take advantage of it. With any people the essential quality to show is, not haste in grasping after a power which it is only too easy to misuse, but a slow, steady, resolute development of those substantial qualities, such as the love of justice, the love of fair play, the spirit of self-reliance, of moderation, which alone enable a people to govern themselves. In this long and even tedious but absolutely essential process, I believe your University will take an important part. When I was recently in the Sudan I heard a vernacular proverb, based on a text in the Koran, which is so apt that, although not an Arabic scholar, I shall attempt to repeat it in Arabic: "*Allah ma el saberin, izza sabaru*"—God is with the patient, *if they know how to wait.*[1]

One essential feature of this process must be a spirit which will condemn every form of lawless evil, every form of envy and hatred, and, above all, hatred based upon religion or race. All good men, all the men of every nation whose respect is worth having, have been inexpressibly shocked by the recent assassination of Boutros Pasha. It was an even greater calamity for Egypt than it was a wrong to the individual himself. The type of man which turns out an assassin is a type possessing all the qualities most alien to good citizenship; the type which produces poor soldiers in time of war and worse citizens in time of peace. Such a man stands on a pinnacle of evil infamy; and those who apologize for or condone his act, those who, by word or deed, directly or indirectly, encourage such an act in advance, or defend it afterwards, occupy the same bad eminence. It is of no consequence whether the assassin be a Moslem or a Christian or a man of no creed; whether the crime be committed in political strife or industrial warfare; whether it be an act hired by a rich man or performed by a poor man; whether it be committed under the pretense of preserving order or the pretense of obtaining liberty. It is equally abhorrent in the eyes of all decent men, and, in the long run, equally damaging to the very cause to which the assassin professes to be devoted.

Your University is a National University, and as such knows no creed. This is as it should be. When I speak of equality between Moslem and Christian, I speak as one who believes that where the Christian is more powerful he should be scrupulous in doing justice to the Moslem, exactly as under reverse conditions justice should be done by the Moslem to the Christian. In my own country we have in the Philippines Moslems as well as Christians. We do not tolerate for one moment any oppression by the one or by the other, any discrimination by the Government between them or failure to mete out the same justice to each, treating each man on his worth as a man, and behaving towards him as his conduct demands and deserves.

In short, gentlemen, I earnestly hope that all responsible for the beginnings of the University, which I trust will become one of the greatest and most powerful educational influences throughout the whole world, will feel it incumbent upon themselves to frown on every form of wrongdoing, whether in the shape of injustice or corruption or lawlessness, and to stand with firmness, with good sense, and with courage, for those immutable principles of justice and merciful dealing as between man and man, without which there can never be the slightest growth towards a really fine and high civilization.

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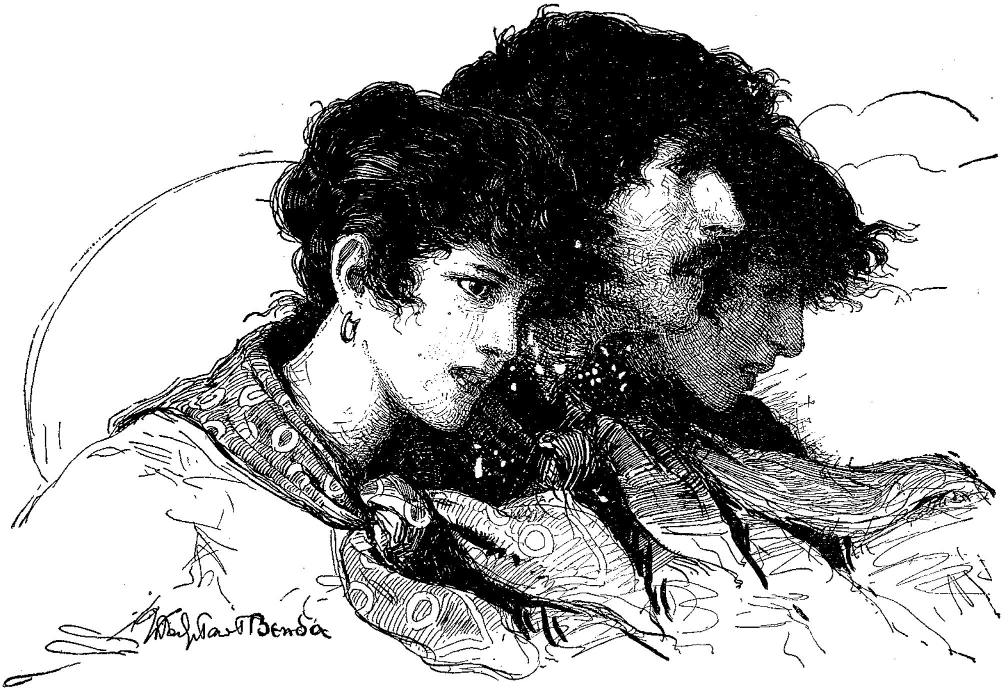
[1] This bit of Arabic, admirably pronounced by Mr. Roosevelt, surprised and pleased the audience as much as his acquaintance with the life and works of Ibn Batutu surprised and pleased the sheiks at the Moslem University two days before. Both Mr. Roosevelt's use of the Arabic tongue and his application of the proverb were greeted with prolonged applause.—L. F. A.



The Call of America

By Walter E. Weyl

With Drawings by Wladyslaw T. Benda

IT was night in the Alley of the Lion's Mouth. For hours the rain had fallen in streaming, searching torrents upon the narrow Neapolitan street. The fishwife, the image-seller, the newsboy, were gone; even the dripping beggar had deserted, for what chance of alms from an occasional morose pedestrian? All was dark and cold and damp. Only from the Tavern of the Stars and Stripes came the feeble glimmer of candles, unextinguished in the general flood.

The dinner at the Stars and Stripes was over. The eighty emigrants, men and women, sat before their emptied platters about the long wooden table near the flat stove. Idly they breathed in the warm, stale odor of frying fish while they watched the burnished copper pans and the glow of the white glazed tiles of the oven. Over their heads swung a reeking oil lamp, its flickering light exaggerating into grotesque caricatures the obscure lithographs of the Madonna, the King of Italy, and Theodore Roosevelt.

"Fifteen days," cried old Cesare, as with trembling hand he pushed away the empty wine-bottle—"another fortnight, and we shall be in America."

I had come to Italy, to Naples, and finally to this little emigrants' lodging-house to find out the cause of the great exodus from Italy to America. Every year a hundred thousand Italians had come, then two hundred thousand, then a quarter of a million; even after the crisis and depression the west-bound ships had not been empty. These Italians were leaving their native land to find tenement rooms in New York, "company" houses in coal mine districts, and moving shanties wherever railways were made or mended. Yearly tens of thousands returned to Italy, only to come again, to face once more hard work, unsanitary lodgings, accident, tuberculosis, and the impotence of the ignorant stranger in a strange land. Why did they come? Why, above all, did they come again?

I had asked these questions of wise and reverend dignitaries, of senators and deputies, ministers and bureau chiefs, business men and writers, and they had all answered me. "It was the attraction of high wages," they said, "the eternal equilibrium of supply and demand." They offered to put it in mathematical formulæ. "It is water running down hill," said one. "It is a familiar example," said another, "of a dense population filtering into a sparse one." "It is a hereditary instinct," a historian told me. "Again the Roman conquers the world—this time with a spade."

But why, and how? How does this demand and supply, this rolling down hill, this mechanical infiltration, this resurgence of a dead instinct—how do these actually make men and women assemble on rainy nights in little emigrant homes and resolve to leave home and fatherland for America? What is the psychological equivalent of this supply and demand and the rest? What changes the Italian to an embryonic American even before he smells the sea?

I looked again at the peasant face of old Cesare. Stolid, unthinking, it was, streaked with earth and toil, wrinkled by years, stamped with the iron stamp of fatigue; a face weather-worn, work-worn, tired and dull, and yet with a spark. The coal-black eyes glowed under lowering white brows. He raised both arms in senile exaltation. "America," he repeated, "I shall rejoice to see thee again."

The old man's enthusiasm found a curious reflection among the peasants about him. The stooped shoulders straightened, the brown, furrowed faces awoke. Here in this squalid emigrants' lodging-house, among these dulled earth-workers, I first heard that for which I had sought—the Call of America. The light on the upturned faces seemed to come not from the swinging lamp but from the souls of these men.

"Tell us more, Cesare," came the voices of the crowd.

"Who can tell such things?" went on the old man, impotently shrugging his great shoulders. "In Italy a man must stoop, must crawl; in America he stands upright. In Italy a man is a dog; in America, a man. All is free there, big, good. Do they pay a man a lira a day that he work till the flesh rots on the bone? Are there taxes on salt and sugar and candles? Look at that man," he concluded, as he raptly gazed at the forbidding reproduction of Roosevelt. "He was a policeman, as who cannot be? Now he is a President—how shall I say?—a King. In America all are great."

To each of these men working in mountain village, on desolate plantation, in little fishing hamlet, to each in his own way had come the solemn call to America. Some had heard for the first time; others had gone before, and had stayed in the new land until an incomprehensible something called a panic had driven them back again. Not a few of these emigrants had brothers in the wonderful land. From New Haven, New York, from Camden, Chicago, from little places and big, throughout America, had come intoxicating letters, scrawled in mining camps, railway stations, tenement-house rooms. These had spread the contagion of emigration as no representative of a steamship company could have done. Money had come, an earnest of the wages of the golden land. Lastly, like angels' visits, had appeared Enrico, Giacomo, Cristoforo, Americanized neighbors, advance agents of the marvelous New World. Like the faith-driven, all-believing Crusaders, men and women had sold their petty possessions, bought tickets, and gathered here in the emigrants' lodging-house, awaiting the giant steamer that sailed on the morrow.

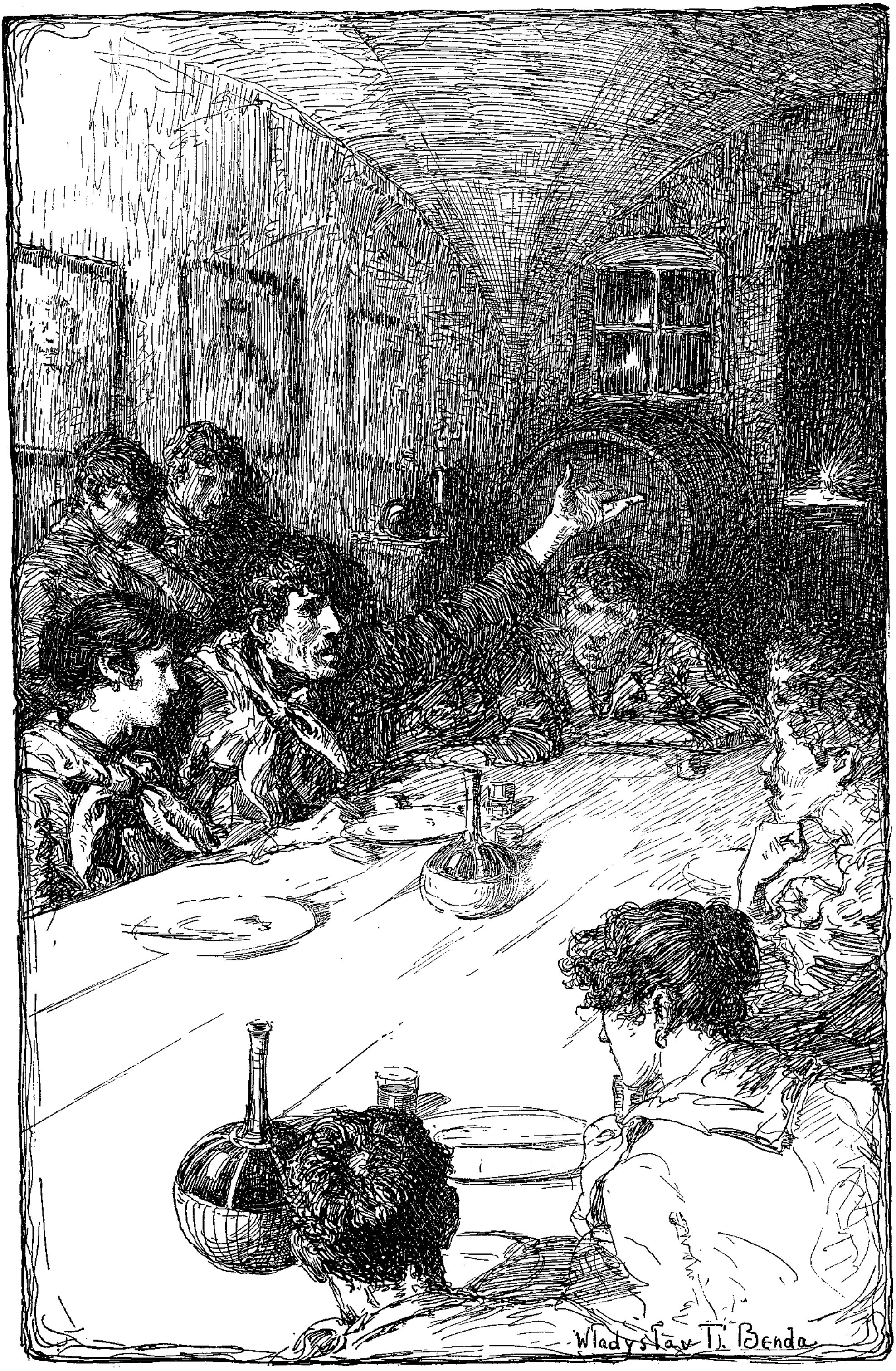
I turned to the young girl who, seated near Cesare, swallowed him with her somnolent black eyes.

"Thou joinest thy father, thy brother?" I asked.

She held up a finger to show her broad, flat wedding-ring.

"I join *him*, *Signor Americano*. Fifteen I am, and a year married. He makes the tailor, and it goes well with him. He sends for me; I come. See, I have a bottle of our Sicilian wine. It will rejoice him, think you not?"

"Better drink thy wine," remarked Luigi, a stalwart mountaineer from the Abruzzi. "My brother, who has pros-


Wladysław T. Benda

AT THE TAVERN OF THE STARS AND STRIPES IN NAPLES pered among the Americans, says 'wine is an abomination, and they who enter the land pay dearly if they carry wine.'"

I spoke to Luigi. In his slow, Southern dialect he told me of his simple, monotonous life. He had been a wood-cutter. Day after day, year after year, he had gone into the forest, returning with his invariable bundle of fagots. Once the thirty cents he had earned on the days he could work was a large sum. Now wife and children, though they all worked, seemed to lessen the meager family pittance. Prices had risen, work had grown harder, and the woods were no longer what they had been when Luigi's father plied the trade. The glorious news of America had been disquieting to one chained to the slow, stupid work of an Abruzzi wood-cutter.

"Pietro, my brother," confided Luigi, "is a miner in America. Yet he says in the letter, 'Luigi, I swear to you, in America under the earth is fairer than in Italy in the green woods. Down under the earth, digging the black coal, yet clear and beautiful, a city with men and mules and soft white lights, so that everything lets itself be seen.' At night up comes Pietro and washes himself and goes home to a home all his own, green and white, and a table with meat and fish and bread, and a wife, and a carpet and curtains and a machine to make music. Little Luigi, he who is named for me, Signor, goes to the school and reads like the school-teacher himself. Pietro has everything: a pig, a cow, and a sewing-machine. And he is a union. Even the great lords who own the mines must come to Pietro and the union if they want the coal to be dug. And he is a voter, a Republican, and a Democrat, and a union. It is *il paradiso, Signor Americano*. Even Annetta, she says I must go. She will wait, she and the children, and in two, three years I come back."

A shadow passed over the peasant face. He pushed back his seat, walked towards the window, and gazed at the dismal, sullen night. The rain still fell. A huddled teamster, his bare feet incased in a gunny-sack bag, drove his rattling wagon over the uneven stones. In the deep doorways of the ill-lighted stone houses clustered a ragged, swarming mass of wet, foul miserables, starving outcasts of a vicious city. A shriveled hag holding a drenched infant stood in the rain to catch the rare pennies of shivering passers-by. I saw the broad hand of Luigi go to his blouse; then it halted, and Luigi, deterred perhaps by the rain, perhaps by his belief that he must land with thirty dollars, withheld his peasant's mite. He would save his penny for America.

I heard of another Italian hearing the call of America who threw his pennies into the ocean. He had embarked on the boat with thirteen cents in his pocket. "What are thirteen soldi?" thought Andrea Bevelacqua. "I shall make my pennies in America."

It was twenty-five years ago, long before the great Italian influx, that Bevelacqua, a youth of twenty, left for America. As a boy he had read the stirring tales of Fenimore Cooper, and so strong had been the fascination that he gave up a promising career at the bar to begin as a tenderfoot on a Western ranch. His success was immediate. He became a cattle dealer, and later, in Chicago, a successful merchant. His wife, a New England school-teacher, gradually acclimatized him; and as for his children, they were, from their birth, more American than the Americans.

"They wanted me to Anglicize my name to Drinkwater," Bevelacqua told me, "but I said always, 'I am an Italian, and proud of it.' I loved America—yet longed often for Italy. In the long nights on the ranch, with nothing to do but look at the stars, I thought of our gay city streets, the bustling cafés, the cheerful music, the geniality of the people. Then, in tawdry, ready-made Chicago, with its telegraph poles and soap advertisements, I began to dream of our beautiful Italian country, of the relaxing sun, the gentle wind creeping among the vines, the big, onward sweep of the sea, little groups of simple, pious peasants, the tolling church bells, the quiet gossip of villagers. Once, at a Chamber of Commerce dinner, I simply could not touch the food because I longed for a meal of cheese and bread and wine on this very table, in this very garden of the Restaurant of the Thousand Towers.

"Well, here I am two days, and to-morrow I leave. My illusion is gone. My wife—you understand—is not used to this squalor and filth. She can't stand the beggars nor the cripples. You can't take a bath, and the beds—it is an intrusion to get into one.

"Yes, I have relatives," he answered; "at least *a* relative, an old aunt, who was kind to me as a boy. Every year I have sent her a little money, so that she has become quite a patron of the Church. It gave me a queer pang to see her. She was like everything else, smaller, drier—how shall I say? Anyway, she did not know me. Twenty years old I was when I left, and twenty I must still be, after a lifetime of business. She cried and pushed me from her, and even after she was convinced she called me Mister. When I kissed her good-by, I knew that my old Italian life was dead."

For a moment Bevelacqua looked up at the vine-terraced mountain slope.

"And Fenimore Cooper?" I asked. "And the Indians, and the romance? Did you find them in Chicago?"

The finely chiseled lips of the Italian flowed into a smile.

"Yes and no," he answered. "Not the red man of Cooper, but romance. You do not know what the romance of America means—say, to an Italian peasant in a little mountain village. Where he lives he knows every inch of ground, every blade of grass. Beyond the encircling hills lies America, a land where nothing is as he has been taught to believe, where a man can rise, where a peasant without his letters (and where should he have learned to read?), without money (where should he have acquired money?), is able to vote for the highest of the land. And then there is the romance of more macaroni."

"The romance of macaroni?" I gasped.

"Yes, macaroni—food, money. Nothing, no solid fact, no argument, no million of exposures, can stop this idealism. Wages in America are higher. Take your Italian peasant in New York. The policeman is brutal, the magistrate is venal, the vulture lawyer is extortionate. It is hard—as hard as winter. The timid Italian is the butt, the dupe, of the confidence game, of the fake installment game of the vicious game of evil tenements and extortionate rents. He is killed in the strike, or in the mine, or on the railway. But the dead tell no tales, and the living earn a dollar and a half a day.

"I will tell you," went on Bevelacqua, while I was painfully readjusting my formula of the supply and demand of labor, "I will tell you just why the physically and spiritually starved Italian peasant feels the call to America, and why, after a visit to Italy, he must go back again. The call of America is the romance of money and activity. It is the beyond; the land of adventure, as potent in its attraction now as in the days of Columbus and Pizarro. In every age the heart of all the world is drawn to one magnet. Once it was warfare, once religion. To-day it is business. And always there is some one place where the highest interest finds its highest expression. Once it was Jerusalem, once Athens. To-day it is New York or Chicago. That is why there is a resistless, persistent call from your factory-smirched, gold-grabbing, hustling, bustling, competitive America. To-day life is business, and business is America."

"Do you see that tree?" asked Giovanni Lupi, as he pointed a wrinkled finger to the dying cypress, gaunt against the bare background. "That's me; dead. In America I was alive."

I had been installed into the secretmost place of Lupi's confidence with a disconcerting suddenness. I met the collarless, sockless old man upon a lonely road, and, after debating whether to insult him with a gratuity, I compromised on a cigarette.

"Will you honor me by accepting?" I asked in impeccable Anglicized Italian.

"Shure, Mister," he replied in Italicized Bowery. "Shure, I'll oblige youa."

Even this display of our elastic American tongue did not at first convince me that I had before me one who had visited our shores. All through South Italy I had encountered the unnumbered hordes of picturesque, pestiferous ragamuffins, *Gavroches à l'italienne*, who addressed me with "skiddoo," "23," and other contemporary apothegms. But Giovanni had other arrows in his quiver.

"Shure I have been to America." Complacently his toothless mouth opened, as with lean, scraggy hand he rubbed a lean, scraggy neck. "Ah, Signor, there is no land like America! True, the air is bad. It goes down, down, down, while in Italy it goes up, light, like a balloon. But for my *benedetta* cough I should be in America to-day.

"*Signor mio*," he went on, lapsing into a meridional dialect, "America is the land. How the people rush; how they come in the big cars and the big trains; how they crowd and laugh and on the streets make merry! Here all sleeps. If you go out, what is there to see? Old Caterina, perhaps, filling her jar at the well, or the boy bringing back the goats. What is that for a man who has lived in New York? There the streets are always awake. When you go out at night, there's something to see and to hear—car bells ringing, people shouting, lights and color and music. Ah, that's the city!"

The old man's eulogy was cut off by the demonstrative cough which had banished him from America. He rubbed his blurred, watery eyes as though to drive away the picture of the blazing white road and gray stone walls and to conjure up again the towering tenements of New York.

"This village is dead," he declared. "I am the Mayor, and know. It was always dead, but now, since all go to America, it is a joy even to hear a dog bark. You cannot find husbands for your daughters. There's my daughter now, good and strong, but—would you believe me?—I cannot marry her. A man who hasn't a lira in his pocket wants a hundred dollars or he won't even look at a girl. Do you wonder the girls dream of America?

"In your country money doesn't rot in your pockets. At any hour you can get to eat or to drink. You can wear good clothes. Always I had my white collar, and my good, clean suit, fresh from the store, and I shaved as clean as a priest. And I had my own bath-tub, with the water running out of a little pipe. Is that not better than going every minute to the village fountain?

"The doctor, he say, 'Lupi, your cough, it kill you. You die unless you go home.' And I say, 'Doctor, America is my home.' And that is the truth."

Many Italians who in the smoky, turgid cities of America dream of their beautiful native land find their home-coming a disappointment. They exult as the boat enters the wonderful Bay of Naples; their hearts beat with a quicker motion as on landing they see the familiar gesticulating, humorous mob of beggars, soldiers, fishermen, cabmen, and cake venders. Has all this moving spectacle continued during the gray years in that drab America? The shrill noises of a Latin street, the exuberant gayety of a Latin crowd, exhilarate and intoxicate. There is no life but in Italy.

Yet imperceptibly it comes over their consciousness that something of substance is lacking to their dreams. Italy is entrancing, life is easy even to slothfulness; the paupers, made princes in America, have everything—comfort, affluence, esteem, even adulation—and yet unrest fills them. America is in their blood. Their veins throb with the pulsations of the quick, hard, nervous transatlantic life.

Many years ago there landed in New York a young noble, impoverished by the revolution which made Italy a nation. At first he failed. He lost the few dollars he brought with him to the first engaging citizen of the American commonwealth whom he met. He starved for months, as many Italians have done since, in a vain attempt to secure pleasant work. Then he began to succeed. He labored as a hod-carrier, and on Sundays played the organ in an Italian mission. Then, giving up manual labor, he opened a school for Italian children. He wrote letters for Italians to friends at home. With a slowly accumulated capital he opened a little bank, sold steamship tickets, drew up contracts, and gradually acquired a competence, finally a small fortune. Then at last the dream for which he had scrimped so savagely came true. He returned to Italy and bought back his family estates.

The long lavender vines still trailed their aromatic branches over the lichen-covered rocks; the gray fig trees curled their great leaves as always; the vine-clad hills still nestled at the foot of the gaunt, bare peaks. It was wonderful; it was his beautiful native land. Yet, though again among his own people, speaking his own language, while in America he had no tongue, yet to America the heart of the old man called him. He sublet his estates, took the first steamer back, and returned to his dingy little bank, where morning and evening he still toils in the harness of a life's routine.

"Villa di Brooklyn, New York." I stopped short. The gold letters on the dazzling white of the marble gate-post seemed strangely alien to the bright Italian sun. The house was solidly pretentious, with three stories instead of one. It branched off into a vine-covered stucco pergola, leading to a garden of flowers and fountains, and about it all, screening the house and grounds, were massive iron gates that might have welcomed a king's carriage. "Villa di Brooklyn, New York."

The ancient gardener slowly unfastened the ponderous lock, and, cap in hand, smilingly invited me to enter.

"*Favorisca, Cavallero, favorisca.* May it please the Signore to enter. All who pass stop, as he, to marvel at our villa, for where in all the kingdom is a vista so magnificent?" With blunt finger he pointed at the cypress-dotted mountain, and then at the blue, sunlit waters of the Gulf of Salerno.

"The name, Signore? Ah, then the Signore is *Americano*, and has heard of our Cavallero's city. Would that I too might see this Brooklyn ere my poor life ends! They say that it is greater than Amalfi, greater even than Sorrento, with a hundred hundred houses filled with happy men and women. And to think, Signore, that all that beautiful city, the streets, the stores, the churches, belong to our Signore Cavallero Rossi. It reads as a miracle.

"He was but a poor lad, Signore, a goatherd, here in our village, though now so rich. When he came back, he gave a thousand lire to the church, another thousand to the poor, and he built himself this villa, not to live in, mind you (he lives in the city in America which he bought), but just for the pride of it. (I thank you, Signore, the Signori Americani are generous, like princes.) All that I say is true, as the Signore can learn if he ask at the wine-shop."

In the little village tavern, where a sophisticated *vino di Capri* was sold at miraculously low prices, I heard the reverberating echoes of the Cavallero's fame. From the lame letter-carrier, "all tattered and torn," to the barefooted youth just flowering out into a baker's apprentice, all, without exception, were excitedly happy to speak of the glorious apparition of Giuseppe Rossi, and to claim some connection, however tenuous, with that most illustrious Signore. Fluent and eloquent were the gestures; "*rico, multissimo rico, richissimo*," the barren words which vainly strove to express his wealth. The wine-shop statisticians did not descend to figures; yet it was evident that the opulent Rossi possessed more thousands than you or I could count on fingers and toes; was as rich, in fact, as the gracious King himself, who drove about in his golden carriage.

Later I learned about Rossi from a returned immigrant. At first Giuseppe had worked in a five-cent basement barber shop, shaving his fellow-countrymen. Somehow he saved out of his six dollars a week, and after a year, during which he acquired an amorphous English, he secured a job in an uptown barber shop at double his former wage. In a few years he had his own shop, where he hired cheap Italian barbers, until they learned enough English to ask for higher wages. His shop grew; the time came when a cashier was necessary. Giuseppe figured it out carefully. Was it cheaper to hire a girl or get married? In the spring the wavering thoughts of Giuseppe lightly turned to love. The expenditure was not great—one mercantile love letter, indited by a professional letter-writer, and a steamer ticket. A month later, strong, grateful Annetta, now Signora Giuseppe Rossi, smiled a welcome at the door of the barber shop.

The dowry of Annetta, if figured in money, was five hundred lire, but her best dowry was an indefatigable spirit and a large portion of luck. On the first anniversary of her coming, an old gentleman whom he had learned to shave in respectful silence offered to lease to Giuseppe the barber shop of a hotel. It was the opening wedge. Other barber shops followed; first two, then five, then ten. Next, an Italian bank, where steamship tickets were sold, money exchanged, labor supplied, and votes delivered. The years rolled by, and Giuseppe's activities grew ever more varied and his fortune larger. A single tenement room no longer sufficing for the family of a banker, a garish three-story house in Brooklyn was purchased. Finally, on the twentieth anniversary of his wedding, Giuseppe Rossi, now Joseph Ross, Esquire, widower and millionaire, decided to visit Italy.

How small his native village seemed! There was still the plaster hut in which his mother had died. Another wretched family now lived there, but they had not moved the old wide bed of the Rossi family, nor the picture of St. Joseph on the whitewashed wall, nor yet the glass-covered wax figure of the Madonna on the old bureau. Mechanically the lax Joseph crossed himself before these emblems of his religious youth. Then he carelessly gave the woman a fifty-lire bill.

To the repatriated Joseph the first days in the little village were a delight. All the good citizens longed to remind him of their existence, to shake his hand, to kiss it even. "After all," thought Joseph, as his eyes wandered over the dull green of the olive trees to where the sun flashed upon the deep blue of the gulf, "America for work and money, but Italy, the home of my boyhood, for rest and pleasure." With characteristic American energy, he bought within three hours the largest villa in the neighborhood, and by promises of American gold galvanized the builders into such unwonted activity that the repairs were begun (or at least promised) that very day. "Here, in this beautiful spot," thought Joseph, "I shall end my days. I may as well set my house in order."

The next day Joseph once more reveled in adulation and scenic effects. The day following he enjoyed them a little less. Besides, he missed the American newspaper. He thought regretfully of the gay life of Brooklyn, where every few minutes a jangling car runs by your house. He even longed for the giant office buildings, where in a few seconds you were shot high up into the air. Then there was—but there were *so* many things, America was *so* full! He made up his mind that he would visit America next year—or perhaps next month—or now, for a few weeks, while his house was being equipped with electric lights and a porcelain bath. Somehow the Italian macaroni that Joseph had eaten in Brooklyn had tasted better than the Italian macaroni that he now ate in Italy. It was a slow country, thought Joseph. There were no telephones in the village, nor stenographers, nor even a railway; nothing but the little lizards sunning themselves on the white walls, and the everlasting, tiresome view of the gleaming Gulf of Salerno. Was not the East River as beautiful, with the great ferry-boats plying across, and the bands striking up joyous tunes on the excursion steamers going to Coney Island?

The Prinz Eitel sailed from Naples the next day. By immediately taking a carriage to Castellamare, Giuseppe could catch the boat. It was really advisable to go temporarily, just to see that the bank, the employment agency, and the dozen barber shops were moving along prosperously. The Villa di Brooklyn, New York, would keep.

So it has been, and so it will be to the end of the chapter. The Italian (like all other emigrants since the days of Joseph) loves in his heart the land where he has "made good." Not in America, but in Italy, does he become conscious of this feeling. In America he is but a foreigner, perhaps a "dago" or "guinea," while in his own village he is "the American." "*Lo spirito del ritorno*" (the spirit of return), a characteristic quality of the Italian emigrant, is dictated not so often by love of country as by a pardonable self-love. The immigrant who has made his way desires to show his fellow-villagers that by dint of superior qualities he has re-created himself in the image of his dreams.

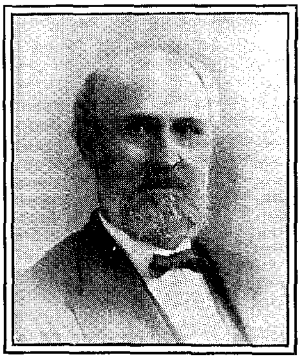
But of those who return, their hearts full of pride, their trunks bursting with the glorious spoil of the American city, many still feel the persistent Call of America.

"What is this call?" you ask. There is in it money, wages, *a chance*, but more than all these, a new standard, a new routine, an enlarging sense of self. It is like the call of the city, of which it is a variation; the city gates open only inwards, and the citizen no more goes back to the working life of the country than does the adult return to infancy.

CHILDREN OF THE LAND

THE STORY OF THE MACDONALD MOVEMENT IN CANADA

BY HERBERT FRANCIS SHERWOOD



SIR WILLIAM C. MACDONALD

AMONG those who, more than a century ago, received an allotment of land in Prince Edward Island was a Scotchman who had been an officer in the British army. He possessed all the ginger and independence of spirit of the Scotch Highlander, and was in no fear of the constituted authorities when they did not agree with his construction of things. When he spoke, it was as if he were upon the housetops. He cared not who knew his views.

On one occasion he was very outspoken regarding the behavior of the legislators of the island. It came to their ears, and to them it looked very much like contempt of authority as represented by themselves. Thereupon they sent their clerk to summon this audacious citizen to appear before them and answer to the charge. When the clerk, fully armed with the majesty of authority, appeared upon the farmstead of the Scotchman, the latter called forth his muscular farmhands and had the clerk locked in the stable on the charge of trespassing on a freeman's property. This action scared the poor clerk, and when he was finally released he returned such a report to his official superiors as to cause them formally and solemnly to resolve—as they put it—not to further the desires of this contumacious man for self-advertisement by paying any more attention to him.

This independent-spirited Scotchman was a grandfather of Sir William C. Macdonald, the tobacco manufacturer of Montreal, who has given more than eight millions of dollars for the advancement of education in Canada. He helps one to account for the vitality, the energy, the persistence, which his bachelor grandson has exhibited in his career, and for the fact that the latter gives one the impression of being nearer threescore than his actual age of seventy-eight years.

Sir William is one of two men of Scotch ancestry who are recognized from one end of the land of "Our Lady of the Snows" to the other as among those who are leading Canada forward to higher things. The other is James Wilson Robertson, the former Principal of Macdonald College, for the construction and endowment of which Sir William gave approximately five millions of dollars. They are not so well known on the southern side of the Canadian border as they ought to be.

Sir William was born on Prince Edward Island. He left home at an early age to make his way in the world. For a time he was employed in New York, and then he turned his face toward Montreal and became interested in the manufacture of tobacco. The conditions existing in the United States at the time of the Civil War greatly favored his enterprise, and at that time he laid the foundation of his fortune.

He is a man of simple tastes. One of the thoroughfares in Montreal which the visitor is expected to see is Sherbrooke Street. If one could think of Montreal as one thinks of New York, it would be styled the Fifth Avenue of Canada's chief city. It is the street upon which front the homes of many of Montreal's foremost citizens. The two streets also have another characteristic in common. The houses are not equally pretentious, the owners of some caring less than do their neighbors about external appearances. The block of gray stone houses known as Prince of Wales Terrace would be especially noticeable for its plainness. One of these has been the home of Sir William for forty-five years.

The office where he has conducted his tobacco business for so many years that it has become one of the landmarks of the city is even more unpretentious and indicative of the tastes of its occupant. It contains no rich furnishings, no highly polished cherry tables and leather-upholstered armchairs and sofas. In one room the visitor sees two or three clerks. In the next, at a modest desk, is seated a gray-bearded man in plain black. He rises, takes the hand of the visitor in both of his, and welcomes him with the formal courtesy of the old school modified and warmed by a smile that makes the visitor feel at home.

The visitor is not long in the dark as to the secrets of Sir William's success in life, for a chat with him is quite apt to reveal that he is a believer in the gospel of work.

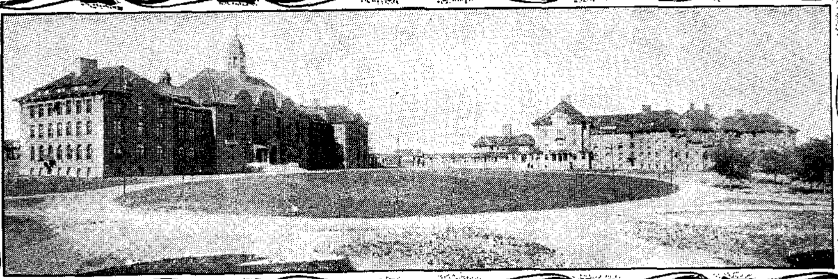
An independent thinker and a lover of his country, he long ago formulated a plan for its benefit and the method of carrying it out. "Build up the country in its children" became his motto. As his wealth grew he sought means of applying it. He observed that, among other things, Canada needed trained engineers for its future development. He thereupon provided McGill University with a fully equipped engineering building. Following this came his gifts of a physics building and a chemistry building, and an endowment for the maintenance of this work.

These efforts at the realization of his idea were not to be the culmination. Canada is essentially an agricultural country. A large proportion of its people support themselves by the tillage of the soil and by animal products. He discerned the fundamental importance of a prosperous and contented rural population if the future of Canada should be what he wished for it. How to reach the children of the land was, perhaps, the most difficult of his problems.

Often the problem and the man who promises a solution develop alongside each other. This happened in the case of the rural problem of Canada. Sir William is the largest stockholder in the great Bank of Montreal. He is also one of its directors. The policy of Canadian bank directors has long included the establishment of branch banks in prosperous farming communities for the purpose of receiving deposits. Sir William noticed that in the communities where creameries were located the deposits increased in a marked measure. He inquired further, and learned something of the methods employed in the operation of these creameries. What had been accomplished in Prince Edward Island, his native place, especially attracted his attention. This was largely due to the work of one man. That man was James Wilson Robertson, Commissioner of Agriculture and Dairying for the Dominion, another Scotchman. Twelve years ago the two began laboring together, the one furnishing the means, the other executing the idea. Sir William used to think of his share as "putting in a little yeast." If one may be permitted to carry the simile a little further, Dr. Robertson may be said to have co-operated by kneading the dough and setting it in the oven.

In this fashion began the execution of the agricultural phase of Sir William's idea for the improvement of Canadian life, which has been labeled the Macdonald Movement for the Improvement of Rural Conditions.

To those unacquainted with Dr. Robertson's origin the burr in his speech would betray it. He was born fifty-two years



MACDONALD COLLEGE

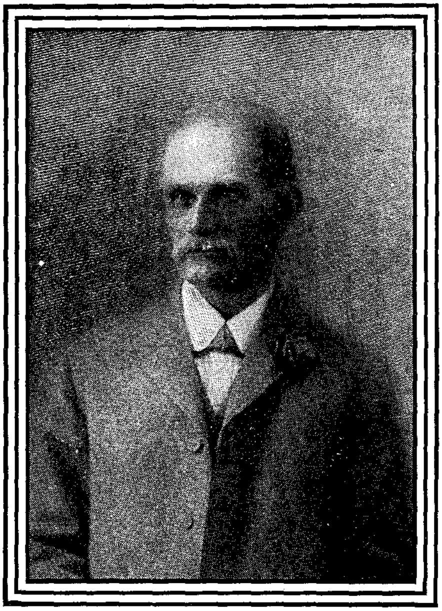
TRAINING THE SCHOOL CHILDREN TO RURAL OCCUPATIONS

THE SCHOOL GARDEN IS ONE OF THE KEYS OF THE MACDONALD MOVEMENT

"BY EXPORTING HAY CANADA WAS DEPRIVING ITSELF OF A PORTION OF ITS WEALTH-PRODUCING ENERGY" ago on a farm at Dunlop, in the county of Ayr. In his eighteenth year his father migrated with his family to a farm in the neighborhood of London, Ontario. The lean-faced youth was ambitious to become a physician, but fulfillment of his desire meant money for training. There was little available for such a purpose. His father was gaining his livelihood in part from the purchase of dairy products for export to Great Britain. A knowledge of the dairy business, possibly, would assist in furnishing the means. Near Ingersoll, Ontario, was a first-rate cheese factory where he could learn thoroughly how the best export cheese was made. He began with a wage of $13 a month. The work included tasks which could not have been altogether congenial. He was called upon to scrub the factory floor, no pleasant work for a man of the sensitive nature of young Robertson.

The young man's employer became ill. Demonstrated capacity resulted in the selection of Robertson to manage the factory. His management was a success from the start. Ability, conscience, and energy produced cheeses which won the respect of the critics. The output of the factory was soon recognized as among the best in the country. Time passed. His winters were spent in reading and the study of literary and scientific subjects. One winter he studied at Woodstock College. This was his only college training. In summer he was doing what he could to make cheese manufacturing a success, and, thinking large things and connecting their accomplishment with small beginnings, he resolved to do all that lay in his power to bring Canada's dairy products to a higher level in quality. Then he went "north and west," the synonym in Ontario at that time for Horace Greeley's advice to a young man, and took charge of a factory at Cotswold, Wellington County, for a joint stock company of farmers. In a few months he was supervising with success the operation of eight factories.

Not all of the farmers knew how to make the most of their herds, either in quantity or quality of product. He arranged to meet those who needed this kind of knowledge and offered suggestions as to feeding and caring for their animals. As he learned how to present the fruits of his experience and thinking in an interesting and practical way the meetings grew in size and numbers and the Ontario politicians began to observe the results. It was noted that he had something to say that bore fruitage. The politicians said, "We can do something for our farmers in this direction." This led to his connection with the noted Agricultural College at Guelph as Professor of Dairy Husbandry. He was now, at the age of twenty-eight years, fully entered upon the field of educational work, with little prospect that his youthful ambition to be a minister to human bodies would ever be fulfilled.

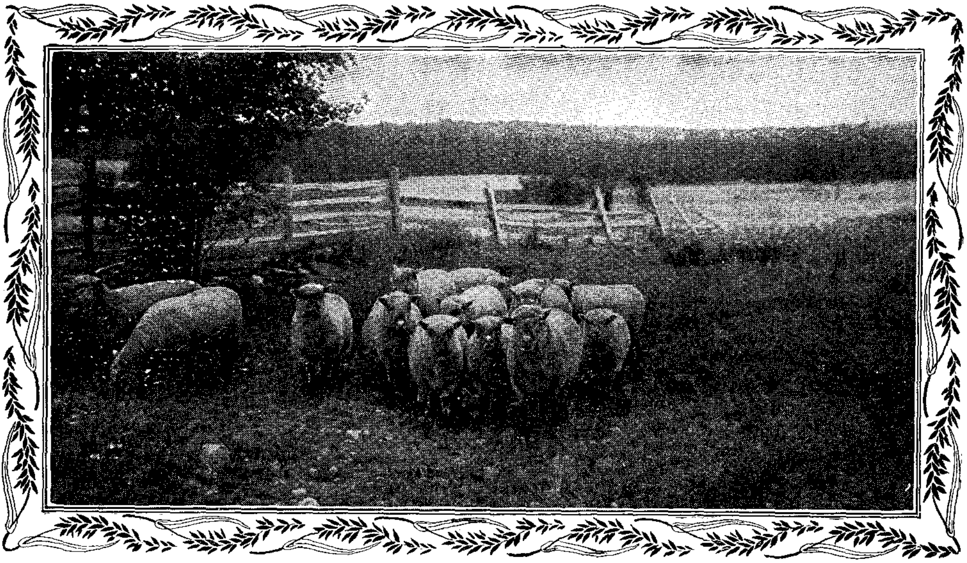

DR. JAMES WILSON ROBERTSON
Commissioner of Agriculture and
Dairying for the Dominion of Canada

For four years he served at Guelph so successfully that the latter half of his term of service found him also serving Cornell as a non-resident lecturer. In this period he was not only lecturing and carrying on research work for the benefit of his lectures, but he was also exhibiting his capacity as a commercial agent and using his powers of observation abroad. He was sent to London to look after a Government exhibit of cheese and butter. There he found that Canadian products were in competition with those of Denmark and other near-by countries. "Why should not Canada have the British trade?" he said to himself. And, finding that one of the holds which these foreign countries had upon British markets was quality, he visited those countries and studied their methods of production. When he came back, he was ready to tell Ontario how to increase its sales in the mother country. It was by furnishing what was desired of high quality. In 1890, at the age of thirty-three, he was appointed the first Commissioner of Dairying for the Dominion, with headquarters at Ottawa.

Taking pieces of metal and fashioning them into a successful machine is one thing. It is quite another to mold an unorganized mass of human beings into an effective machine for the accomplishment of better things, each unit, perforce, remaining independent in volition. The new Commissioner possessed the largeness and clarity of vision, the technical knowledge, the organizing ability, the energy, the enthusiasm, and the capacity for expression essential to the success of such a task. He sent out traveling dairies, distributed educational bulletins, and went around preaching the doctrines of better farming and better products in his plain, logical, pithy fashion. He taught that hay-selling robbed the soil of its plant food at a rapid rate, and when hay was exported the Dominion was depriving itself of a portion of its wealth-producing energy. The hay from two hundred acres, he asserted, contained more of the elements of soil fertility than were carried away in $6,000,000 worth of butter. In the export of cheese the same was true. He was teaching a people the value of conservation of natural resources and extending an industry which educates the mind and improves social conditions.

HOLSTEINS ON ONE OF THE SUCCESSFUL CREAMERIES, AT ERNSCLIFFE, PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND

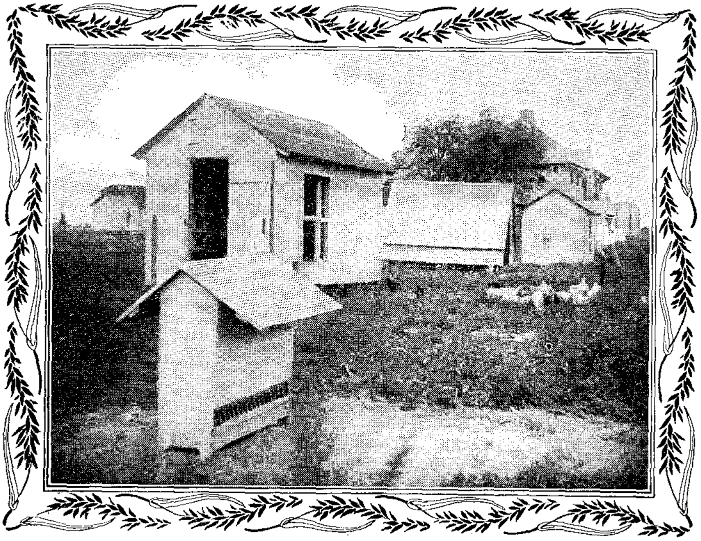
There were whole provinces in which dairying could be introduced to the advantage of the inhabitants and the Dominion. The words "paternalism" and "Socialism" had no terrors for him, nor did they have for the people of the different provinces after experiencing his form of "paternalism." In 1892 the people of Prince Edward Island had lost their general markets through the operation of the McKinley Tariff Bill, and had become disheartened. The Federal Government of the Dominion agreed to lend some money for the development of the dairy industry in the island, and Commissioner Robertson took charge. He started co-operative cheese factories. He also undertook to find a market for the product. The milk producers were charged a percentage to cover the cost of operation. Within five years dairying in the island had reached such proportions that it no longer needed assistance and had recompensed the Federal Government for all its effort. Where in 1892 four feeble creameries produced cheese valued at $8,448, in 1901 forty-seven creameries put out cheese and butter to the value of $566,824. This product was of high grade. Robertson's work had developed winter butter-making as well as summer cheese-making. A people had been helped to help themselves, hope had been stimulated, and a door opened to prosperity. The local government now employs a traveling instructor in cheese and butter making, who visits all the factories frequently so as to maintain and advance their standard of production. In 1895 Commissioner Robertson began to help the Northwest Territories in the same way, practically all the creameries being in a bankrupt condition and the crops poor. People were trekking from the Territory. The tide was turned, the people were lifted over their difficulties, and now they have prosperous diversified farming.



SHEEP-RAISING IS A LARGE SOURCE OF PROFIT IN NOVA SCOTIA

The quality of the cheese and butter product of Canada was improved to such a degree within the decade and a half between 1890 and 1905, comprising the period of Dr. Robertson's incumbency of the commissionership, that the exports of these products rose from $9,700,000 to $31,500,000 a year. This was an increase from an average of $2 to an average of $5 for each man, woman, and child in Canada, the latter sum averaging more than $10 for each person living on a farm. It is not often that a man's efforts can be so concretely measured. Looking into the background of this single accomplishment, one sees that it has a close connection with the fruitage of life itself. With the means to provide them, doors to fresh contacts are opened and the desire is increased for higher culture as expressed in more comfortable and artistic surroundings in the home and greater opportunities for obtaining education.

Dr. Robertson is essentially a pioneer. Having planted the seed, demonstrated how to make it fruitful, and won friends



THE COLONY PLAN OF RAISING FOWLS AT MACDONALD COLLEGE for it, he leaves the harvesting to others and presses into a fresh field. One forward step each year is his aim. By 1895, when he was appointed Commissioner of Agriculture, in addition to his office of Commissioner of Dairying, the Dominion had been leavened rather thoroughly as to the advantage of dairying. There remained the marketing end to be perfected. The goods were not reaching the English market in good condition, and the price that their quality warranted, therefore, was not being obtained. Steps were taken to develop a chain of cold storage that should begin at the creamery and terminate only at the market on the eastern side of the Atlantic. The idea was approved by Parliament, and once more " paternalism " was permitted to perform its work. To-day, assisted by the Dominion Government, the chain is complete. It serves not only for butter, but for every other product that requires refrigeration. The service extends from one end of the Dominion to the other, and is within reach of producers both great and small.

The tale of his multiplied activities and accomplishments in the combined offices is a long one. Whatever things would work together to make farming more profitable through economical management and in improvement in quality of product, to that he turned his attention. Did he desire to assist in the development of a bacon industry? He experimented with different foods, and, sitting astride the animals, killed them with his own hand, in order to determine the effect upon them in relative vitality by counting their dying gasps and feeling the force of the pulsing heartbeats in the struggle against death. What poultryman has not sighed for a large supply of eggs in the winter season, when the prices are high? By taking fowls back to the simple life of pure air, plain food, and plenty of exercise, Commissioner Robertson demonstrated how they could be made to lay abundantly when the temperature was fifteen degrees below zero.

Having rounded out in a measure his scheme for improving agriculture as a profitable occupation for adults, he turned his attention to the future of Canadian farming. At this point his planning began to parallel the idea of Sir William C. Macdonald. He, too, was thinking of Canada's future in its children.

" Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,
Where wealth accumulates and men decay."

There are few thinking people in the United States who do not realize that there is great room for improvement in educational facilities in the rural sections of the country, and also a demand for better equipped farmers. Canada's problem is the same as that of the United States.

Lord Salisbury once said that the great problem, not only of England, but of all humanity, is to maintain the fertility of the soil by the activity of plants and the activity of bacteria. Three essentials for the progressive development of human life are: (1) food, (2) protection for the young, and (3) continuation of the lessons of experience. The three fundamental occupations, therefore, in Dr. Robertson's view of life, are farming, home-making, and teaching. Upon this " tripod," as he calls it, he is building his scheme for rural improvement. Whether we like it or not, it must be that some shall till the soil if the human race is to survive. How are the conditions to be amended? Dr. Robertson proposes two ways:

(1) By practical illustrations of how the occupation in each locality may be made more attractive, profitable, and satisfying to those engaged in farming.

(2) By such an adjustment of schools and of training that the children will be attracted to rural occupations and will be qualified to be successful in them.

This is his educational platform. Dr. Robertson is constructive. He always has an end in view. These two planks comprise the platform of the Macdonald Movement, which he organized.

Working in harmony with Sir William and backed by the funds of this constructive manufacturer, Dr. Robertson introduced the leaven of a system which correlates education with agriculture from the primary school in the country district to the college. The two men have provided a specimen of what they think the Dominion of Canada needs, in the hope that its value will be so clearly demonstrated that the people will carry it forward themselves. The gifts of Sir William are intended as leaven only.

HIGH DEVELOPMENT IN PEACH CULTURE

The philosophy and practice of this pair of men in their undertakings for "building up the country in its children" are illustrated in the method which they took for teaching the lesson of crop improvement to Canadian farmers. In 1899 Dr. Robertson wished to learn whether the country was ripe for the acceptance of the theory that it is worth while for a farmer to use the best seed, and whether the interest of children in agriculture could be stimulated. He took from his private purse the sum of $100 and offered it in prizes to Canadian boys and girls who would send him the largest heads from the most vigorous plants of wheat and oats taken from their fathers' farms. The response was remarkable. The letters which Dr. Robertson received from the farmers and their boys and girls were so suggestive and encouraging that the following winter he said, in substance, to Sir William:

"Here is a great chance to do some educational work in progressive agriculture; to do something interesting, something attractive, something definite, something beneficial to the whole community, something easy, and yet with plenty of difficulties. Farmers and their families may fail to appreciate the educational advantages of a plan or scheme set out in a written statement, but here is something which would be so helpful and instructive to boys and girls that they would go on with it, and the habits of observation and thought and study would go on with them. I would like you to give me $10,000 for prizes to set and keep this thing going for three years."

Sir William gave the money with a right good will. For the main competition the competitors were required to pick each year by hand the largest heads from the most vigorous and productive plants in sufficient quantity to obtain seed from these heads to sow a quarter of an acre the following year. The careful records which were kept of the number of grains a hundred heads, and also of the weight, showed that in the three years the percentage of increase on the average for the Dominion for spring wheat was 18 per cent in the number of grains and 28 per cent in the weight, while in the oats the figures were 19 and 27 respectively. These were the results from several hundred seed grain plots operated by boys and girls under eighteen years of age.

As may be imagined, the children were not the only ones who gained from this practical demonstration. Their parents and neighbors learned the lesson also. This contest gave birth to the Canadian Seed Growers' Association, organized for the purpose of improving the crops of Canada; it is coextensive with the Dominion. It was estimated in 1906 that the crops of Canada already had been increased in value to the extent of half a million dollars as a direct result of the competitions. Moreover, it had been demonstrated that children could be interested in agriculture.

Manual training, the vehicle by which agriculture and education were to be brought together, was the next step. Arguing that an example provided in a town is the most effective method of stimulating the officials of rural schools, Sir William, upon the advice of Dr. Robertson, founded throughout Canada manual training centers at twenty-one places. These were attended by 7,000 children and cost $3,600 a month for teachers. At the end of three years the local authorities were free to continue the schools or not, as they chose. The leaven performed its task. In every case the school was taken over and others added. In Nova Scotia more than a score of school centers of the Macdonald type have been built and are conducted by means of local funds. In Ontario the three Macdonald centers have grown to more than twoscore.

The next step was the introduction into the rural schools of manual training, modified for the performance of its new duty. In order to make manual training effective in the country, and of such a nature as to accomplish the desired results, it was essential that it have certain characteristics. It was desirable that nature study, elementary biology, and elementary agriculture should become a part of the curriculum. The two leaveners now took two steps. They introduced the leaven of school gardens and the consolidation of rural schools. School gardens were attached to each of five schools in each of five provinces. A trained instructor was put in charge of each group of five schools, devoting one day a week to each school in his circuit, and giving instruction to the teachers as well as the children. The gardens have been a marked success, not only educationally as manual training, but agriculturally. Most useful lessons were learned of the advantages of using selected seed, of the methods of protecting crops from insects and fungous diseases, and of the rotation of crops. At a school garden in Prince Edward Island the children reaped 32 per cent more wheat from a plot sown with selected seed than from a similar plot sown with unselected seed. In most of the gardens two plots side by side were planted with potatoes. The treatment of each plot was similar in every respect, except that the plants in one were sprayed with Bordeaux mixture to prevent blight. In every case the yield of potatoes from the sprayed plot was larger than the other. The increase was from 41 to 111 per cent. Bowesville, Ontario, the center of the largest potato-producing section of eastern Canada, was put on another footing of profit by the work done at the Macdonald school garden attached to the school there.

As remarkable as these results with crops were the effects on the children themselves. In Ontario uniform examinations for entrance to the high schools are held in July. In 1906, in Carleton County, in schools without gardens 49 per cent of the candidates passed, while of those who came from the five schools to which were attached gardens 71 per cent were successful. Apparently the work with the hands in the garden increased the capacity for work with books.

Sir William founded four consolidated schools, one in each of the provinces of Ontario, New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, and Prince Edward Island. The school work was graded, provision was made for classes in manual training, household science, and nature study based on work in school gardens, and wagons were provided for the transportation of children. The cost of the schools for the three years was $180,000. This leaven also accomplished its mission. Local school boards are consolidating the feeble country schools. In Nova Scotia alone there are more than twenty-two consolidated schools in the room of fifty-three of the old type. Consolidation in Canada, where it has been tried, has raised the standard of rural education and increased the daily attendance from 50 to 100 per cent.

These educational reforms created a demand for teachers trained in nature study, agriculture, manual training, and household science. In order to meet this demand, Sir William provided at the Ontario Agricultural College, at Guelph, two large buildings for the residence and training of teachers. This school also trained for the business of home-making in the country, the college having already provided for agricultural education.

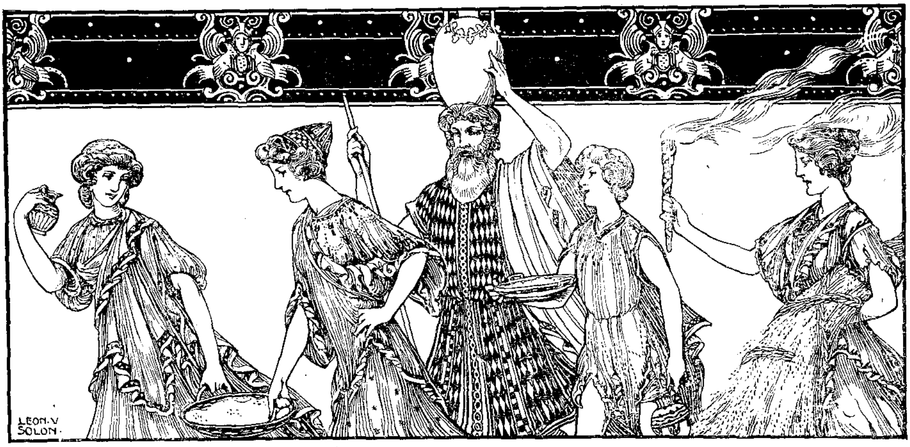
The crown of all is Macdonald College, at Ste. Anne de Bellevue. The province of Quebec, unlike several of the other provinces, has no agricultural college supported by public funds. Sir William has supplied the deficiency with an institution which rounds out the plan of the Macdonald Movement. Intended for training in agriculture, home-making, and teaching, it is probably the best equipped and most advanced institution of its kind in the world. It stands for the advancement of education, the prosecution of research work, and the dissemination of knowledge, all with particular regard to the interests and needs of the population in rural districts. It is Sir William's greatest yeast-cake. It is the supreme illustration of Dr. Robertson's methods of leavening. The mere fact of its existence is an educational force, for it advertises the underlying idea of the Macdonald Movement and sets people to thinking about it.

Its value in this respect was not forgotten when the site was selected. The college stands at one of the few points in Canada through which the two great Canadian trunk railways pass. These roads cross through the very center of the farm within a few yards of each other, and the buildings are visible to every transcontinental traveler. It is a display advertisement of the first rank. It does for Canadian rural education what the eleven-ton cheese exhibited at the Chicago Exposition in 1893 by Dr. Robertson did for Canadian cheese. It sets people to talking about it. Relatively few farmers' children will have an opportunity to enter an agricultural college. The stimulation and technical knowledge must be brought to their door. The very fact that it was thought worth while to spend so much money in support of an idea indirectly serves as a stimulus to the adoption of the rural school system to meet the needs of the people it serves.

Who shall foretell the results of the efforts of the two Canadian leaveners? The United States, as well as Canada, has an interest in them. Although Dr. Robertson has given up the principalship of Macdonald College, he will continue the promotion in Canada of the application of the principles of rural education lying at the base of the Macdonald Movement. He intends shortly to begin a journey through various parts of Europe, extending it afterwards to Japan, Australasia, India, and South Africa, for the purpose of investigating rural conditions in the interest of Canada, and to present the educational ideas he has developed. It may be added that the United States, on his return, is likely to receive some of the benefit of his experience and study.

"The kingdom of heaven is like unto leaven, which a woman took, and hid in three measures of meal, till the whole was leavened."

LEON V.
SOLON.



Demeter

By G. E. Woodberry

Illustrated by Leon V. Solon

Here stood thy temple, on the mountain's horn,
Lifted high over the subjected plain;
Here rose the sower's incense in the morn;
Here pealed his loud thanksgiving for the rain.
Demeter, goddess of the fruitful earth,
Our Mother of the Wheat, behold thy hearth!

Vacant, the rock, of every herb swept clean,
Juts naked in the blue sky,—all is gone;
Tall grow the crops beneath; the fields lie green;
The rain cloud has not failed; the sun has shone.
Were the hands crazed that reared thy altar-stone
And laid the first-fruits of the world thereon?

Long generations knelt in this hoar place
And filled thy marble hall with prayer and praise;
And sire and stripling of the mountain race
Paid here thy golden dues and went their ways,—
Thy children,—vanished all in Time's advance,—
Vanished their temple! O dense ignorance!

Yet surely there are gods—thou or another,
Some happier offspring of eternal mind;
Nor halts man's adoration, mighty Mother,
Nor all his yearning through the world to find;
All things have had his worship,—earth, sea, air;
Oh, unto whom now shall he lift up prayer?

From old religion and that fair array
Of beauty and of love once eminent,
He turned unto the light, clearer than day,
Within his breast, and thought it heaven-sent;
He throned invisible a world ideal;
Again the thousand years their will reveal.

Crescent and Cross, with equal carnage wet,
Rode a long age the aye-revolving skies;
They are declining now; soon shall they set;
But over man shall other heavens arise,
And other thoughts and other rites appear,
And other forms shall the old faith endear.

Temple and shrine have fallen to the ground;
Minster and spire by truth deserted lie;
Minaret and mosque have heard a far roar sound,
And tremble in their little squares of sky;
All ancient superstition has been doomed—
Soon shall the stars see the old world entombed.

The sorceries of midnight and moonshine,
Brewers of witchcraft, dabbling in eclipse,
Went out long since on that dark border-line
Where the old world into the new world slips;
Now go the gods from every land away—
So great a dawn is broadening into day.

And gladly we behold the great event
That frees our cities from the hooded fear;
And joyfully we take the element
Of nature for our habitation here;
Ours, not another's: but old woes abide;
Not yet the soul is wholly purified.

We will not mourn, deserted by the gods
By us so much beloved, the gods divine,
Though on them also fall the solemn clods,
As on our earthen sleep where we recline;
Ill is he bred, and foolish draws his breath,
Who has not learned to live life-long with death.

Once, O Demeter, was thy woe as ours,
And, like our own, all mortal was thy mood;
Then, weeping, thou didst crave through orphaned hours
Holy responses to lorn motherhood;
And when thy wandering through the world was o'er,
Men found thee sitting by Eleusis' shore.

A light was in thy face; not of our sphere
Nor of the world Olympian that clear beam;
And from them passed the old religious fear

Who then beheld the Resurrection gleam;
And thou didst shrine in sacred rites that word
Which first by us was in thy temple heard.

Ah, desolate I found that pleasant shore
Where sat thy temple, once the awe of Greece;
From later gods we hold an ampler store,
And still the granaries of the world increase;
But that great word was molded not in vain
Upon man's lips, the planter of the grain.

The spirit-throngèd world has passed away,
And shorn of terror is the sun's eclipse;
Science has dulled our wonder day by day;
No awe, no silence, lingers on our lips;
For deity without we do not look;
Now closed to all the gods is nature's book.

Yet, though man grows in truth from more to more,
Old forces through our mystic being sweep;
The soul remembereth its holy lore;
Some moods habitual to mankind we keep;
We believe; though time forever on the scroll
Buries the early writing of the soul.

Lo, I have believed in all the gods in turn,
And know they have no being but in me;
All is the form of what doth inly burn,
Up from the fetich to eternity;
Wherever man doth pray, and finds faith there,
I kneel beside him and repeat his prayer.

O Thou of many names, whom I invoke,
Thought in our souls and breath within our lungs,
One is the burden of the human yoke,
Though many are the earth's confusèd tongues;
Christian and Moslem, Buddhist, Pagan, Greek,
A thousand dialects, the same prayer speak.

Illusion all; for only man is real,
Dreaming on truth through symbols known to sense;
Of his own heart is formed each new ideal
That fires the nations with its eloquence;
So, spring-like through the centuries, ever ran
The resurrection of the hope of man.

Thou wilt not answer, who in us art power;
Yet quicker is the beating of my heart,
Seeing from year to year, and hour to hour,
The joyful springtime in this old world start,
And in me feeling the fresh power of man
Unfold, and recreate what time began.

For now creation is, not long ago
In chaos; chaos reigned not on the deep;
Order is all of nature that we know,
Which, changing all, itself unchanged doth keep;
And true creation is the soul's alone—
A light that grows upon the vast unknown.

O foul and bloody strife, since time began,
Up from the beast to man's imperial mold!
O long his empire-toil, since he was man,
The soul's confederation to unfold!
And many heavens he scaled ere Bethlehem's star
Hymned human love above all gods that are!

Man doth prevail, who masters, age by age,
The secret forces that through nature ply,
And with the changes of the mind grows sage,—
Whose faith burns brighter as the old truths die;
Truth is the cloud, molded by every storm;
Faith, like the rainbow, changes not its form.

He hath transcended nature—such a flame
Is nourished on his body; he shall rise,
Remembering the altars whence he came,
To be for all the nations sacrifice;
Nor only for far ages is the fruit—
Eternal beams did in his first loves shoot.

There is no truth save what to him is known;
There is no beauty save within his eye;
There is no love but what in him has grown,
And only in his mandate right doth lie;
Justice and mercy his, and good and ill,
And virtue enthroneless save within his will.

No longer outwardly shall godhood shine,
To tend the flock, the ripened field to thresh;
Nor only Christ shall harbor love divine
Within the tabernacle of our flesh;
But every soul shall be that form of grace,
And universal man love's dwelling-place.

This is the faith, the crown of many years,
That long has gathered prescience in his heart;
Now shall it run its course through blood and tears
Wherever from the world the gods depart;
Sealed by this intuition, over all,
That truth doth unto resurrection fall.

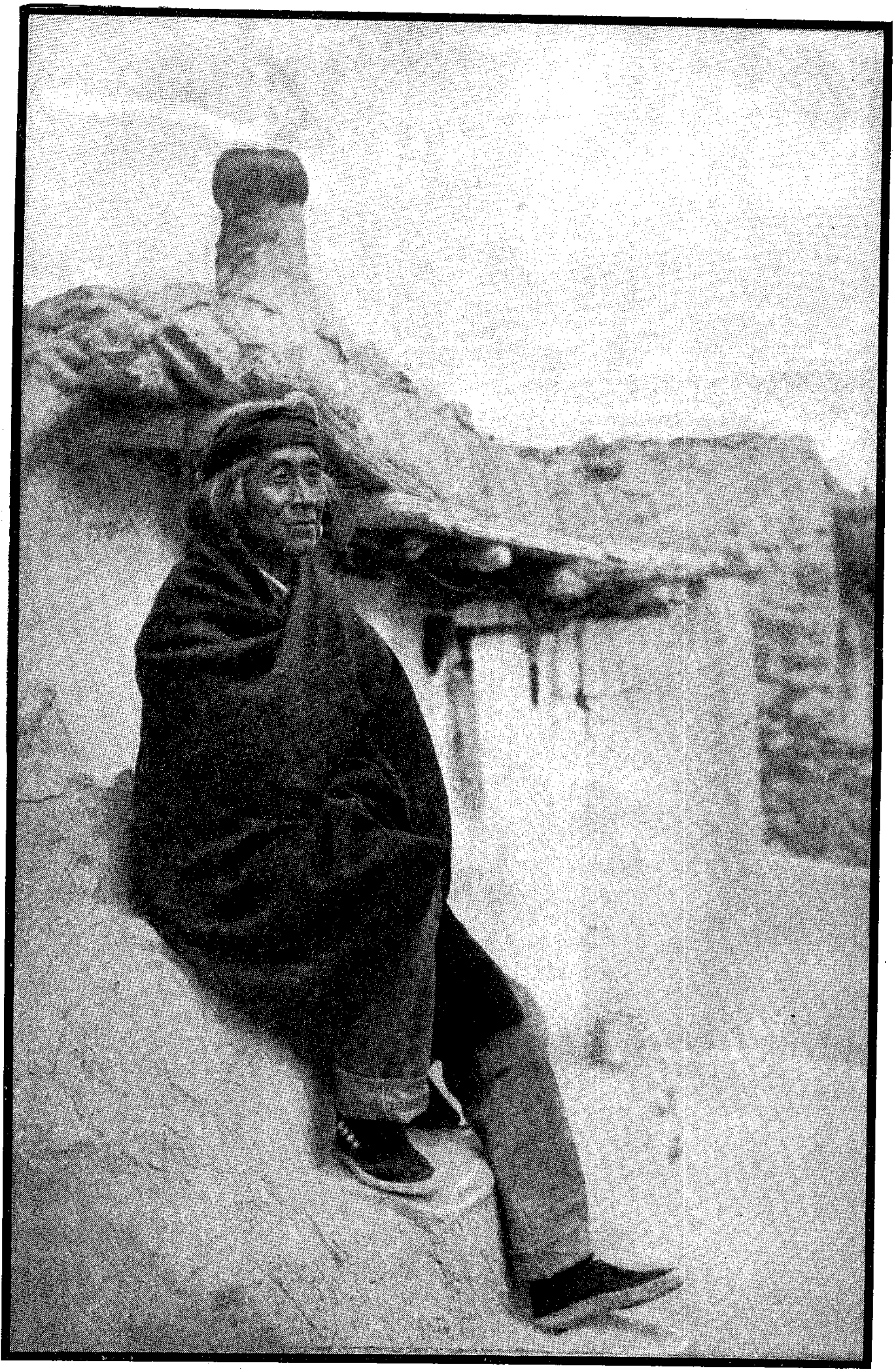
Oh, fain to love the gods, the gods divine,
He clasped unto his breast the phantom fair
That emanates from nature and doth shine
From isle and mount on visionary air;
And thee he deified, O Mother-Love,
And throned thee on the rock, his fields above.

Each race in turn a mighty harvest reaps,
And shares with gods the glory of its toil;
And old divinity forever keeps
Some portion in the consecrated soil;
And what was sacred once is sacred still—
Lo, great Demeter, I salute thy hill.

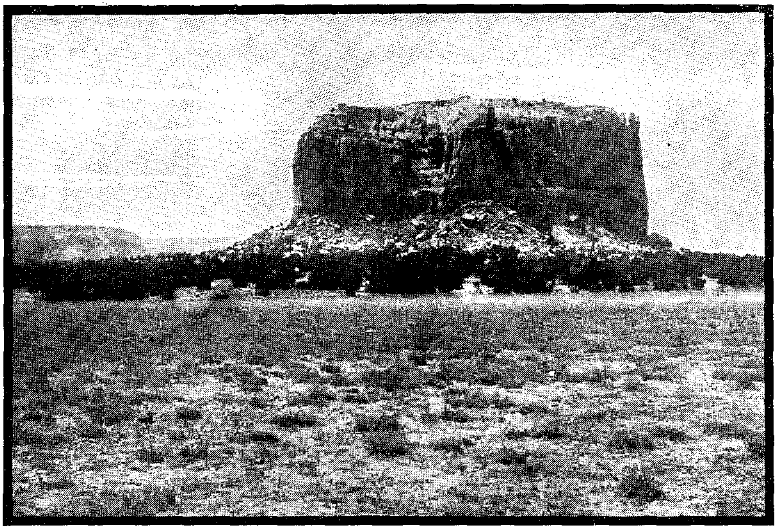
Though born too late to bring unto thy shrine
From scanty stores a poor man's offering,
The empire of another world is mine,
Whose only treasure is the lyre I bring;
I lay it down upon the naked rock,
And on thy gates invisible I knock.

O Giver of the Corn, thy child is dead,
And Greece lies buried by the sounding sea;
A greater sun uprears a mightier head
On a new land where many oceans be;
And where the bison and the reindeer ran
A world of wheat renews the hope of man.

I thank thee for our food through sun and rain,
The summer's wealth, the winter's garnered store;
I thank thee for the rising of the grain;
And ever thee I thank, and more and more,
For the hope hid in kernels of the corn,
Great Mother, vanished from the mountain's horn.



"THE ELDERS OF THE TRIBE STILL OCCASIONALLY WEAR BLANKETS AND COLORED TURBANS"



"A VAST CASTLE-LIKE ROCK RISING WITH PERPENDICULAR WALLS"

The Life of the Pueblo

By Clifton Johnson

With Illustrations by the Author

MUCH of New Mexico seems to the casual observer a half-naked and stony wilderness where only the scantiest population can ever find subsistence. But there is a vast amount of good land that only needs irrigation to make it productive and beautiful; and by utilizing the streams fully and getting artesian water from below the surface the aspect of the region may be changed materially. This, however, is in the main an unrealized possibility of the future; and at present pueblo life, with much of its aboriginal picturesqueness still retained, is characteristic of a large portion of the country.

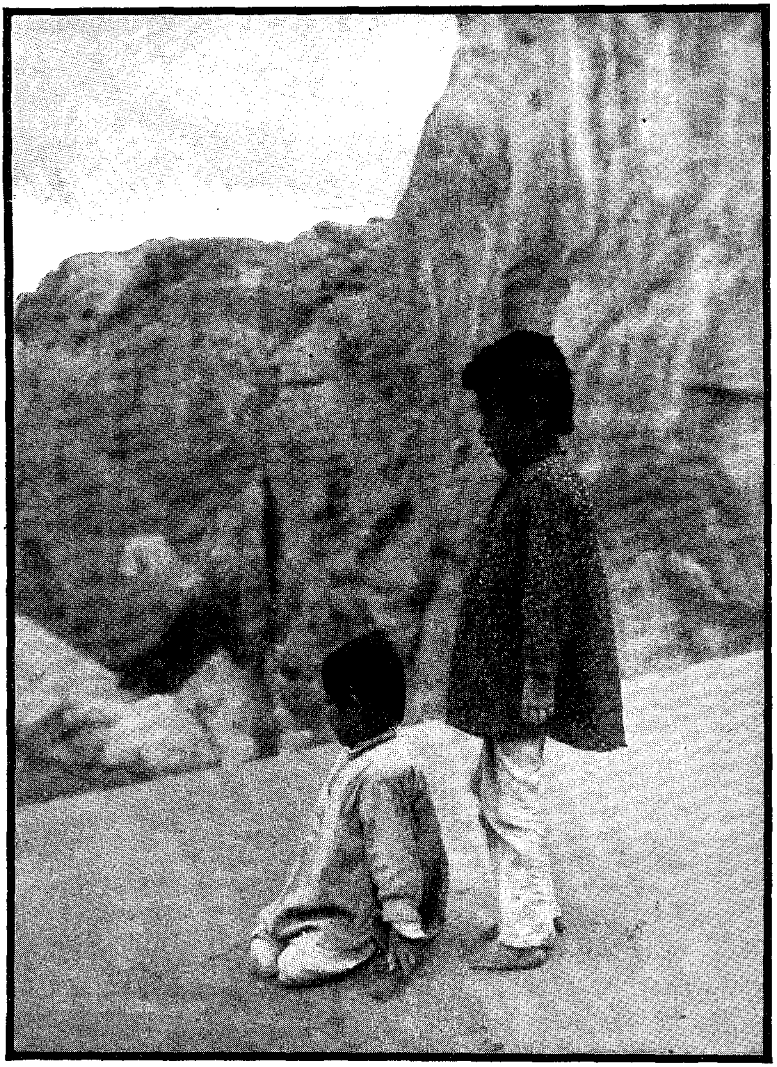
Several of the pueblos are right on the line of the railway. Of these Laguna is perhaps best worth seeing, and, besides, it is the point of departure for visiting Acoma, which in situation and in primitiveness is the most fascinating pueblo in all the Southwest. I made the fifteen-mile journey thither from Laguna in a light farm wagon, accompanied by an Indian who served both as guide and driver. According to this Indian, the road was a very good one, but I concluded he meant in comparison with others in the region. Sometimes we dragged slowly along through sand ruts, sometimes bumped over a rough shoulder of rock, and there were sudden gullies and steep hills and stretches of hardened clay full of wheel tracks and hoof prints.

The scenery was rather forbidding. All about, at frequent intervals, rose the mesas, with their flat tops and their sides strewn with boulders that had fallen from above. Some of them were mere hills, others mountainous in size and height. The half-barren land between was dotted with bushy cedars, very thick-stemmed at the ground, but soon tapering off, and always dwarfed in stature. At last we descended into a big level valley that looked like the floor of some old lake. It was thinly grassed, and numerous flocks of sheep, horses, and cattle were grazing on it. Each flock of sheep included a number of black ones, and still more variety was added by the presence of several goats, which are valued, not only for their milk, but as a protection

"PUEBLO LIFE, WITH MUCH OF ITS ABORIGINAL PICTURESQUENESS STILL RETAINED"

to the sheep from wild animals. The coyotes follow the flocks of sheep very persistently, and the old goats stand guard and fight the enemy, if necessary.

On ahead of us we could now see what is known as the "Enchanted Mesa," a vast castle-like rock rising with perpendicular walls from the floor of the plain to a height of four hundred and thirty feet. Its great size and ragged crags make it one of the most impressive natural wonders on the continent. Higher and higher it loomed as we drew nearer; and its name and the strange legends that have been told about it seemed quite in keeping with its peculiar character. According to one of the legends, the pueblo of Acoma formerly occupied this height, and the path by which the people went up and down followed a crevice where a huge portion of the face of the precipice had partially separated from the main mass. One day, while all of the inhabitants except three sick women were at work in the field on the plain below, there came a sudden storm, and the deluge of rain or the lightning sent the leaning ledge crashing down to the base of the mesa. The path was destroyed, and the sick women perished beyond reach of aid on the then

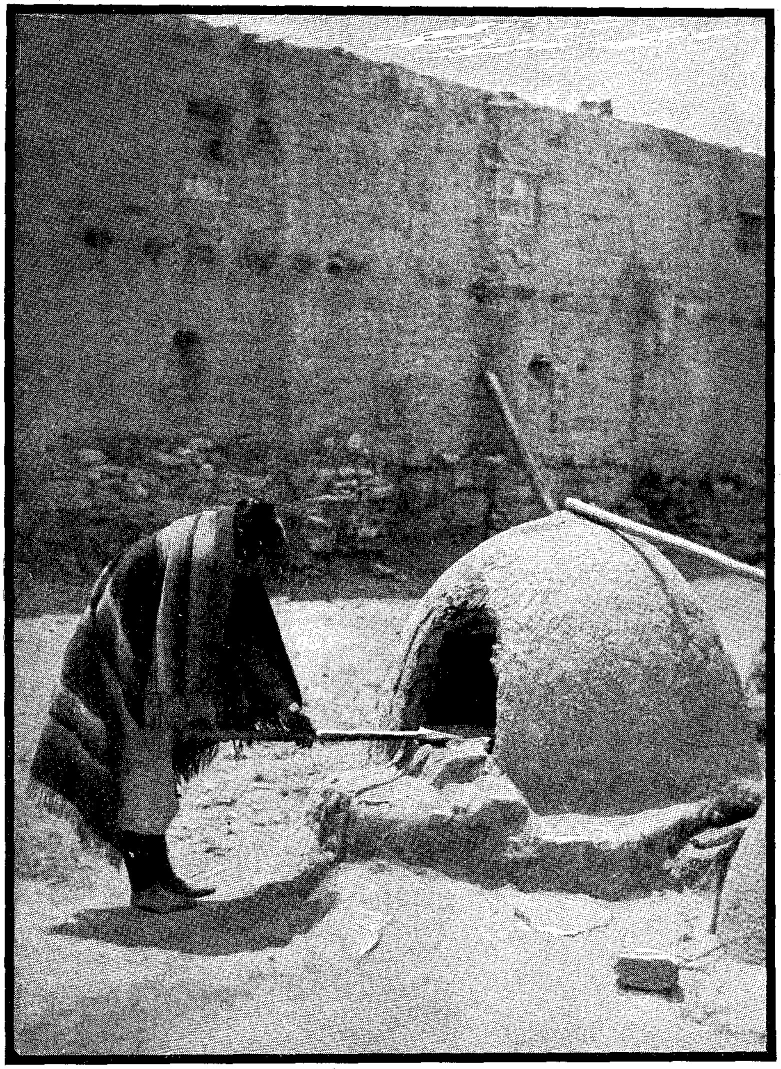


"A SAND-DRIFT THAT ROSE FAR UP AGAINST THE CLIFF"

inaccessible cliff, and the rest of the community sought a new place for their village.

Several exploring parties in recent years have been to the summit of the great rock. The first of these, led by an Eastern college professor, laid siege to the mesa with a mortar and a number of miles of assorted ropes, supplemented by pulleys, a boatswain's chair, and a pair of horses. Later parties have scaled the height aided only by a half-dozen lengths of six-foot ladders. They scrambled up a considerable portion of the distance over the loose stones around the sides of the precipice, and went still farther up a narrow gorge. Presently the ladders became necessary, but only in one or two places did they have to put all six together. Nevertheless, the ascent was arduous, and at the steepest points somewhat perilous.

On top is an area of twelve acres that is almost bare rock. The explorers find there bits of broken pottery, stone axes and arrow-heads, and ornaments made of wild hogs' tusks. The only indication of buildings is a regular arrangement of loose stones, which evidently were the foundation of a round room. That the

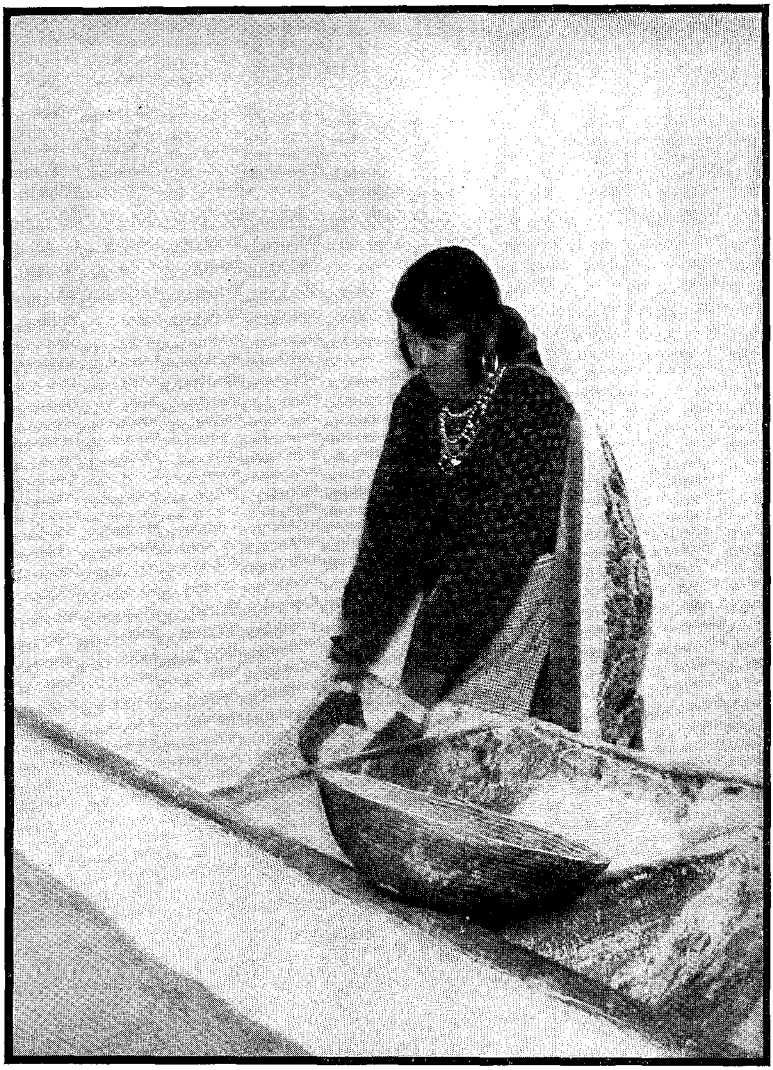


"SOMETHING IS ADDED TO THIS BY THE WOMEN, WHO MAKE POTTERY"

mesa was ever the site of a pueblo seems doubtful. More likely it was used simply as a place of refuge for small parties cut off from retreat to the main village by marauding enemies.

Three miles beyond, at the end of the valley, on another wild mesa, is the pueblo of Acoma, a place of about half a thousand inhabitants. There it has been for seven hundred years, probably presenting from the beginning almost the identical appearance it does to-day. From a distance you would think that the long, continuous lines of adobe walls were a part of the mesa itself rising to a slightly greater height, but as you draw nearer you see occasional little chimneys and windows. The lofty table rock on which it stands is scarcely less romantic than the Enchanted Mesa, and the savage crags seem to have been carved by thunderbolts.

At first sight no way presents itself of climbing the precipitous sides; yet the Indians have no less than ten trails up different crevices, two of which are practical for horses. We, however, stopped with our team at one side of the mesa, where rose, here and there, isolated brown pillars and ledges—gigantic statues of nature's own making. About the base of them



"ONLY THE SCANTIEST POPULATION CAN EVER FIND SUBSISTENCE"

were rude cedar fences and a few hovels where the Indians kept their milch animals at night. Beside one of these corral clusters we unhitched our horses and put them in a hut. Then we ascended a sand-drift that rose far up against the cliff, and, when that ended, clambered on up a narrow crevice which twisted this way and that, and sometimes passed over a strewing of boulders and sometimes beneath one lodged between the walls above. Steps had been rudely chipped out at the steepest points and little pocket-like holes made in the adjoining cliff for you to grip with your hand.

The top of the mesa is a gentle slope of solid rock with a somewhat irregular surface. In two or three places are deep hollows where the rain-water collects in little ponds, and this is the town's source of supply for drinking, cooking, and washing. The water looked rather dubious, but I was assured that impurities settled to the bottom and left it clean and palatable.

Three parallel lines of homes and a church constitute the village. Each series of homes rises in several terraces, and the ascent to the top of the first terrace is made by great rough outside ladders. To climb to the upper terraces, however, a few stone steps often do service. The original purpose of this type of architecture was protection against enemies; for the first story was without doors or windows, and when the ladders were drawn up, the pueblos were safe from the assault of their rudely armed savage neighbors.

The walls are of stone laid in mud and daubed over smooth with mud inside, and frequently outside also. In constructing the roofs pine is used for the large beams, and across these cedar poles are laid close together. Next comes a layer of rushes and grass and the spiny leaves of the yucca. Then clay mixed with broken bits of wheat straw is put on. In a prolonged dry spell the roof is apt to crack, and unless the cracks are mended the rain soaks through and trickles down on the floor, where it muddies up everything. Sheets of crystal gypsum serve for windows, and the largest are about twelve by eighteen inches. They are windows of a single pane, set solidly in an aperture of the wall.

The dwellings have from two to eight rooms, including such as are used for storage, and these are not nearly as gloomy as one might expect, for they are kept thoroughly whitewashed. One of the largest apartments is the living-room. It is warmed by a fireplace—not a very economical method of heating, perhaps, but the walls are so thick and there is such lack of ventilation that a little fuel goes a long way. Wood is plentiful on the rough lands around, and the Indians can get all they want for the trouble of cutting and drawing it, or carrying it on their backs, as they sometimes do.

Across one end of the living-room a long pole is suspended from the rafters by thongs of rawhide. On this are hung all the extra clothing, blankets, belts, and some tanned buckskin not yet made into garments. Certain family heirlooms in the form of necklaces are likewise hung on the pole where they will attract the admiration of visitors. Some of these are very old, and are made of fragments of sea-shells and black and cream-colored stones shaped into beads. The best of them are worth fifteen or twenty horses.

A single sleeping apartment does for an entire family. The beds are mattresses of wool laid on the floor. There is never much circulation of air in the room, and if the weather is cold it is shut up tight and the fireplace furnishes the only ventilation. In warm weather, however, the pueblo folk often sleep out on the terrace.

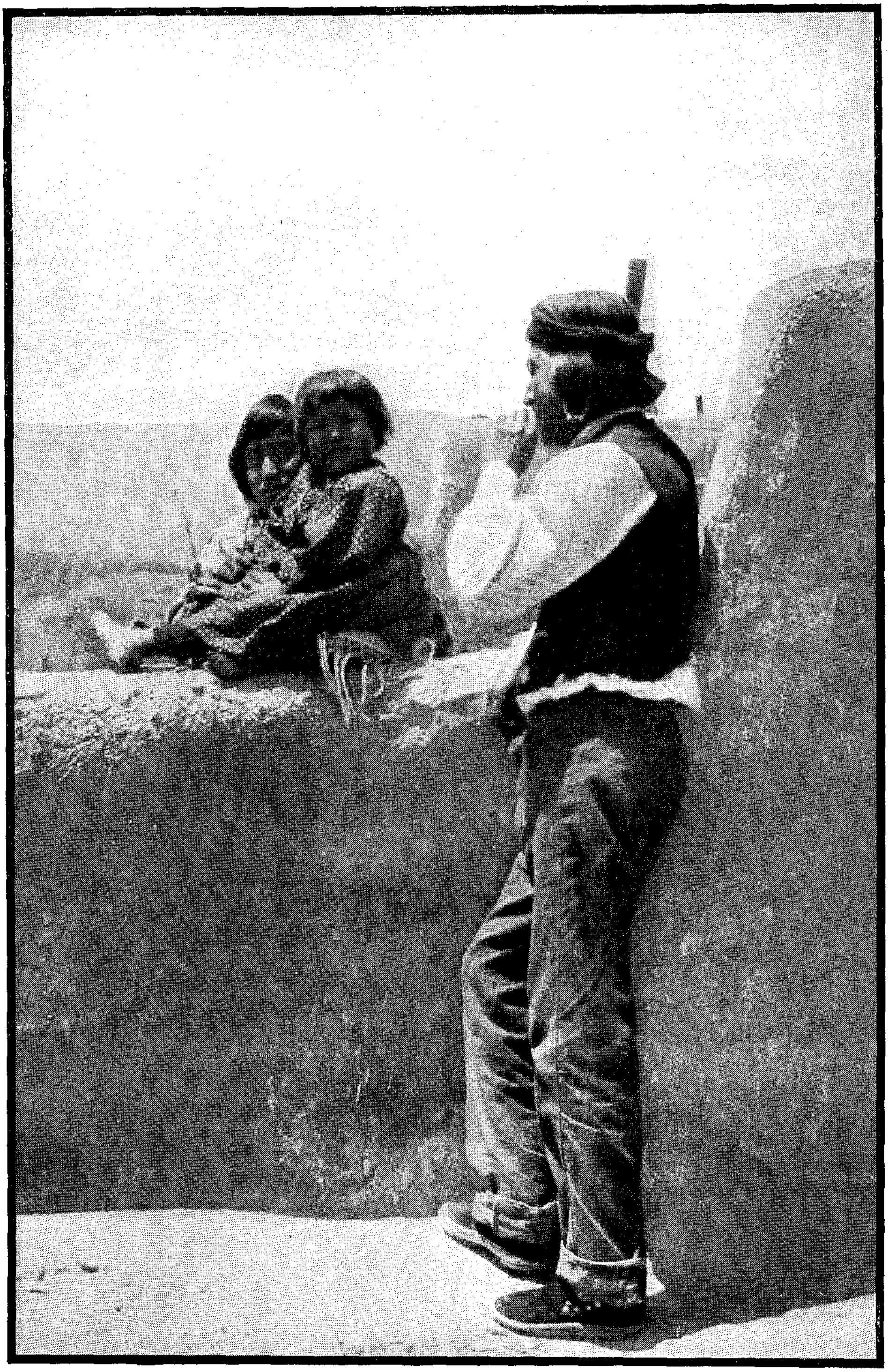
To descend to the lower rooms there are a trap-door and ladders. Climb down, and you find corn stored in a heap on the floor, and the wheat in big bins of plastered stone. Here, too, is the same sort of truck that white people usually relegate to the garret—broken tools and furniture, discarded clothing, and whatever other useless things would be in the way in the upper rooms.

The young people are inclined to adopt white ways and to buy home conveniences that were formerly lacking. For instance, probably half the families now have tables; but it used to be the universal habit to get along with a few little stools or blocks of wood and to eat on the floor, sitting on these or on blankets, while the bowls, platters, and other pottery containing the food were distributed handily around.

In clothing, the Indians are gradually donning the garments of the whites, and, so far as the men are concerned, the transformation has often been complete. The elders of the tribe still occasionally wear blankets and colored turbans, and the women continue to be blanket-wearers. But the feminine gowns are of civilized cloth, and shoes and stockings are replacing the moccasins and leg-windings of buckskin. These buckskin leg-windings are supposed to have been devised as a protection against snakes, and the present-day wearers retain them as a matter of fashion. Yet in summer they find the buckskin so uncomfortably warm that they are apt to take it off and go barefoot.

The people are peaceful and thrifty. Those Indian tribes that roamed the mountains and plains have become wards of the Government, but the Pueblo Indians have maintained a self-supporting integrity. They irrigate in the valleys and raise such staples as corn and wheat and a variety of garden vegetables, apples, plums, and other fruit.

One of the picturesque incidents of the harvest is the wheat-threshing. A level circle of ground is prepared with a sur-



"EACH SERIES OF HOMES RISES IN SEVERAL TERRACES" face of clay that is wet slightly and beaten and walked over till it is perfectly hard and smooth. After inclosing it with a fence of cedar poles, all the grain belonging to one farmer is arranged in the center in a big loose pile, perhaps a score of feet in diameter, leaving about eight feet between it and the fence. The threshing is accomplished by driving a dozen or so horses around the circuit, beginning about nine in the morning. A squad of men and boys is on hand, armed with whips to chase the horses, and the central pile gradually works down and all the ears are trodden out. By twelve o'clock the threshing is done, and in the afternoon the straw is thrown into a pile outside of the fence, and the wheat cleaned up and everything made ready for threshing the next man's crop on the morrow. The grain is separated from the chaff some windy day by throwing it up in the air with wooden shovels.

The Indians have great herds of sheep that wander among the mesas the year through, and they have many horses and cattle. Certain kinds of grass in the Southwest cure on the stalk, and these and nibblings of sagebrush and cactus keep the creatures from perishing in the lean months. The rainy season comes in July and August, after which the grass flourishes and there is abundance of feed through the fall. The only creatures furnished winter shelter are the horses and such cows and goats as are milked. For the horses rude stables are constructed, but the cows and goats get along with corrals. The sale of wool and of the sheep and other creatures is the chief source of the Indians' income. Something is added to this by the women, who make pottery and dispose of it at the railway stations to travelers on the trains or to traders; and a portion of the men work for wages.

A good deal of the money that comes into their hands is not spent wisely; but the same might be said of the expenditure of any class the world over. They gamble in a small way, buy candy and jewelry, cook-stoves, sewing-machines, and brass bedsteads, and make curious misfits in introducing modern articles into their ancient homes and half-savage habits of life.

Their amusements are more varied than an outsider would suspect, and, in particular, they enjoy races, both on foot and on horseback. One peculiar contest of speed and expertness consists in two rival parties going in opposite directions and each kicking a stick about a foot long and an inch in diameter over a course agreed on. This course may be anywhere from five to twenty miles long.

In the fall some day is fixed on for a rabbit hunt. The young men to the number of about a score ride off on horseback armed with clubs, which they hurl at every rabbit they sight. Each rider is eager to outdo his comrades and get the largest number, and they have a wild time chasing and heading off the rabbits. If fortune favors, they may secure an average of two or three apiece, but, on the other hand, the whole crowd may kill only a half-dozen.

A hunt of a more serious sort, yet scarcely less enjoyed, occurs in November, when three or four parties of about ten in each go off some fifty miles in different directions and camp and hunt deer.

For real fun, however, from the Indian view-point, nothing quite equals a special race it is customary to have on St. John's Day. The start is made on a level piece of ground near the village, where a live rooster has been buried in the sand all but its head. The racers, from fifteen to thirty in number, mounted on their horses, go back from the rooster about two hundred yards and at a signal put their horses into a run. As they dash past the rooster each makes a grab at the bird until some one gets him. Then on they go in a mad rush engaged in a lively contest to gain possession of the captive chanticleer. He may change hands a number of times, and the fellow who brings him back to the starting-point is the victor.

After the harvest is finished dances are frequent until spring. Many of these are religious and commemorate some old tradition, and the participants dress up in all their barbaric glory. Other dances are merely social. There is not much movement in them. The dancers gather in a room and stand facing each other, one or two rows of men on this side, and similar rows of women on the other. Then they jump up and down with certain changes of step, keeping time to the energetic music of drums and their own chanting.

The climate is favorable to health, and the Indians are no longer swept off wholesale by smallpox. Rheumatism, pneumonia, and diphtheria are perhaps the most prevalent diseases. They have a good deal of faith in the curative properties of roots and herbs, and when those fail, they call in a medicine man. The physician tries to effect a cure by incantations; and he may resort to breathing on the patient, or will use his eagle feathers to brush away the pain, or will stroke the sick person with a bear's claw, which is another implement of his trade. Often his labors continue for hours at a time. His reward is generally a present of provisions or some article of clothing.

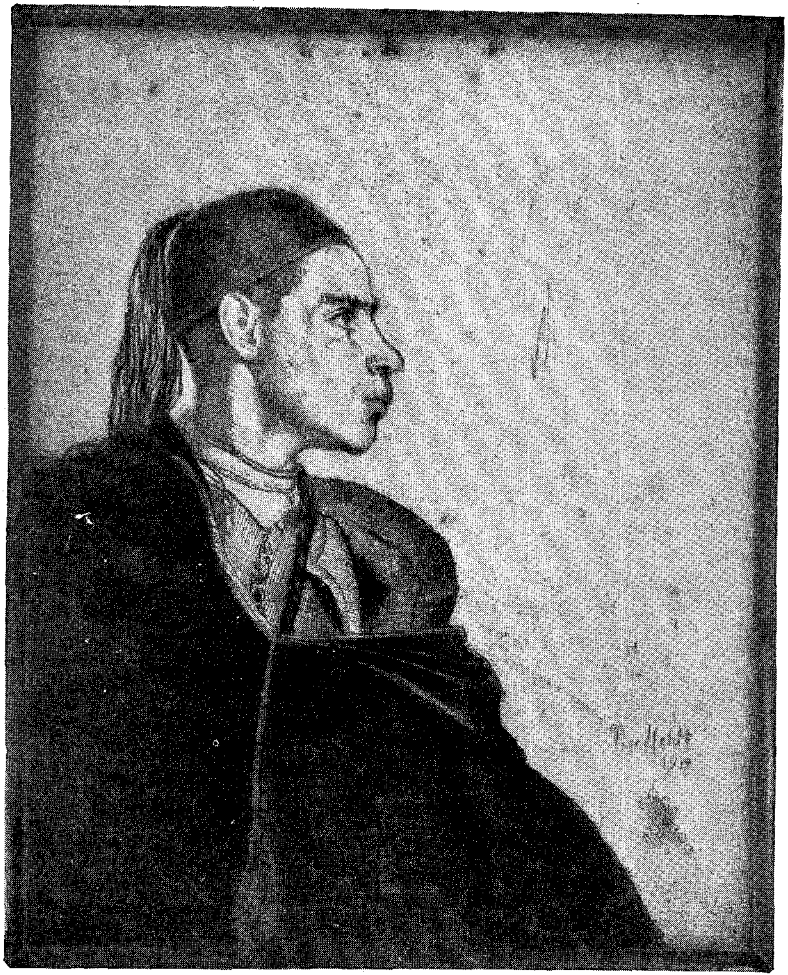
Every tribe has its governor and other officers, elected annually. The voting is done at a public meeting, where the supporters of each candidate stand up to be counted. Once a month the council holds a session and settles quarrels and all other public business. This is a daytime meeting, and every official present receives a fee of fifty cents. Money for needful expenses comes largely from fines for drunkenness or assaults; but once in a while a small assessment is levied. Roads, bridges, fences, and irrigating ditches are taken care of by each man contributing a certain amount of labor on them yearly. All the land is owned in common, but any family can have set off to it as much as it will cultivate. If this land is allowed to lie idle for three years, it reverts to the pueblo.

Except for a troubled period when the Spaniards overran the region, the Pueblo Indians have lived at peace with the whites. They gave our Government valuable help in its operations against the nomadic Navajos, both in fighting and as scouts. Their natural capacity, energy, and thrift place them decidedly above the average of red men, and their ways of life are strikingly original and interesting.

THE BROOK

BY MARY BALDWIN

Like the brown brook that slips beneath the frost,
Its murmured message for the moment lost
To grosser ear than Mother Nature's own,
So 'neath life's winter do we slip unknown,
All seemingly unheard. And yet, forsooth,
I fain would keep the brown brook's note of youth;
Within sealed silences would guard the key
Which God first struck, to guide my melody
Of life. Ah, I would keep my theme
Clear-hearted and pellucid as the stream
That cons its lesson at the icy lip
Of frozen sources. I would later slip
From out constraining fastnesses to bring
The weary world what peace and silence sing.



"MOHAMEDE"

The Ghost of Andalusia

By Mary Heaton Vorse

With Pictures by B. J. O. Nordfeldt

THE little town of Tarifa sat opposite us all winter, white and reassuring in the sun, and when it seemed as though the East had overwhelmed us utterly and that in our landscape there was no familiar thing we could cling to, we would look across and say:

"There is Europe. There is a normal town, with the people living according to the rules of the life we understand."

And when we, in the safety of the city of Tangier, looked across to the hills at the left, lovely in the moonlight, and realized that in those hills, a few miles only from the most European city in Morocco, lived the savage tribe of Anjeri in their still forbidden country, we could think:

"Yes, but in Spain there are little white towns, and the Spanish hills are spotted with peaceful, whitewashed farm-houses."

At Christmas time especially the little town in Spain was a comforting thing to gaze at, for Christmas comes shyly to Morocco, comes in crates on the backs of donkeys—a sort of tinned Christmas—since Christmas in Morocco must make way for Aïd-el-Kebir, which, being translated, means "the feast of the Passover." In the great market were herds of sheep and goats instead of Christmas trees, while all over the Sôk squatted venders of spices, with baskets of red cayenne pepper, cloves, and peppercorns, and yellow lumps of curry ready for the feast of the sheep; instead of buying Christmas presents, little boys ran through the streets followed by sacrificial kids, crowned about the horns with bright-colored ornaments, while bare-legged Arabs staggered through the crowd under burdens of rams carried on the shoulders, the legs of the rams caught against the men's breasts, the creatures staring with frightened eyes.

It was good to think that in the little white town in Spain just across the way the great feast of the Nativity would be kept, and that in the imagination of the people the shepherds would still go to worship and the angels would sing "Peace on earth," and that presently a day would be kept in memory of Caspar and Balthazar and Melchior instead of the bloody sacrifices commemorating the day when the Lord God of Hosts passed over the first-born of the children of Israel in bondage. The feast of the Passover is a great feast and venerable; but some way it makes the European feel uncomfortable, as though he had turned back the hands of time some thousands of years, to know that the head of each household slaughters upon his own door-sill a sheep or goat or kid, of which he will eat for three days.

He turns with a rather homesick longing toward the land of Christmas gifts and church bells, for the newcomer in the East lives at first in the state of mind which varies between the feeling that he has walked back through the ages, and the feeling that the whole complex, colored web of native life is a vast pageant which will one day pack itself into vans and wagons and make off like any great show.

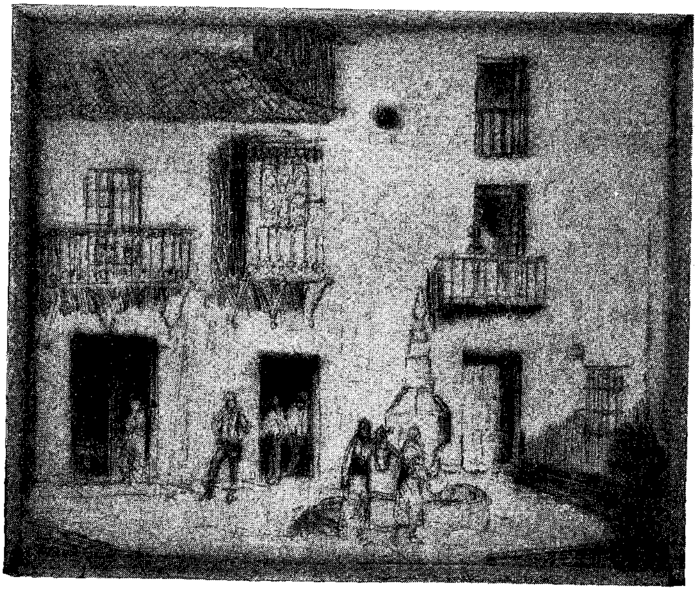
And there was the West, but fifteen miles away as the crow flies! It was natural that we should wish to see this little town which had flung its red light to us from the lighthouse by night and sat white and friendly by day, a sort of anchorage for our bewildered minds.

It was not as easy to leave all of Morocco behind us as we had supposed. Our Moorish boy, Mohamede, true descendant of the Prophet and son of Shaiten, accompanied us to the boat. He disposed of our bags and leaned across the rail, lit a cigarette and spat contemplatively at a boatman who had been rude to him earlier in the day. Him the boatman reviled loudly and with much gesticulation, but the true descendant of the Prophet paid no attention besides spitting negligently now and again.

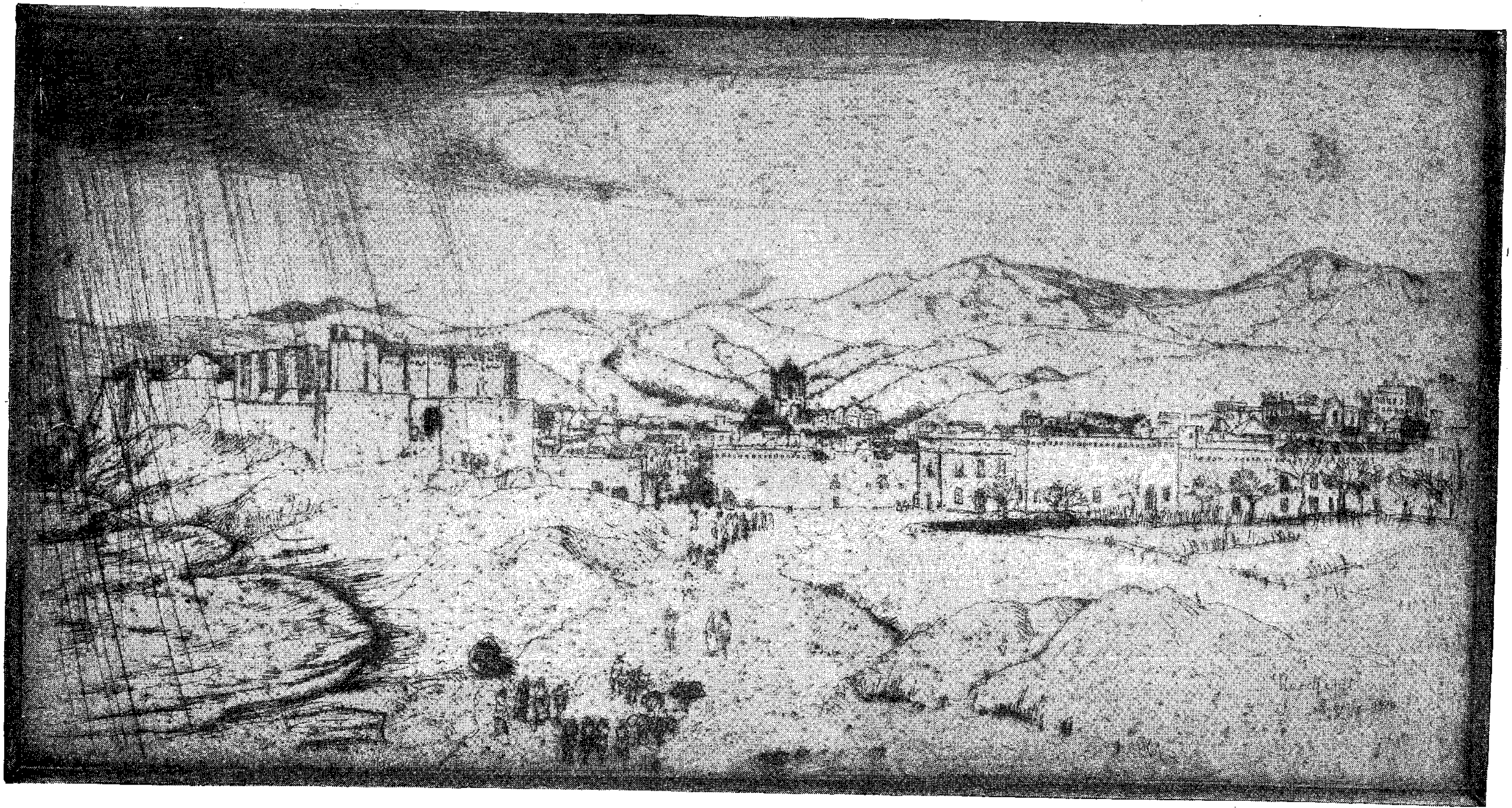
"It is time you went ashore," I warned him.

He looked at us with tranquil brown eyes.

"I do not go ashore," he said. "I go to Gibraltar."



THE FOUNTAIN



TARIFA

"Not in our service," said I firmly.

He touched his hat.

"It is well. I go not in thy service," he replied, translating the Arabic idiom into a strange pigeon French of his own invention.

Again I spoke firmly:

"I do not pay thy passage money."

He touched his hat again.

"No one pays for me," he said. "I go free. I go to Gibraltar. While thou art gone I have no need of Morocco."

"Thy mother?" we urged.

"Yesterday I told my mother that I should be gone four days or ten."

It was only the day before that we had told him our intention of going to Spain, and he had saluted and said that he would await our return.

We gave him up and turned our backs upon him, washing our hands of him. Presently there arose a great clamor. We saw the ticket-collector calling upon him to pay; we saw him protesting he had no money; we saw him thrown down the gang-plank, and then, clinging to its foot, his *djellab* spread about him until he looked like some huge human bat, the gang-plank even now being hoisted in the air, we saw him contrive to get to his leathern pouch and disgorge from it three pesetas for his fare.

"Now," he said, "my money is almost finished." And he smiled.

"But," I objected, "how eat, how sleep, without money, since on thy own responsibility thou goest to Gibraltar?"

At this he made a gesture, a large gay gesture, which indicated that the world was wide and that he did not care, that he was a boy making an adventure, that Allah would provide. And we, of an adventurous race, could but admire the spirit of adventure in another. He had not begged for money; he had not urged us to take him; he was willing to stand or fall by his own endeavors—and also, as he had a trust in Allah, so he must have had a trust in his masters, a mighty shrewd trust in them, having had ample time to size them up in his young Oriental mind, and to be pretty sure that, without the true descendant of the Prophet being brought to beg for favors, it was very unlikely that they would let him starve in an alien land.

Still my heart sank a little; he seemed a trifle too inevitable, something not to be escaped any more than the weather, especially as the artist suggested that when we were embarked for America, imperturbable and calm, would be hauled out of the stokehole a stowaway, and it would be the true descendant of the Prophet and son of Shaiten, and we would have to pay his passage over and take him into our service at home. "I have no need of Morocco without thee" seemed almost a threat.

So, with our boy, we started forth on our pious pilgrimage to pay our respects to the Christian town whose church bell we had so often heard in fancy, and after two hours and a half on the top of a stage-coach—a very beautiful drive, with the barren Mountains of the Moon on the one side and continual glimpses of the sea on the other, over a post-road that cheered the heart after the tracks in the mud by which one must travel in Morocco if one travels at all—red-roofed and walled, Tarifa lay before us in the hollow of the surrounding hills, dominated by the dome of a church.

The town had a strangely quiet and deserted aspect in contrast with the crowded town we had left. One little empty street succeeded another—wide streets they seemed to us after Tangier—their lines charmingly diversified by the balconies which projected from every window. They tell you that about Spain, and you take it as a traveler's exaggeration; it is a literal fact. Now we had a glimpse into an arched *patio*, now a woman passed us with an earthen jar of water balanced on her head. A flock of red goats strayed past us, the goatherd pausing to milk before this door and that.

We alone on that quiet morning were the only disturbing element, for people ran to doorways to look at us, and well-dressed children followed us begging for pennies. We realized then, as we were to realize more and more as we went on in Spain, that here it is the easiest thing to get off the beaten track, that, of all the European countries, Spain remains comparatively unknown. On every hand there were new things to find out, new routes to forge for one's self.

We wandered around the town, which

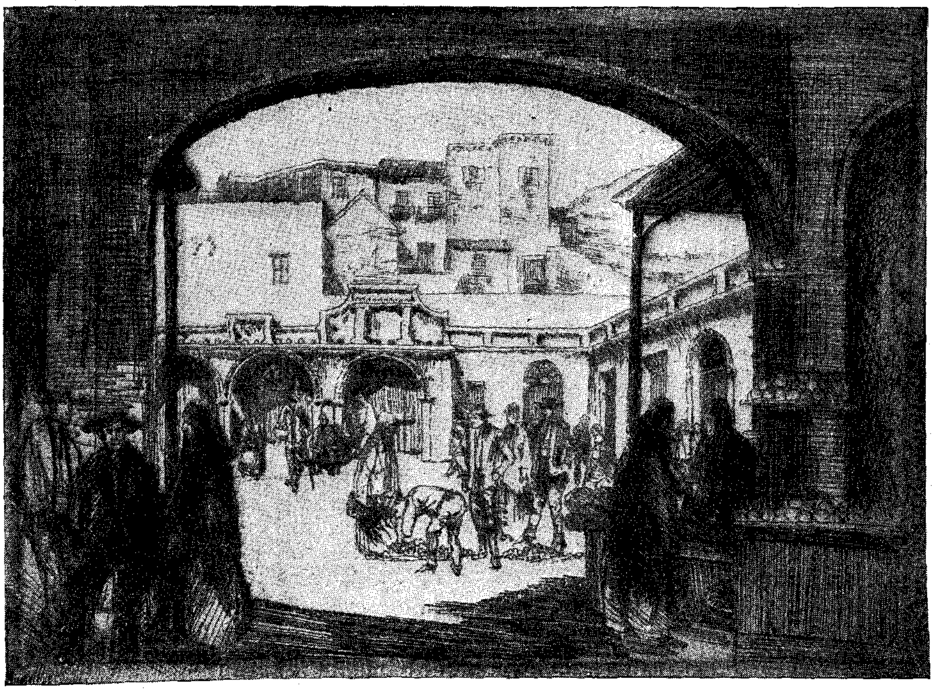
had fewer shops in it for a town of its size than one would believe possible. Here and there were small cafés and drinking-places, but few of them, and the few shops that there were were scattered and extremely small. It did not seem possible that the ten thousand people of Tarifa could find their wants supplied in them for either food or clothes. It was evident that most of the purchasing for their tables must be done at the picturesque market.

We came upon a public fountain where men were filling water barrels and loading them in the panniers of donkeys, and women were waiting their turn to get their day's water, for a household in southern Spain which has a well of its own can count itself lucky.

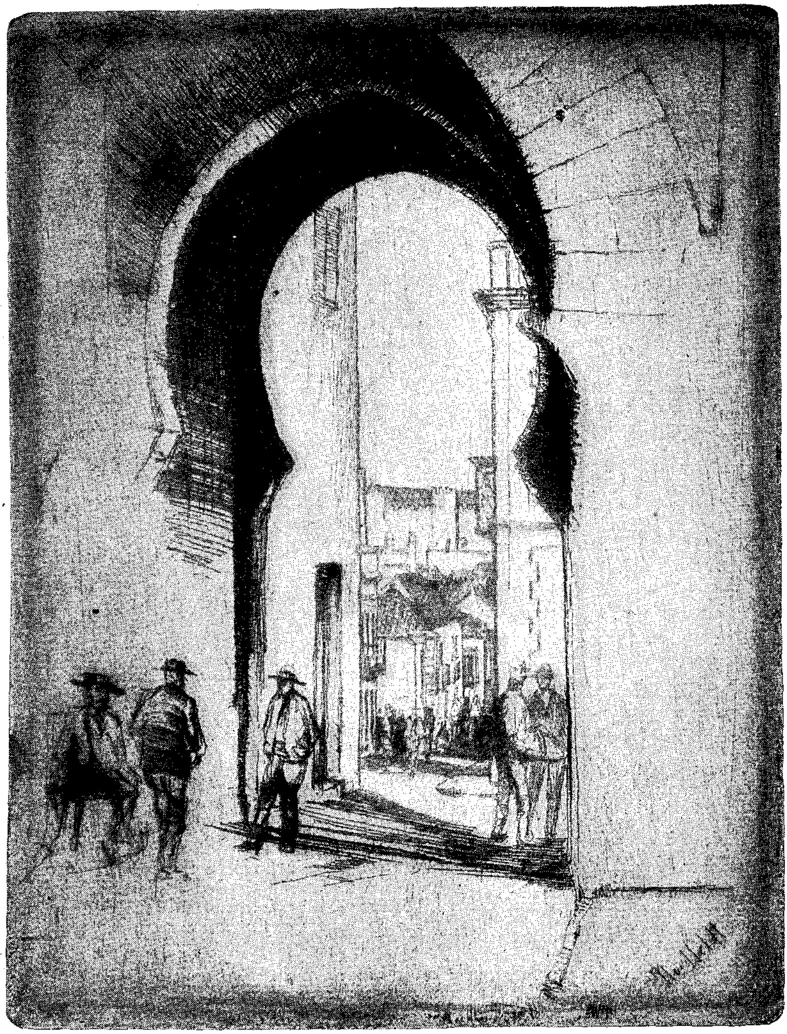
Then a little boy took us in his charge and led us to his church to see the Madonna and Holy Family, which are carried forth in public procession. He spoke of them familiarly, and told us that the Madonna, of carved wood, dressed in a long black mantle, was a very good Madonna, the best Madonna in Tarifa. He spoke of her with an intimate affection and respect, as of a high personage known to him.

When we had come out of the church, happy to be once more in a Christian country, pleased to see the familiar faces of our saints instead of the tombs of holy men who had fallen by the hands of Christian dogs in some long-distant past, we heard the sound of a small riot, and we looked, to see our Moorish boy stalking up the street with a rabble at his heels—no crowd drawn by mere curiosity, but a rabble that meant mischief, that called to him that he was a Riff, and that threw stones; and yet our young descendant of the Prophet kept his head and calmly replied to them in his colloquial Spanish. With rare self-restraint for a youngster of his age, he kept himself from breaking the heads of those nearest him, which, as he told us when we hastily joined him, was what he could do and what he longed to do.

We, being simple people, had not foreseen this; it had not occurred to us that a Moor might be a rare sight in Tarifa, a town near enough to be seen clearly from our windows in Tangier. Indeed, when we first thought of going there, we had half expected that there would be a boat which would carry us direct, instead of having to go deviously by Gibraltar and Algeciras,



THE MARKET-PLACE



THE CITY GATE

and thence by land. But even so, in our waters it would seem a natural thing that the fishermen in two towns so near each other would land now and then. There had been nothing to prepare us for the small riot that our young descendant of the Prophet would cause. In Algeciras, indeed, a couple of soldiers had called to him good-naturedly in Arabic and he had shifted unmolested for his own lodging and his own food, but here, only two hours and a half away, on the highroad to Cadiz, he was as much a novelty as he would have been in Italy or in France.

When we got to the hotel, he leaned against the wall, his head thrown back, perfectly self-possessed. The crowd increased—a crowd of boys, some of them lads from the fishing-boats, well grown enough to have the strength of a man. They grumbled among themselves. In the distance, little boys arrived hooting, and in memory I went back to a group of children sitting on the steps of a San Francisco hotel shouting high-keyed insults to a passing Chinaman. Yes, there was no doubt about it, we were back again in a Christian country.

We joined our boy and bade the others begone, and they retreated a little distance, growling among themselves, and one small boy, not more than two years old, paddled gravely forward and struck our Moor with a large stick. Then came the town policeman, and drove the crowd away; not far, for there were never children who had less respect for the majesty of the law than these little boys of Tarifa, burning to make trouble with their hereditary enemy the Moor.

"It will be better for thee to go home to-night," I told him.

"I am not afraid," he answered. "I could break their heads like egg-shells."

And indeed he looked as though he could in contrast with them; although they were a stocky, well-grown set of youngsters, he seemed to have a higher sort of vitality, a primitive strength which would have made him dangerous once he lost his temper, which he had so admirably preserved until now. He seemed more hurt than angry—hurt and very scornful. He had come forth on a great adventure, and behold the adventure was being cut short by Spaniards.

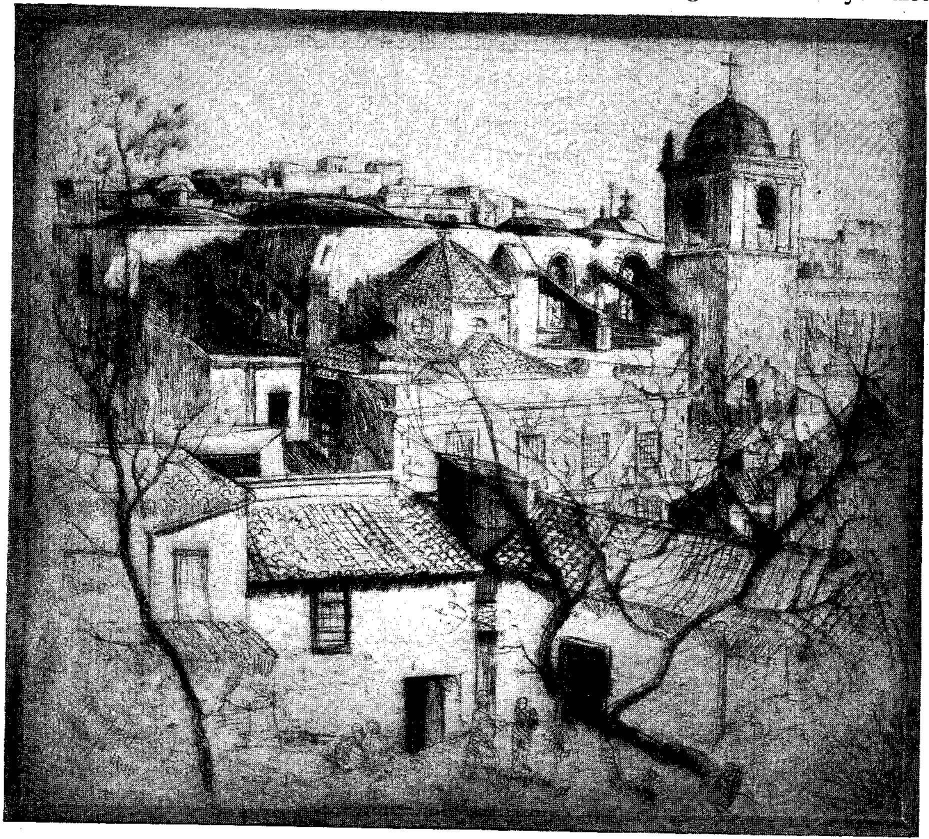
"It would be better for thee to go to-night," I repeated.

"It is well," he said, and touched his hat.

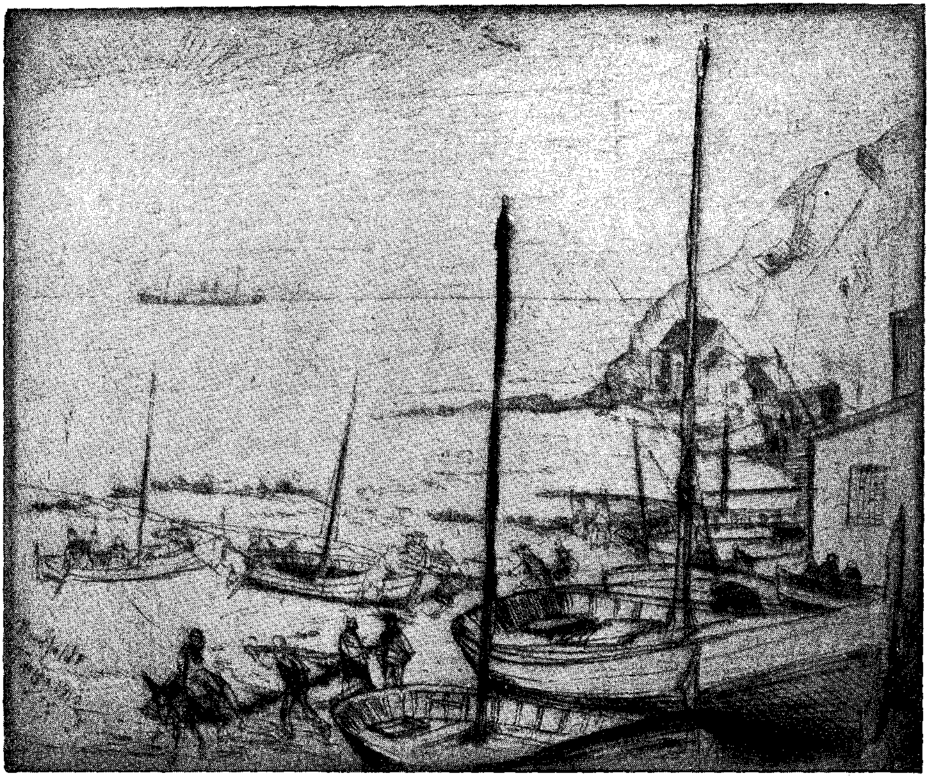
All that afternoon the policeman watched the door, and when at last we saw the boy mounted on the diligence, his scornful little profile silhouetted against the evening sky, and he touched his hat to us and saluted, gravely ignoring the howling crowd about him, we breathed a sigh of relief, and so did the policeman, who refused, by the way, to take money for his services, even though tendered to him most unostentatiously.

"They talked," he said, "of lynching your boy." He used the American word; we have added that word to the Spanish language.

It was in such savage guise that Andalusia's ghost presented itself to us. We did not then know what it all meant. We thought of it as mere childish brutality. We did not know that this little explosion of hate for a Moorish boy was the echo of distant hard-fought battles, and that, as the blood of the Moors runs in the veins of the Andalusians, and their customs and habit of thought have not yet died



ON THE CITY WALL



THE PORT OF TARIFA

among the isolated people, so the fire of the hatred of them still lives. Our first glimpse of the inner meaning of the children's riot came to us next morning in the Cathedral, where ten o'clock mass was in progress. The place was filled with women whose heads were covered with veils, which here replace the heavier mantilla, and everywhere, kneeling upon the church floor, were women in twos and threes, dressed in what seemed a nun's habit—a full black skirt with apparently a cape attached to it which was flung over the head. When the service was over and we walked out into the sunlight of the square, we saw that these women held their black mantles across their faces, leaving only one eye uncovered with which to survey the world, and we realized that they were no sisters of a religious order, but just the older women of Tarifa, still veiled as closely as were the Moorish women across the straits.

Yes, here in this town, in the twentieth century, where there were blond-haired, blue-eyed children, the old women still veiled themselves; a generation ago hardly a woman went abroad with her face uncovered. Granada fell the year that America was discovered, and in 1609 the last of the Moors were driven from Spain, and yet at this most southern point of Europe the women's faces are still veiled.

It is not one of those matters of chance, for all through Andalusia you will find manners and customs, yes, and a racial temperament, for whose explanation you must look to the Orient. Beginning with the veiled women of Tarifa, manners and customs in southern Spain become clear to you to explain which you would otherwise find impossible, just as in Sicily you may find religious festivals which hark back directly to some pagan ceremonial.

And I believe that those who have not lived for a time at the other side of that narrow strip of water which divides the Orient from Western civilization would in traveling through southern Spain forever lack a certain insight into the people of Andalusia. And those who have will understand why the old women of Tarifa veil themselves, for this is one way in which the ghost of the Moorish Empire shows itself. They will understand why so many of the houses are without eaves and have small slits for windows, and why in this lovely climate the pleasant gardens of the Alameda without the walls should be empty but for a few men. For women in Mohammedan countries keep within doors; they do not stroll in gardens after the day's work is done; and therefore the women of Tarifa also keep within doors, and when they go abroad, if they are properly brought up, they hurry about their business. I have seen girls here as they passed a crowd of men cover their faces with a shawl, with a gesture which differs in no way from that with which the Moorish woman pulls her *haik* across her face.

Out on the mole there is a view of the town which might almost be that of an Eastern city but for the great church, so windowless and eaveless are the houses which one sees above the Moorish wall.

We stood here watching the fishing-boats come into the little port. Although half the people of Tarifa live by fishing, yet there is no way for a boat to come in without passing successive dangerous reefs. The mole joins the outer island to the mainland. The island is a fortified place, and during our war with Spain it was armed with a set of very inefficient cannon. On the mainland the remains of the old Moorish fortifications rose grim before us, and the boys with us—two of the boys who had been in the mob of the day before, and had turned out to be nice lads, eager to show the sights of their town to a stranger—began to tell us of Tarifa. But it was not of the red light that they spoke, nor of the time when the place was fortified against America; it was the tale of Guzman el Bueno that was the important thing in their boyish imaginations.

"The Moors," said the older, "came in great number without the walls, and they cried to Guzman, who had taken the town from them:

"'Give us the key to the city, for we have with us your son.'

"And Guzman el Bueno replied:

"'Rather would I give the life of my son than the lives of all who live within these walls—'"

And here the younger of the two lads took up the tale; he spread out his two hands and threw his head back with half-closed eyes—a tragic, dramatic little gesture.

"They killed his son," he said, and there was silence for a moment, as though this tragedy were one of yesterday, a thing to grieve over.

"We do not like the Moors," said the older one, gravely. "They are bad people." It was as though he spoke not in apology but rather in explanation of the mob of yesterday.

We looked at the town, guarded alike by Moorish fortress and Christian church, and in its walls and stones the long struggle between Moor and Christian was written. So long had it been and so bitter that all that had passed since in its history were insignificant incidents. Everywhere we might see, even to the gestures of the women, the trace of the former enemy; in the minds of the boys it seemed but a short time ago when the Moors had treacherously killed the son of Guzman el Bueno.

Things move slowly in Spain, and though Spain has been Western for hundreds of years, and though they drove out the Moors so long ago, yet in spirit Andalusia remains of the East. Wherever you go, on the tops of mountains you may yet see the Moorish watch-towers from which they signaled from one part of the country to another; and as they have set their stamp on the country in their architecture and in their half-crumbled fortresses and signal-towers, so they have also left their legacy in the spirit of Andalusia. They have left it in their music, for you will find the same rhythm in the *coplas* of the little swineherd on the mountain as there is in the songs of the Moorish women who sing the latest popular song of Casa Blanca—of its fight with the French; they have left it in the spirit of the dances, and in the fatalistic attitude of the people. No one, I think, who has a seeing eye can travel long in Andalusia without feeling that here is a different sort of Southern temperament, a different accent to the voices, another cadence to the songs, a different philosophy; and why this is so those who have lived a while at the other side of the narrow strait may understand.

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THE WATCHFUL MOTHER

The Hermits' Nursery

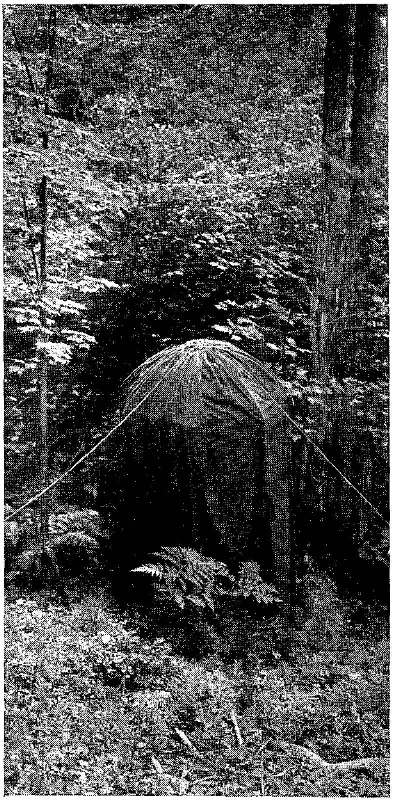
By

Norman McClintock

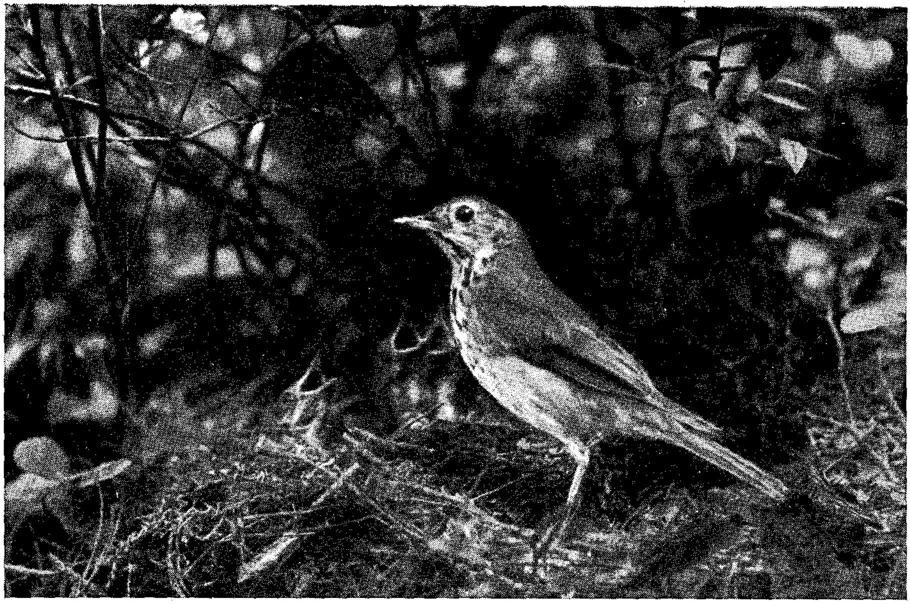
With Photographs by the Author

PROBABLY no bird has inspired American poets as has the hermit thrush. And rightly so, for the song of this species is generally accepted as the highest type of bird music in this country. And yet, when I attempted, preparatory to writing this article, to acquaint myself with what had already been written regarding the life history and habits of the hermit thrush, I could find no satisfactory monograph of this interesting bird. It accordingly seems to me that some unusual experiences which I have had with one pair of hermits are worthy of recording.

My first acquaintance with the hermit thrush was through books. As a consequence, I have always had a sort of awesome reverence for this bird, which a personal acquaintance with the species for a number of years has not dispelled. Indeed, the very name, hermit thrush, seems to create in my mind a certain mental picture of a typical hermit's home. It is a picture of fir-clad northern woods, where spruces, hemlocks, and pines point their spires heavenward, like myriads of religious sentinels; where the fallen monarchs of their number lie seemingly not dead but sleeping beneath princely garments of rich, soft, thick green moss, perpetually moist; where the fern brakes grow waist high; and where there is a stream of crystal water navigable for a canoe, and consisting of a brand of H_2O that would be worth the price of champagne to many a poor city man at his office desk. And it is amid such surroundings, where my five senses, all alert, are present at sunrise, apart from my body, that I seem to hear the sanctified "Holy, Holy, Holy," of a distant hermit's Te Deum, sounding now soft, now louder, as it floats on the exhaled or inhaled breath of the morning.



THE DENIM BLIND



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THE NURSERY

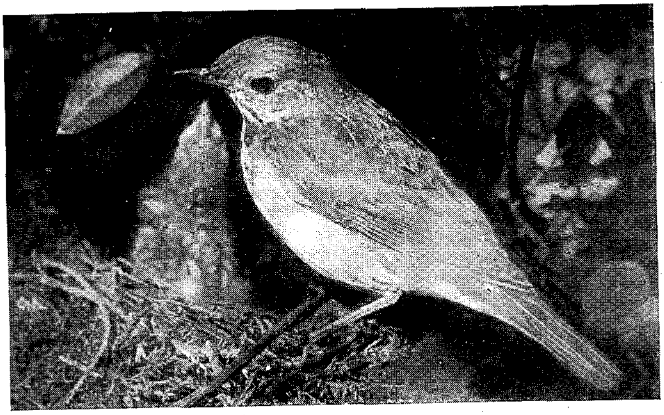
Can you, my reader, in view of these my mental impressions, wonder that it was with somewhat of a sacrilegious feeling that I spied for five consecutive days upon the most intimate home life of a hermit thrush family, at a distance of twenty-four inches? This is how it came about.

The spot was the pine-clad bank of a wild stream in northern Michigan close to the shore of Lake Superior, just south of the Keweenaw Peninsula. There a hermit thrush nest containing four eggs was accidentally found by a boy on July 24. It was built upon the ground beneath a low huckleberry bush, the latter being overspread by the pendent fronds of a graceful fern brake. By the use and efficient distribution of moss, decayed wood, and old pine needles, of which the nest was exclusively constructed, it was so effectually concealed that even when looking directly at the nest I could sometimes detect it with difficulty.

First of all, I want to mention a feature of protective coloration possessed by all hermit thrushes, the explanation of which was plainly disclosed to me during my watching. I refer to the well-known light cinnamon color of the hermit's tail, which is much brighter than its back and wings, and which always serves as a sure mark for distinguishing this species from all other thrushes. I observed that the tail color almost exactly matched the color of the bits of decayed wood lying about. I further observed that, when the sun shone, spots of sunlight filtered through the trees and undergrowth, lighting up patches of brown, which the hermit's tail also closely resembled. Accordingly, this bird, which is the only strictly ground-nesting thrush we have, is better protected by having a tail of a lighter shade than the back and wings than if all these parts were uniform in color, as they are with the olive-backed thrush, for instance.

The details of feeding I will pass by, except to say that food was brought to the nest on an average of once in about every four and three-quarter minutes, and that the diet consisted of green caterpillars, brown moths, grasshoppers, bunches of indistinguishable insects, and crushed wintergreen berries.

Of all the habits of this thrush family, those interested me most which related to the sanitation of the nest. By the constant attention of the parents and by the method they employed for removing the refuse without its even touching the nest, the latter was kept immaculate. The occasion for the use of the method referred to, which is remarkably illustrated in the photograph entitled "Sanitary Plumbing," invariably and immediately followed feed-



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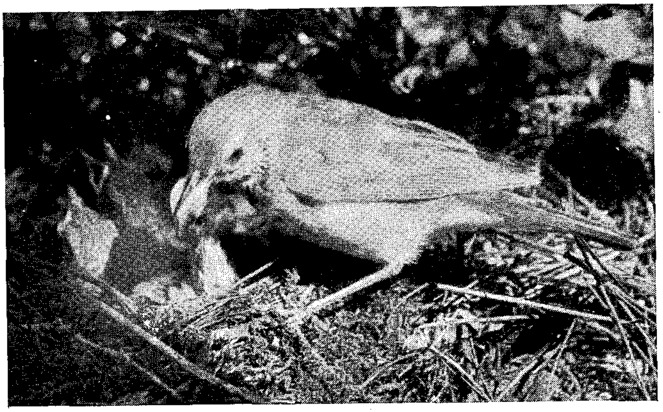
REVERIES

ing. Truly the thorough and efficient sanitation practiced by this pair of hermits is a forceful object-lesson to many human households, where this important subject is disastrously neglected.

By constantly watching the rearing of this thrush brood at such close range I was also permitted to distinguish and at least partially to interpret five different notes used by the parents, in addition to the song of the male. Three of these notes designated various degrees of trouble. Of these, probably the most common was the well-known *quirk* or *quoit* that is characteristic of the thrush family in general, and which was seemingly employed as a mild form of protest. It was uttered, for instance, when the birds were slightly suspicious of a stranger's presence. There was another note, high-pitched, thin, and wiry, that is a counterpart of the familiar cedar-bird call note, except that it is pitched higher than the latter. This note was used as a warning to the young that danger was near. To the little nestlings it invariably meant " freeze." The third note of trouble, " b-o-y-b " (spoken with a rising inflection), signified extreme distress. To me it sounded much like the familiar call note of a hoarse canary. It also somewhat resembled the meow of a kitten. Besides the notes just described there was a much-used conversational note. It was a very soft and sweet little " wee," that could be heard only a few feet distant. " Wee " was used by the parents to herald to the young the former's approach with food. The fifth note I heard but twice. It was an explosive twitter of



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HOUSE-CLEANING

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SANITARY PLUMBING

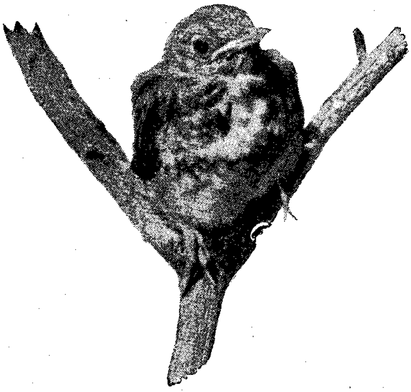
ecstasy made with fluttering wings by the male toward the female.

Every one familiar with the exquisite singing of the hermit thrush must have noticed this bird's apparent ventriloquistic powers when sometimes heard at close range. I, however, never have seen any explanation of this ability, which I discovered was due to the bird's singing with its mandibles closed. In this way the sound was muffled and a quality was imparted to the singing making it seem to come, not from a thrush fifteen feet away, as was the case, but from a bird several hundred yards distant.

The attitude of the parent hermits towards the other wood-folk was very interesting to watch, as thereby much could be told as to which were friends and which foes. For instance, one day I saw a certain chipmunk, who was a close neighbor, receive three drubbings within ten minutes, whereas several chickadees spent an hour undisturbed in the trees close by. Another day a purple finch joyfully whistled from the male hermit's favorite dead pine, while both thrushes unconcernedly fed their young below. Again, a northern raven with measured wing-beats flew low over the nesting site, but he was evidently upon legitimate business bent, as the thrushes exhibited no concern. Upon one occasion there was in a thicket close by such an unusual rumpus and excitement for half an hour among the hermits and a sympathetic flock of chickadees that I finally had to emerge from my blind to investigate. The trouble proved to be all due to the presence of a flicker which was leisurely feeding on the ground.

Shortly after this occurrence, the young, at the age of ten or eleven days, abandoned their nest in the late afternoon, never to return. Thus ended the exceptional privilege of a hazy glimpse into one of the infinite number of wonderful secrets which Nature has hidden for us to seek and to find. For portions of five days I was virtually a joint occupant with a hermit thrush family in their open-air nursery, with its carpet of pine needles, its furnishings of wintergreen and trailing arbutus, its hangings of fern and huckleberry leaves, and its high-vaulted ceiling of sweet-scented pines. I thought of Wordsworth's lines:

> "Oh, hark! how blithe the throstle sings!
> He, too, is no mean preacher.
> Come forth into the light of things,
> Let Nature be your teacher.
>
> One impulse from a vernal wood
> May teach you more of man,
> Of moral evil and of good,
> Than all the sages can."



The Romance of Creole New Orleans

By Lynn Tew Sprague

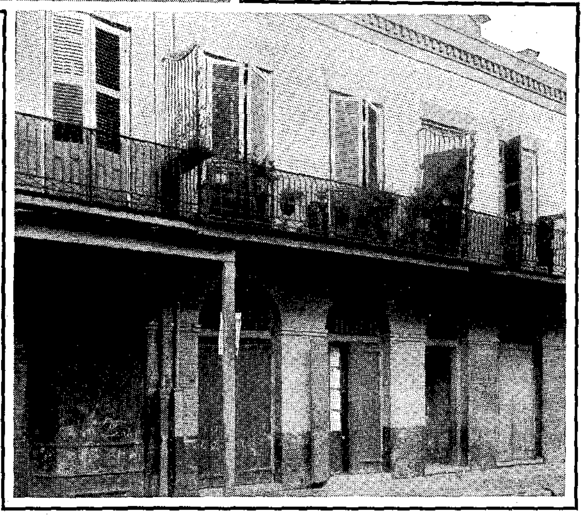
PSYCHOLOGISTS of the evolutional school are fond of explaining human character by heredity, and of accounting for our personal traits and peculiarities by charitably supposing a sort of composite of unthinkable millions of ancestral experiences. May not the same view be taken of our older cities? They each drew a different inheritance from across the sea, and to racial, political, and religious diversities were added a strange climate, unique conditions, and the different problems encountered in the struggle for existence in the wilderness. All together account for their distinctive traits of life and customs and sentiment—their atmosphere and local color, so rapidly fading into sameness. New Orleans has perhaps the most marked individuality of any of our old towns, and to understand and appreciate the present city's peculiarities requires a remembrance of her romantic antecedents.

For the blended Latin temperament is, of course, the chief factor in differentiating contemporary New Orleans from our other Southern cities. No doubt it is true, as is often claimed, that the old town is the nearest approach to Paris of any of our cities. It has, too, something of that subtle facility for which the French capital is so famed, of infusing its spirit into the hearts of alien visitors—making the most serious-minded frivolous and careless to a degree, the most sedate jocular and generous. Sunshine and midwinter flowers, light wines and rich viands, masked balls and vivacious women, are apt to make the Chicago merchant or the New York broker forget that he is beyond the median line; at least he finds that he will romp and sing and forget to go to bed at a seasonable hour, just as he did in his hilarious boyhood. Emphatically our cosmopolitan Southern capital is the city of pleasure, the renewer of youth; and when fifty thousand strangers are gathered from all parts of the Union for the Mardi Gras Festival, it is not infrequently the sojourners from the North who seem to catch the intoxicating spirit of abandon most readily. And withal, even

THREE OAKS
PLANTATION HOUSE

the best society down there is in a manner quite democratic—at least it is not at all a plutocracy. The hours of life are not regarded as money-making divisions of time, but are looked upon as mere epochs of various forms of unselfish pleasure and mirthful good will. Nowhere else does that peculiar temper so common among us of the North (which we flatter ourselves by designating our New England conscience, but which, I think, might often more accurately be termed mere greedy Yankee unrest) find such perfect relaxation. I found it was not only easy to be utterly idle and to dream in the old town, but that I could yield to this pleasure-seeking laziness without the nagging compunction that disturbed my languid enjoyment in other places. New Orleans has long had the reputation of being a "wide-open town," and it does enjoy many of its questionable pleasures with a frankness that takes one's breath away. But, allowance being made for its large proportion of semi-colored population, and the dregs of southern Europe who inhabit certain back streets, I presume that there is no more real vice than among sister cities of the North which are very careful of appearances only, and that much that is hastily mistaken for superior wickedness is often only the Gallic abandon and contempt for prudish virtue. There is an honest simplicity about its rollicking pastimes that is certainly intoxicating, but at the bottom of its best society there is an abiding faith in old ideals, bordering at times on superstition, that puts to the blush the cold and hollow religious forms common to certain circles in the North.

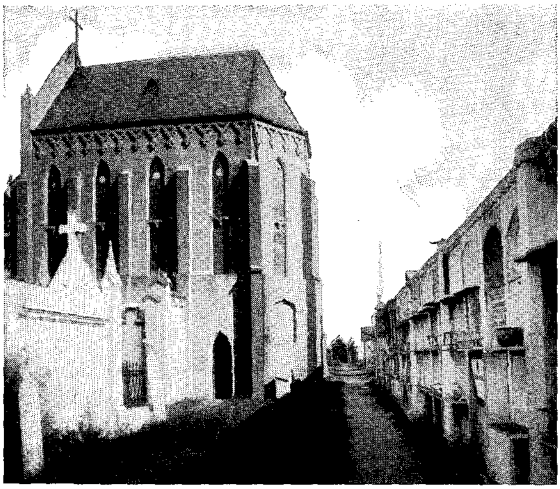
New Orleans, even on its American and modern side, has an atmosphere, wears an aspect, that differentiates it from other cities of the South—neighboring Mobile, for instance. You sense it at every turn; for the vital, clannish blood of the French Creoles has had its triumphs in defeat, and has captured the heart of the American quarter. Truly New Orleans has preserved its Gallic spirit, along with traits of a hard Saxon head. The boastful, quixotic, polite, generous, fearless, hospitable, pleasure-loving, ever-youthful spirit of the old town has affected her American foster-children and given life a peculiar cast. Street life, always so naïve and unconscious, is stamped with character there. The colored women jabbering a *patois* as they stand straight as spears with large bundles on their



A FRENCH STORE AND RESIDENCE

kerchiefed heads; the indolently graceful men with black pointed beard, whose attire is in the mode of a decade gone; the pretty girls with enslaving eyes whose glances are so discreetly between modesty and coyness; the lazy negroes filled with that pure animal gladness that is never completely attained by whites, sleeping on their two-wheeled carts; the gentle and impecunious old ladies selling sweets and flowers at little stands; the old cemeteries where the dead are laid away above ground in oven-like vaults; the death notices tacked on posts; the glimpses into palm-planted courts hung about with curious galleries, as the ample balconies are called down there; the solid shutters; the bells on gates instead of doors; the posters tacked up everywhere, announcing every variety of public amusement; the open, too odorous gutters; the flowering vines climbing decaying walls; the tinkling of a hundred pianos floating down from all directions mingled with the notes of caged birds, and drowned every now and then by the mellow cries of ragged street peddlers—these and a hundred other things reflect a new and alien life for interest and study. And maybe, as you dreamily move among it all, some mere acquaintance of

GENERAL BEAUREGARD'S HOUSE ON CHARLES STREET



SAINT ROCH'S CHAPEL

a day will impetuously link his arm in yours and enthusiastically carry you off to lunch at a restaurant the exact counterpart of those in Continental Europe. The famed dishes—some a little trying to Northern stomachs, which even the American restaurants have learned from the Creoles—are as numerous as they are delicious, and from the number of cafés on both sides of the city one may rightly infer that housekeeping, in the Northern sense, is regarded as a waste of time by a large part of the population. And one might fancy that, when not eating, the inhabitants must be dancing. I believe that even a stranger may attend a ball every night of the winter—Sundays not excepted. The old-fashioned masquerade is still in vogue among the Creole masses.

Life in the American quarter, delightful as it is in its sincere welcome and gracious entertainment, offers, of course, much less that is novel than the old town across Canal Street—that delightful old quarter which the residents of the American side of the city seem half ashamed of, and never will understand is the chief interest and delight of visitors. Canal Street practically divides the American and the Creole quarters; if it does not

AN OLD FRENCH COURTYARD

exactly do so, it is because the Americans, whose restless, commercial activity is even to-day bitterly resented, have invaded the old town for a block or two, pushing the quaint little French shops farther into the Creole quarter. Your ramble down any of the side streets is sure to be a delight. Prettily named in the musical *patois* tongue some of the outlying byways are. Fancy "a street of Good Children" in New York; a "street of Love"—above all a "Piety street" in Chicago! Spring with its wealth of flowers comes in mid-February; oleanders and magnolias are full-leaved—the roses beginning to run riot. On unclouded, bright days the sky is turquoise blue, and in the warm Southern air the street vistas are all the more enticing. Below Conti Street you are past all Americanisms—all modernisms.

"Is this an American town?" you ask? Vehicles are rare; the pavements of broad stones; the old walks worn by a hundred years; the people of another race. You are among the Creoles in Creole New Orleans. The old façades of quaint buildings, stained, cracked, their stucco peeling off, seem to grin at you in the bright sunlight with their fantastic lines of strange old architecture. Bright little shops, where everything is sold, invite you, and there is a hospitable air with all this decrepitude. There is an Oriental confusion of buildings; pretentious and very humble structures stand side by side. You see a strange medley of odd designs, severely plain, fanciful French, Creole composite with fantastic roof lines and angles and curves that cross and join as the street sweeps away. Probably no other American city has such multitudinous balconies and graceful wrought iron designs, and there are occasional rich carvings of another age on doors and sills and lintels and eaves. Lattices veil upper galleries; odd signs are inscribed in French. You wonder who eats all the confectionery, wears all the gloves, and uses all the perfume you see displayed. The tiny stores that offer these are as frequent as Bowery saloons. It is a pity that Hawthorne did not know this old quarter, but perhaps Cable has done quite as well with it. Far down the more pretentious streets there are massive old residences that have a past of old elegance and splendor, traces of which are visible even now. You see marble floors, bronze

THE OLD FRENCH MARKET

railings, richly massive old doors ornamented with arabesques, heavy pillars, graceful scroll-work. Still further down, little Creole cottages shun the public gaze behind cracked walls over which drift the perfume of orange blossoms in neglected gardens.

All the houses with any pretense are built with an open court in the rear, and you get furtive glances through arched doorways of stone or brick, down paved ways, into them—deliciously cool places for family loitering during the hot months. Some have beautiful gardens. You see tall stalks of the bright-leaved banana, the foliage of the magnolia, the drowsy heads of graceful palms, and perhaps hear the splash of a fountain.

One end of the Esplanade, the fashionable Creole residence street, is not five minutes' walk from the famous French market, or from the levees, where one may study a curious life. An interesting little street starts opposite the St. Louis Street front of the old Hotel Royal—wrapped in so much that is tragic and gay and mysterious—where I used to love to "loaf and invite my soul." It is narrow, like an alley, and paved with broad flags like a walk. Cool wine-shops and coffee-houses and old book-stalls are here, and here street cobblers come with their benches on their backs to work in the open air. Smiling-faced old negresses have fruit-stands here, and in the second stories are offices of Creole advocates, who are always out to lunch. I had a very curious and interesting circle of acquaintances in this alien street. The old French opera-house in Bourbon Street is just around the corner from one end of this quaint alley. New Orleans supported for many years, when no other American city could, and still supports, a season of grand opera with two sets of leading voices and a full *corps de ballet* in this huge theater, with its rows of stalls in European style, and the old opera-house is still, in the opera season, the best place for a stranger to see fashionable Creole life. Here, too, are held those brilliant balls during and just preceding Mardi Gras, which gather together the élite of both American and Creole society, and which are not surpassed in beauty, grace, and stately elegance by the social functions of any of our cities.

When tired of wandering about the old

quarter, I used to go to rest in the little park in the heart of the old district, now known as Jackson Square. Here, on certain bright, lazy afternoons, I made friends with Creole children and their nurses. Quadroon girls with marvelous eyes and figures lithe as reeds pass through the square on their way to market, with their baskets on their heads; ragged, happy-faced negro children, thick as sparrows in the shrubbery, play upon the banquettes; idle men fill the benches, smoking and reading, and pious Creole maidens are coming and going from the ceaseless service at the Cathedral. The locality is of interest to any student of the old time who owns a ready recollection. Here the equestrian statue of "Old Hickory" stands in what was once the Place d'Armes of old New Orleans. This was the heart of Bienville's old settlement, and here can be traced all the history of Creole New Orleans. The old square has reflected like a mirror the events of the alien town. It has seen military executions and civil hangings; it has seen human beings bought and sold; heard official proclamations from three Great Powers; looked on while gallants fought duels; heard love whispered in many tongues. It saw the little town grow big in the second quarter of a century when cotton and sugar were the great paying staples of the world, and the Mississippi made all the trade of the North tributary; saw it grow very rich and very gay and very wicked, and then saw it half ruined by railways and civil war and the fall of sugar and the competition in cotton. And all this time and through all this change it has lain a smiling gossip-ground in the center of the delightful old French quarter. And the people for whom this square is the breathing-ground are almost as slow to change their ways and thoughts as the old quarter is to alter its outer aspect. They cling to their mode of life—lag behind the world in many ways—a fact perhaps partly due to climate and partly to a sentiment that venerates a poetic past.

Among the Creoles this old manner of life isn't Puritan. But though it enjoys the passing hours with a sunny gracefulness, it keeps one eye on the chance of Heaven just the same. For (as Cable reminds us) there is Purgatory—if one slips into it by untimely death before absolution, there is even a hope yet—a very comfortable doctrine by which the old Church keeps faith alive in weak hearts instead of hurrying them into Hades with the recklessness of despair, like more austere Protestant sects.

Several households where I came to enjoy a degree of intimacy jealously preserve old manners with a high disdain for most things new and all things especially American. Madame B.'s, for instance, was (and I devoutly pray still is) on Bourbon Street, not far from the French Opera-House. There I have often visited and studied this life at its best and gayest. Leon, the eldest son, much a friend of mine, writes fervid critiques for a badly printed little French weekly, and also goes daily to a little Creole bank where (he says) he works; while Monsieur, the father, is an advocate, and during his many leisure hours fills the post of errand-boy for Madame, the genius of the family. She it is who has a little of her father's famous fortune left, and keeps to the scions of old Creole families an open house. She is assisted by two accomplished nieces who always wear wonderfully fluffy wash gowns, and by three dogs and two parrots.

The spacious old mansion, an inheritance from *mon père*, looks a little shabby from the street, and a really artistic fresco in the vestibule is peeling off; but inside, among the handsome old carved furniture of the large rooms, and ornaments and hangings and china and silver in old patterns, all is the hospitable cheer of another age and race. Many guests from the Têche region come to spend days, or even weeks, with Madame, and a dozen or twenty friends are always at her dinners. The mornings are ushered in by coffee brought to one's bedside, then after dressing there is a promenade or visiting in the palm-bordered court till the late light breakfast. Off to office and bank go *père et fils* at ten o'clock, while nieces superintend colored help at housework, or call at parochial schools, or go to convents to see Madame's young protegées. The afternoons are given to napping and fancy work by the girls—Madame and her chums lounging in reclining chairs, all talking rapid French at the same time and lighting many cigarettes. But Madame's dinners, always served in the large court, are famous. Such gumbos! such salads! such fancy made-dishes! such old rare wines! Sunday is the day strangest to one unaccustomed to this alien life. It begins devoutly. Before breakfast, early mass for all but the younger men; then a sermon at the Cathedral. An afternoon of visiting and siestas, and then the elaborate dinner. These Creoles are like one family at their gatherings, and are very naïve in their confidences. They never break the ties of blood, whatever the provocation, and are devoted parents. Everybody tells ingenuously his or her troubles and joys at Madame's table, sure of eager condolence or sparkling sympathy. Creoles are enthusiastic even in their despairs. Some one has received a thousand francs from the estate of a great-uncle in France—a furor of handshakes and embraces and kisses. A favorite poodle has died during the week—the condoling tears are ready. Perhaps a picnic for the morrow is postponed because one of twenty proposed participants has sprained her ankle. Music always follows these animated Sunday feasts, and later the elders go to the card tables and play for small stakes, while the young people dance in the cleared courts till midnight. You may flirt with the married woman—if she is past twenty-five (they marry young, as a rule), madame will take a glass of wine and smoke a cigarette with you. But to invite mademoiselle to ride or go to the opera without first consulting madame and having the chaperon approved is gross ill-breeding. Often leading members of the opera troupe drop in after the Sunday performance, and there are sparkling songs and famous anecdotes or recitations.

At Monsieur's office I am bound to say there are more calls from visiting friends than from clients, and at Leon's bank depositors stop to gossip by the hour over small checks. Few Creoles are rich, but they love to talk of past affluence.

People of French extraction are, of all European peoples, the ones that America finds hardest to assimilate. The Creoles have preserved their identity in this enchanting old quarter, after having lived for over a century under American rule and while an American city of twice the old quarter's size has grown up around them. I came to know intelligent middle-aged men who did not understand or speak a word of English. I would sometimes go into half a dozen little shops before finding one where English was understood. It is said that the old quarter has received larger German contingents than it ever had of French; yet for the most part it swallows them whole. They adopt Creole ways, learn the French language—sometimes even Gallicize their names. Indeed, one hears of Creolized Irishmen and Creolized Englishmen, and even Creolized Americans. But now, at last, the rigid racial barriers are said to be breaking down, and the last decade has done more to Americanize the Creoles than did the previous century.

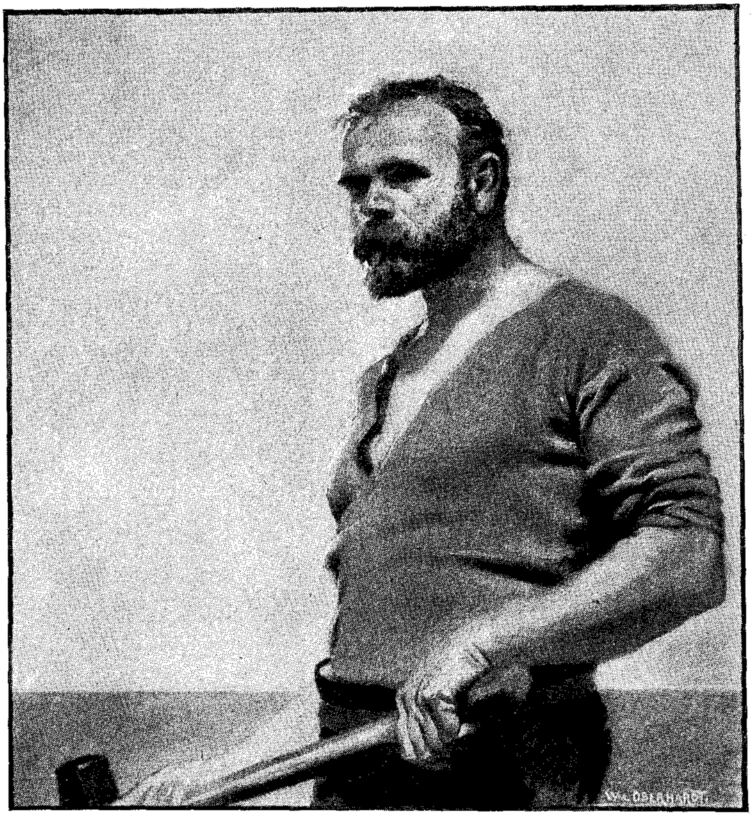
There are not a few cultivated and refined Creole families who have known better days now renting furnished apartments. To live among them is, of course, the only way to know them and their life, and I was so fortunate as to gain an entrance into one of the best of these. I found an existence that was to me very interesting and foreign and delightful. There was a graceful neatness about my room, the furniture of which was massive, antique, and handsome. There were queer spindle-legged dressing-tables, beautiful cabinets, chairs of fanciful old French patterns, silver candelabra, and rare vases in the old house—relics of prosperous days when many in the quarter were rich; days when not a few planters sold their sugar crop for a hundred thousand dollars. My great four-poster mahogany bed, into which I had to climb with a chair, was rather hard, and at first disposed me more to wonder than to slumber. In trying to buy it, with the Yankee instinct for speculation, I greatly offended the sweet old lady whose grandfather imported it from France. In the morning the servant brought me my *café noir* before I was up. My landlady was living in the house her great-grandfather built—a house of great drafty halls, large rooms, high ceilings, beautiful woodwork, heavy cornices, massive furnishings, shabby walls, and half-bare floors. From wide balconies overhanging the streets I could study the lazily moving alien life; from great galleries in the rear look down on a pleasant court filled with roses and palms. I was treated with a shy courtesy that delighted me, and in the society of these gentle Creoles found a tender solicitude for my health and comfort to which I was unused.

Dwelling in this gracious circle many months, following its customs and making friends with its friends, I came to know refined and sympathetic women who understand instinctively the graceful art of entertainment, and fine, frank, large-hearted men who were quick to feel and think with me. Some of these last might seem a little boastful, a little reckless in their pleasures, a little jealous of a false honor, and at times so excessively polite as to raise a doubt of sincerity in the Saxon mind. But the longer I knew them, the better I understood and liked them. And what kinder thing is to be said?

If in such a home as this there chances to be a young girl, it is only after some weeks that you are permitted the happiness of knowing her, for the old French espionage is still in vogue among the better class of Creoles. She is almost sure to be pretty, and you must not be surprised if she is even beautiful. If she is typical of the best of her race, her slender, rounded form is apt to be so exquisitely molded that only grace is possible. Her skin is dark and clear; her oval face is crowned with a wealth of luxuriant hair; her dark eyes, with their arched brows and their long dark lashes, are her chief glory—eyes which can slumber softly or gleam mirthfully, and which would redeem an ugly face. Creole girls are, of course, not always beautiful or accomplished, or even interesting; but at her best *la belle Créole* is by nature joyous, vivacious, and never by any chance rompish. She is nurtured in music; Béranger's lilting love-songs are her lullabies; she sings as instinctively as a bird. She is fond of flowers and perfume and the dance. She has been so guarded that she is, perforce, pious and innocent, and when she has reached womanhood and "orange blossoms shine like stars in the midnight of her hair," you will not find in the whole world a wife more gentle, more affectionate, more domestic, more helpful, more contented than she.

After many months I came to love this sleepy old quarter, so tumbled-down and out of repair, and asked myself where lay its resistless charm. Is it that the picturesque and archaic architecture makes one feel that he is in a city of veritable romance, and so awakens all the poetry in his nature? Is it that the moist, warm climate soothes one and makes him so kindly disposed towards everything; makes him so very, very lazy, and so disgracefully contented to be so? Is it that the languid, confiding life about him compels him to forget selfish, practical things? I cannot say. That one may tire of the life and place, as one does of all things here below, I know to be true. But I also know that when one has left it all behind him his heart will often go back to it, out of the rush and turmoil of the North, with an eager yearning, and he will dream of it with the same emotion that he feels when, far away, he dreams of home.

THE PAVILION OF THE OLD CITY PARK



DRAWN BY WILLIAM OBERHARDT

How Germany Cares for Her Working People[1]

By Frederic C. Howe

GERMANY hates waste in any form. She has taught the world the value of the "by-product." This is one of her contributions to industry. Other countries have adopted her methods of industrial salvage. None of them, save Switzerland, has followed her example in saving the waste of human lives which the mill and the factory produce.

Three years ago the Imperial Minister of the Interior, speaking in the Reichstag, said: "If Germany has experienced a vast industrial expansion equaled by no other country in the world during the same time, it is chiefly due to the efficiency of its workers. But this efficiency must inevitably have suffered had we not secured to our working classes, by the social legislation of recent years, a tolerable standard of life, and had we not, as far as was possible, guaranteed their physical health."

Germany is not burdened with the economic philosophy which America inherited from England. Germany does not look upon the State as an unmixed evil. Germany does not apotheosize the names of Adam Smith and Ricardo; she does not believe in unlicensed individualism; she does not permit the struggle for existence to weed out the so-called weak and incompetent. Germany recognizes that modern industry has made those who labor dependent upon other causes than their own thrift or willingness to work; they are not incompetent and unfit because they have no job. Germany has secured industrial efficiency "by the social legislation of the State." The aid of Government has been extended to the worker as well as to the landowner, who is protected from American wheat; to the manufacturer, who is shielded from competition; and to the shipowner, who is subsidized from the nation's treasury. To some extent at least, and to a remarkable extent in comparison with other countries, Germany has extended the strong arm of the State to the relief of the weak as well as to the support of the strong. The average German is probably no more humane than the average American. But he is certainly far more humane in the legislation which has been adopted in recent years. He is also far wiser. And he has no written Constitution through which privilege can drive a four-horse team with ease but which closes fast around any attempt to use the powers of Government for the protection of the many.

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[1] The last of a series of five articles on Industrial Democracy in Europe.

From the cradle to the grave the State has its finger on the pulse of the citizen. His education, his health, and his working efficiency are all a matter of constant concern. The worker is carefully protected in his person from accident, he is trained in his hand and in his brain to be a good producer, and he is insured against accident, sickness, and old age. When idle through no fault of his own, work is frequently found for him. When homeless, a lodging is offered so that he will not pass to the vagrant class. When sick, he is cared for in wonderful convalescent homes, tuberculosis hospitals, and farm colonies. When old age removes him from the mill or the factory, a pension awaits him, a slight mark of appreciation from society, which has taken in labor all that his life had to give and left him nothing more than a bare subsistence wage.

EDUCATION

Education is compulsory for both sexes from six to fourteen. The incoming school child is examined by a physician. If any infirmity exists, the parents are advised of it and the child is so trained as to eliminate the disease. If it is of a more serious nature, or the child cannot receive the proper treatment at home, he is sent to a woods school in the country, where he is specially cared for in mind and in body. Exercise is compulsory in the school gymnasiums and the playgrounds, in the swimming tanks, and in the long walks which the pupils take with the teacher in the surrounding country. These exercises are continued during the vacation periods, the school authorities bearing the cost of the transportation.

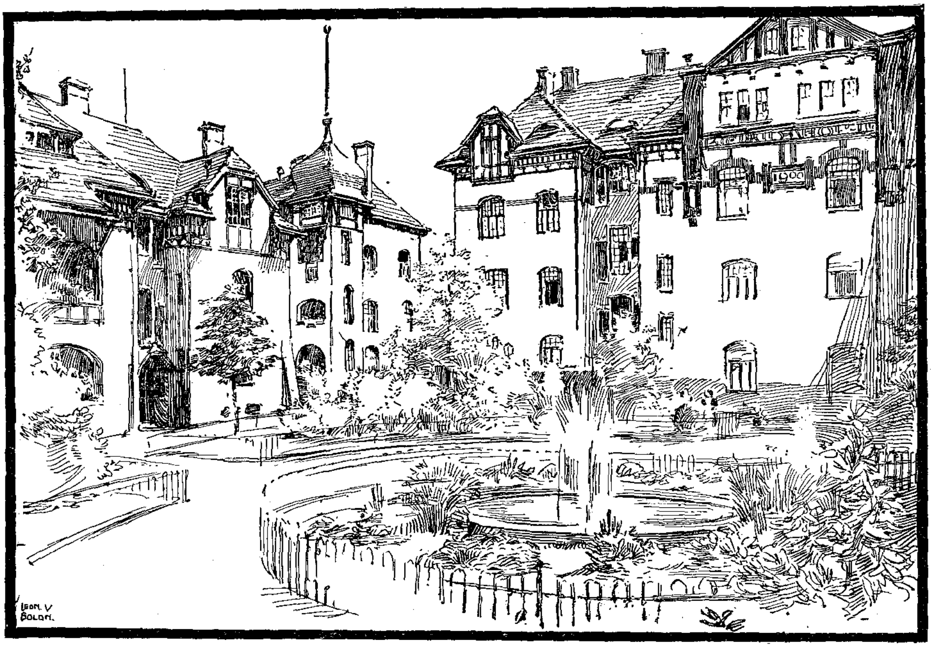
The German boy must be a good soldier. The German girl must be a good mother. The State has a long vision of to-morrow. And it spends generously for the next generation. From the elementary schools, "the pet scheme of Prussian administration," the child passes to the "continuation schools." These, too, are free and compulsory for two or three years. They are usually held in the evening. The subjects taught are, for the most part, practical. They offer an elementary training for industry, commerce, trade, and life. Above these are the high schools, the gymnasiums, the commercial colleges, the art and normal schools, some of which are free, all of which involve but small fees. A very large percentage of the pupils take advantage of these secondary schools.

Books are furnished free to those who need them, as are breakfasts. Free feeding of all school children will undoubtedly be a regular part of the school régime in a very short time. Elementary education in Germany lies at the foundation of the nation's greatness. It is so recognized. And it is a truly wonderful thing; possibly the most wonderful system of education in the modern world.

THE RIGHT TO WORK

Germany does not recognize the claim of the Socialist that a man has a right to work, a right as absolute as the right to life itself. In fact, she officially repudiates this doctrine. But the State does many things to insure the right to work just the same. It seems as though the nation said to itself: "It costs $1,000 to raise a boy to manhood. That much is taken from the wealth of the community. It is criminally wasteful to pay this price for his upbringing (even as a man would buy a slave), and then permit him to be idle, to become a tramp, to be maimed or killed in the factory, or to be disabled through sickness." So the State protects its human assets, and, so far as is possible, keeps them engaged at productive employment. I do not mean to say that the motive is as sordid as this, but certainly industrial efficiency is uppermost in the minds of Kaiser and Ministers.

How is this achieved? In a great variety of ways. In the first place, there are the municipal labor registries. There are nearly 400 of them in the Empire. They find work for from 500,000 to 1,000,000 men and women every year. They are maintained partly by the cities, partly by private agencies. They are great clearing-houses for skilled and unskilled labor of both sexes. I visited the registries in Düsseldorf and Berlin. The latter is one of the largest and best in the Empire. It secured 120,000 positions in the year 1908. It was established in 1888, and is maintained by public authorities at a cost of $25,000 a year, and is administered by the Insurance Department. It occupies a splendid four-story building, probably a hundred feet front, on Gormannstrasse. It runs through to another street, the entrance on the latter street being to the women's department. In the center of the building is a great open hall capable of seating 1,400 persons. There were probably 600 men waiting for work when I was there. Here the men sit, grouped in sections, according to their employment. When a call is received by mail or over the telephone, the men are called to the desk. The wages and conditions are explained, and the men are given a card to the employer. Priority is given to the married men as well as to those first registered. On one side of the hall is a buffet, where beer, cigars, and food are sold at a trifling sum. There are cobblers and tailors who do jobs of mending. A shower-bath can be obtained in the basement for a cent. There is a smaller and more elaborate room and canteen for the skilled workers, and one for women workers, in another portion of the building. Connected with the registry is a free dispensary and medical inspection bureau.



DRAWN BY LEON V. SOLON

A WORKINGMAN'S COLONY AT FRIEDRICHSHOF

Model tenement-houses supplied at moderate rent by the manufacturer

These labor registries, scattered all over the Empire, are being co-ordinated, so that the surplus labor of one market can be shifted to another, while an attempt is being made to supply the demand of the farmer for casual labor.

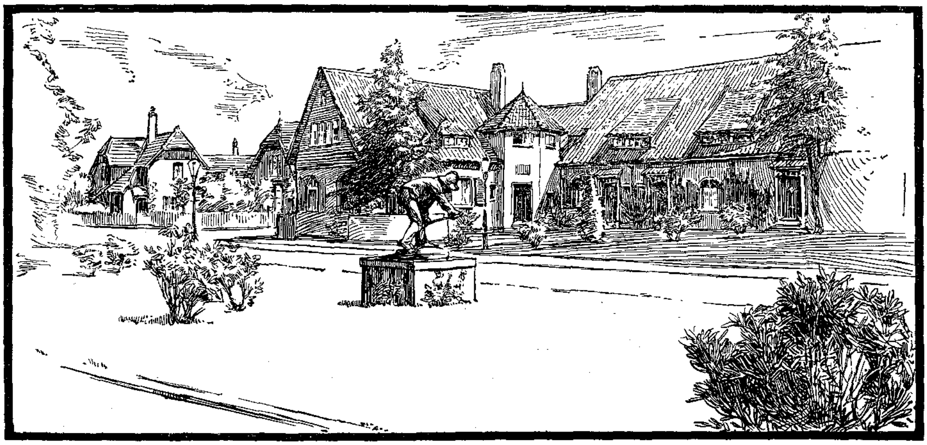
Voluntary arbitration courts are usually found in connection with the registries. They are made up of employers and employees, and are used for the settlement of minor trade and wage disputes. With these are free legal aid dispensaries for the aid of the working classes.

Upwards of a dozen cities have opened up free house registries designed primarily for the working classes. House or apartment owners report to the agency, giving details as to location, rent, etc. An officer of the bureau then makes an inspection, and, if the house is approved, it is placed upon the list. In some towns the plan has found so much favor that all other methods of renting by advertisement have been abandoned. This is a great boon to the workman, employed as he is all day at his job. It saves him the time he can ill afford to lose and enables him to find the sort of lodging he desires.

THE WANDERING WORKER

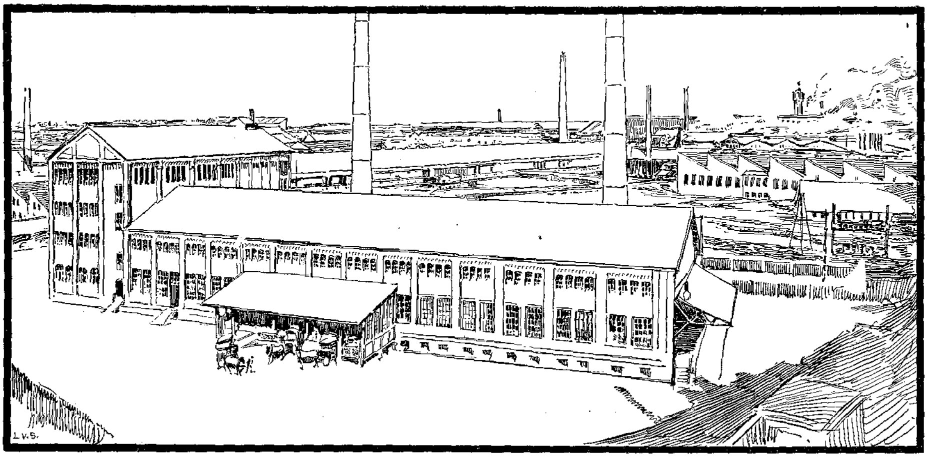
Provision is also made for the wandering worker, the honest artisan seeking a job. Germany does not assume that a man out of employment, "with no visible means of support," is a semi-criminal. The courts do not place him under arrest as a suspicious person, as do many of our cities. Thousands of men in America are branded by this ignorant policy which we pursue. They are started on the road to trampdom, vagrancy, and crime by the disgrace which we place upon them. Germany recognizes that hard times, a strike or a lockout, the introduction of a new machine, are all conditions over which the workman has no control. It accepts the wandering worker as a part of the fluidity of modern industry, and provides for him. Lodging-houses exist everywhere. By means of them the worker can travel from place to place even though he is destitute. These lodging-houses are called *Herbergen*. Some of them are conducted by the cities, others by private philanthropy. In 1904 there were 462 of these *Herbergen* in Germany, containing 20,000 beds. In 1902 they lodged over two million persons, of whom a large number were paying guests.

In order to secure admission, the worker must be able to produce a passport showing that he has recently been at work. He can pay for his lodging and breakfast (about twelve cents), or he can work for four hours for them. The rule is, "Morning work, afternoon walk." The work is usually of a simple kind, such as chopping wood. Over half of the *Herbergen* have savings bank features, deposits being made by the purchase of stamps. The *Herbergen* are usually conducted in connection with the labor registries, and many of them make provision for permanent pay boarders. They are really cheap workingmen s hotels. To such an extent have these institutions been developed in the industrial regions of southern Germany that vagrancy has practically disappeared. So



DRAWN BY LEON V. SOLON

A STREET OF WORKINGMEN'S HOUSES IN A WORKINGMEN'S COLONY AT ALTENHOF



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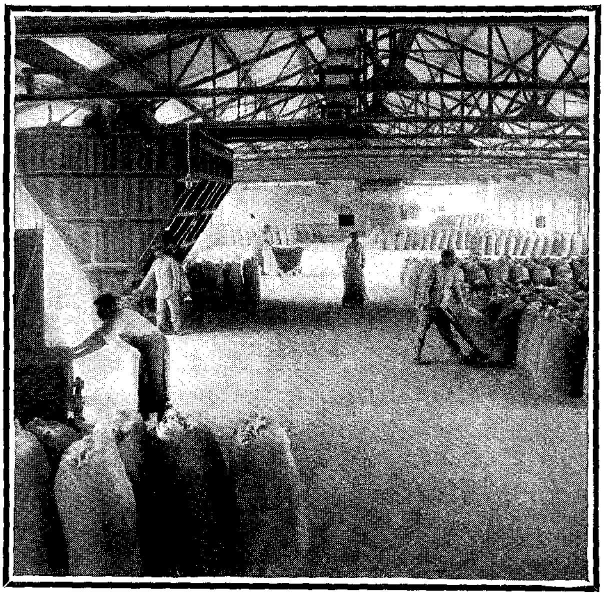


COURTESY OF MUSEUM OF SAFETY AND SANITATION, NEW YORK

EXTERIOR AND INTERIOR OF THE GREAT FLOUR MILL AND STEAM BAKERY AT THE KRUPP STEEL WORKS, ESSEN

This company supplies its employees with bread at the lowest price

has that class of crimes usually committed by the vagrant class.

LABOR COLONIES

The labor colony is open to those who have lost their grip through drink or who are unable to find work through the registry. There are upwards of forty of them in the Empire. They, too, are partly private, partly public. They are not penal colonies to which men are sent. They are purely voluntary. Men enter and leave when they will. Upwards of ten thousand persons made use of these colonies in 1908. They are exclusively agricultural, and attract mostly the unskilled worker. They are located on cheap land, which is brought under cultivation by the labor of the men, who produce potatoes, vegetables, and similar products for their own consumption. Probably seventy-five per cent of the men who come to the colonies have been in jail. Yet, strangely enough, there is practically no insubordination and no difficulty in preserving discipline.

The colonies are but bandages—small bandages, it is true—to a great sore. They do not make industrious, self-respecting gentlemen out of petty criminals, nor do they relieve the millions who are in want. But many are led back to sobriety and industry; many regain their self-respect. But, independently of all this, the attention of reformers is being turned to the land, to co-operative colonies, to State aid, as a solution of the worst evils of the vagrant and criminal problem.

EMERGENCY WORK

None of these agencies creates work where no work exists. Neither the labor registry nor the *Herbergen* will open the door of the factory or meet the emergency of industrial depression. They do not create opportunity; they merely attempt to find a hole for the peg, or prevent the man from losing his grip on himself during a period of waiting. Nor do they provide for the mechanic with a family who is brought face to face with starvation by reason of the closing of the factory.

During the recent industrial depression in America the unemployed petitioned the councils of many of our cities to open up relief work. They did not want charity; they wanted work. But the cities were powerless to relieve the situation, or had no inclination to do so. Here, again, Germany recognizes that the worker has a right to work; he has a right to expect something more than a visit from the charity organization society. "Distress work" is very generally provided by the city. It is usually limited to the winter months. The cities disclaim any legal or moral responsibility in the matter. They do not recognize "the right to work." But they provide work in considerable measure, nevertheless. They distribute ordinary work so as to give the maximum of relief. They also require contractors to employ local men. Extraordinary conditions are met to some extent by development work, such as excavations, street-paving, sewer construction, forestry, wood-chopping, and the like. Applicants must be residents of the city and must be heads of families. It is true, the work done is not of the best, and it is more costly than that done through the regular channels; but it saves the self-respect of the worker, and to some extent recognizes his right to work. In a larger sense, it saves the community from the wreckage of vagabonds, tramps, and semi-criminals who are the inevitable wastage of every period of hard times.

INSURANCE AGAINST ACCIDENT, SICKNESS, AND OLD AGE

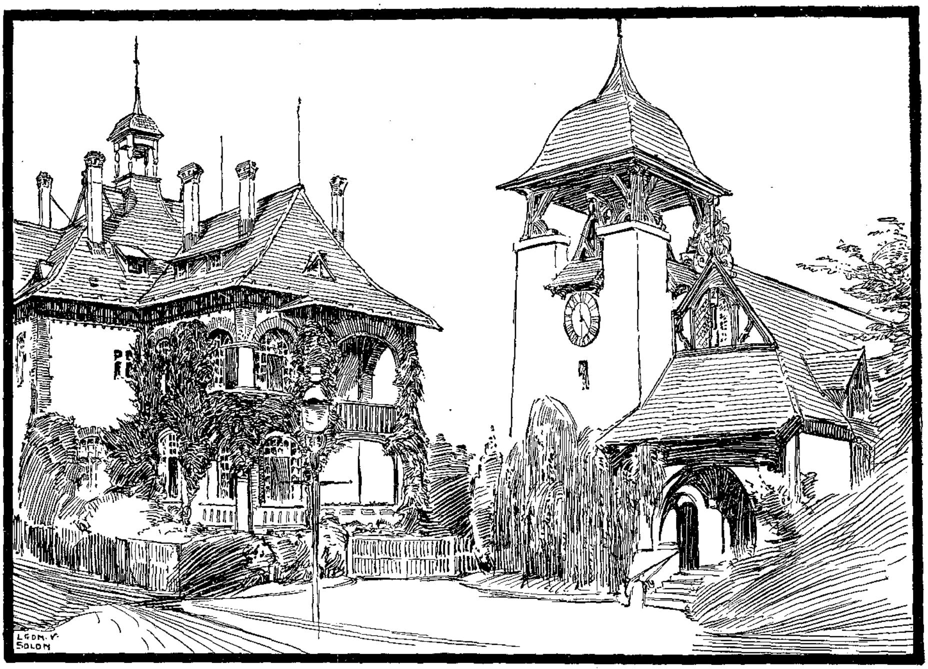
These are some of the means employed to prevent waste, to keep the producing power of the nation at a maximum, and to save the worker himself from the demoralizing influence of irregular employment. They stop far short of a solution of the industrial problem. The Socialists have but little sympathy with these palliatives as in any sense remedial. But from the point of view of the individual the plan is far better than nothing, although as a social programme it fails in this: it does nothing to create more jobs. And there can be no very great improvement in the well-being of the working classes until there are more jobs than men seeking them.

WORKINGMEN'S INSURANCE

One can speak with far more enthusiasm of the protection assured the worker from accident, sickness, and the misery of a workless old age. Even the Socialist admits that these are steps in the right direction.

Insurance against sickness has been provided since 1884. It is provided for those employed in factories, mines, workshops, quarries, transportation, and other industries. Employees of public enterprises are also covered. The provisions of the law are limited to those whose wages are below $500 a year. The sickness insurance funds are of various kinds. There are local funds provided by the parishes for all of the trades within their limits. Some of the large industries have funds of their own, as do the mine-owners and the contractors in the building trades.

All of the funds provide for free medical attendance and supplies as well as sick pay from the third day of sickness. The benefits amount to one-half of the daily wages received by the beneficiary or the amount upon which his assessment is based. Benefits are continued for not more than twenty-six weeks, after which time, if the illness still continues, the burden



DRAWN BY LEON V. SOLON

THE CONVALESCENTS' HOME AND CHAPEL AT ESSEN

Built and conducted by the Krupp Steel Works

is transferred to the Accident Insurance Fund.

The insurance fund is sustained by the workingmen, the employers, and to some extent by the community. Generally the employee pays two-thirds of the premium and the employer one-third, the liability of both being ascertained by periodic reports from the employer as to the number of employees liable to insurance. The premiums are collected by stoppage, the employer deducting the assessments of the employees when wages are paid, which, along with his own share, are then transmitted to the fund.

The administration of the funds is largely in the hands of the working people themselves, through a board chosen by the employers and the employees. General meetings are held at which all persons who contribute to the fund may come, at which meetings the delegates who have charge of the insurance are elected. About 12,000,000 persons are insured against sickness in the Empire.

A second insurance fund is provided against accident. The provisions of the law cover substantially the same classes as the sickness insurance, and the method of administration is substantially the same. The employer is bound to provide insurance against accident, as in the case of sickness. Upon opening a factory he automatically becomes a member of the trade association covering his business, and is bound to contribute to the insurance fund. This fund is managed by the executive board of the trades, which has power to classify trades and fix the danger schedule. But, better than this, the board has power to enforce rules and appliances for the prevention of accident. If a member refuses to abide by the ruling of the board, he may be fined for his neglect, or his danger rating is increased.

By this means the employers are stimulated to an interest in safety devices, while the special knowledge on the part of the individual trade association leads to a better administration of the rules than would be possible on the part of the State. In all of these matters the employees are consulted. They are also allowed representation on the executive board.

Benefits under the accident insurance law are not left to judicial inquiry. The employee is not put to the expense and delay of a long litigation. Even though the employee is negligent, he is entitled to compensation, unless there should be evidence that he intentionally brought the accident upon himself. Here, as in sickness, the cost of human wreckage in industry is shifted in part on to the cost of production. It is passed on to the community where it belongs.

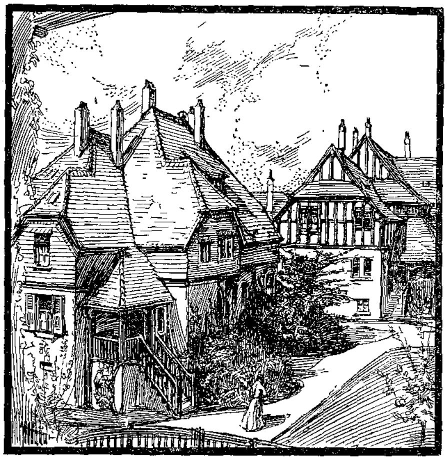
The amount of the compensation paid depends upon the wages of the employee and the extent of the injury. If the accident wholly incapacitates the worker, he receives a full pension, which amounts to two-thirds of his yearly wage. If he is still able to work, the pension is adjusted to his earning ability. In case of accident resulting in death, an immediate payment of about one-sixth of the yearly wage is paid. In addition to this, the widow and dependent children are pensioned, the widow until her death or remarriage and the dependent children up to their fifteenth year. In this event the annual pension does not exceed sixty per cent of the annual wage.

Not only is the German workman thus insured against sickness, which marks the beginning of much of the poverty of our cities, as well as against the accidents of industrial establishments, which fill the hospitals with the bulk of their patients, but practically all German workmen are insured against old age. Those whose earnings exceed $500 are not covered by old age insurance, nor are the higher class of employees and servants. The administration of this branch is carried on by insurance societies, which cover certain sections, or by the State at large. All of them are under the supervision of the State and are controlled by the employers and the employees. The old age funds are supplied by the employers and the employees, who contribute in equal shares to the fund. To this the Empire adds $12.50 towards every pension.

The amount of the benefit received, it is true, is not very large. It is not sufficient in itself to support the recipient. It amounts to from $27.50 to $60 a year, according to the wages enjoyed or the premiums paid by the beneficiary.

The success of these insurance schemes is seen by the number of members enrolled. There were 18,000,000 insured against accident in 1903 and 13,500,000 against old age. The total expenditures of the various funds amounted to over $100,000,000, while the funds accumulated as a reserve exceeded $350,000,000.

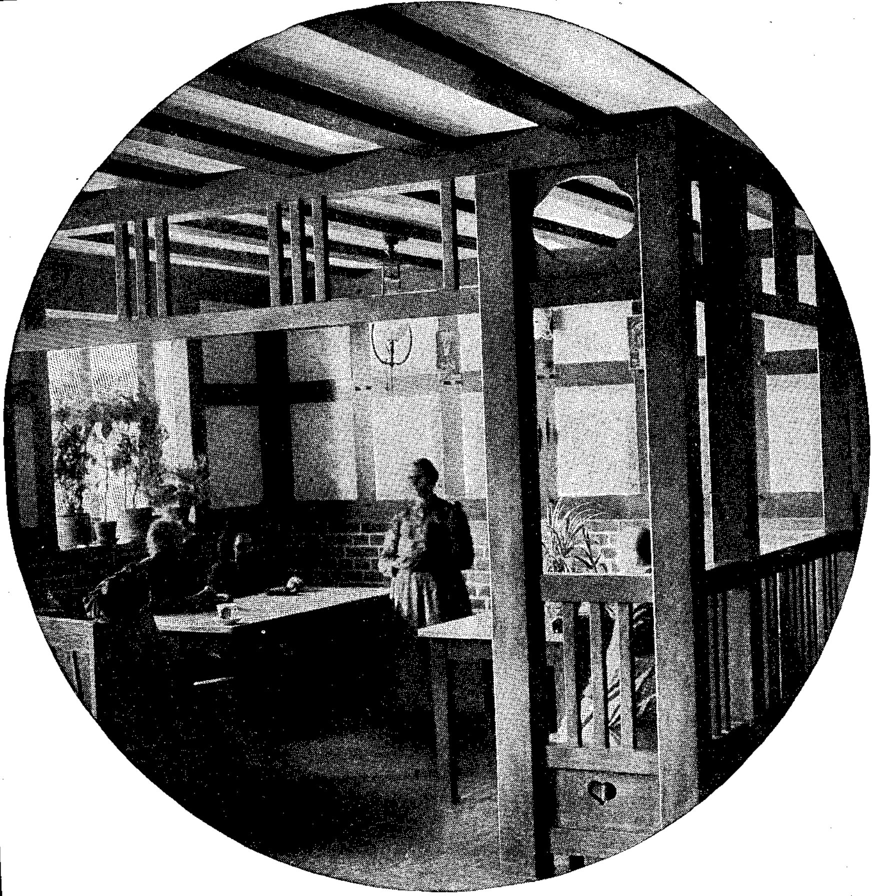
Aside from the positive accomplishments of the German Empire in this line of social reform, one is impressed with the seriousness with which the cities as well as the nation are considering the whole question. There are frequent conferences attended by representatives from the Empire and the various States, from the cities, the universities and the philanthropic societies. There is nothing hit or miss about it. The best thought of the university and the most energetic of city officials are constantly studying ways and means for the relief of the numerous problems which arise in connection with unemployment, with the hazards of industry, with the poor and the destitute members of the community. Poverty has not been abolished in Germany. Nor has the housing question been solved. Industrial depression takes its tribute there just as it does with us. But the impressive thing about it all is that the nation views these questions in something of the same light that it does the building of Dreadnoughts, of railways, of canals, the adjustment of taxes, and the building of cities.


DRAWN BY LEON V. SOLON

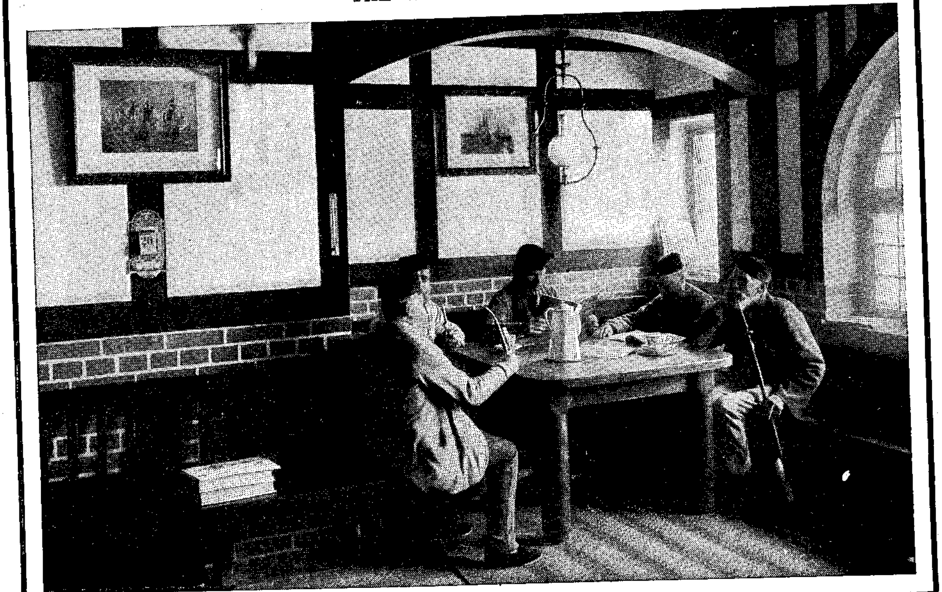
THE HOUSES FOR WIDOWS AND WIDOWERS

Conducted by the Krupp Steel Works at Altenhof

Germany more than any other country in Europe has entered on a comprehensive programme of human salvage. She is devoting her thought and her energy to the making of people as well as of things.



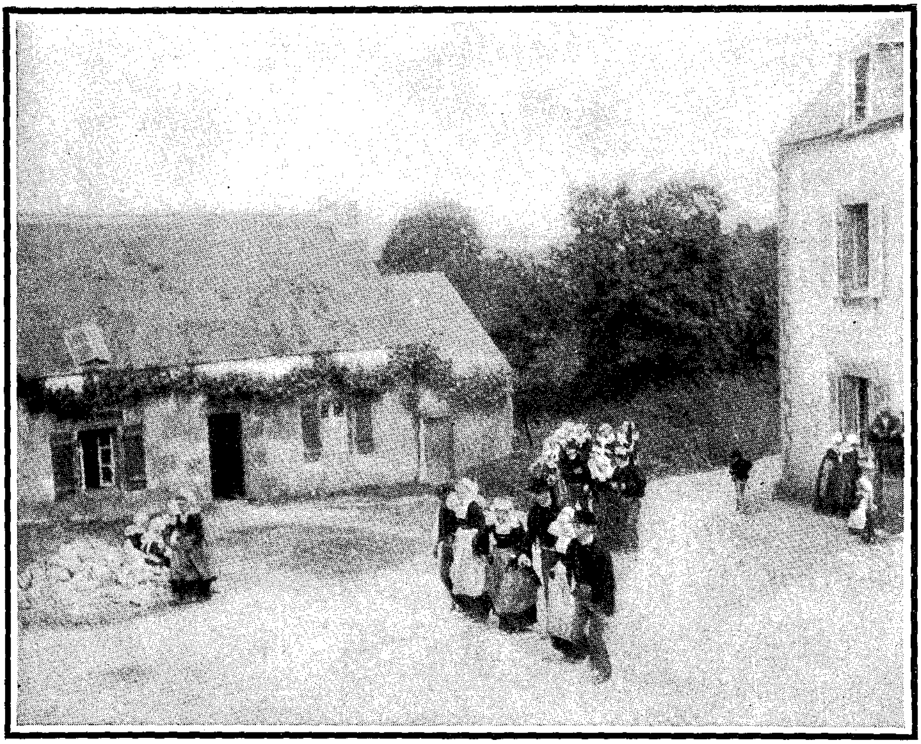
THE WIDOWS' HOUSE



COURTESY OF MUSEUM OF SAFETY AND SANITATION, NEW YORK

THE WIDOWERS' HOUSE

"YOUR EYES WILL FEAST UPON CARVED LITS-CLOS"



"THE GAVOTTE BEGINS FORTHWITH"

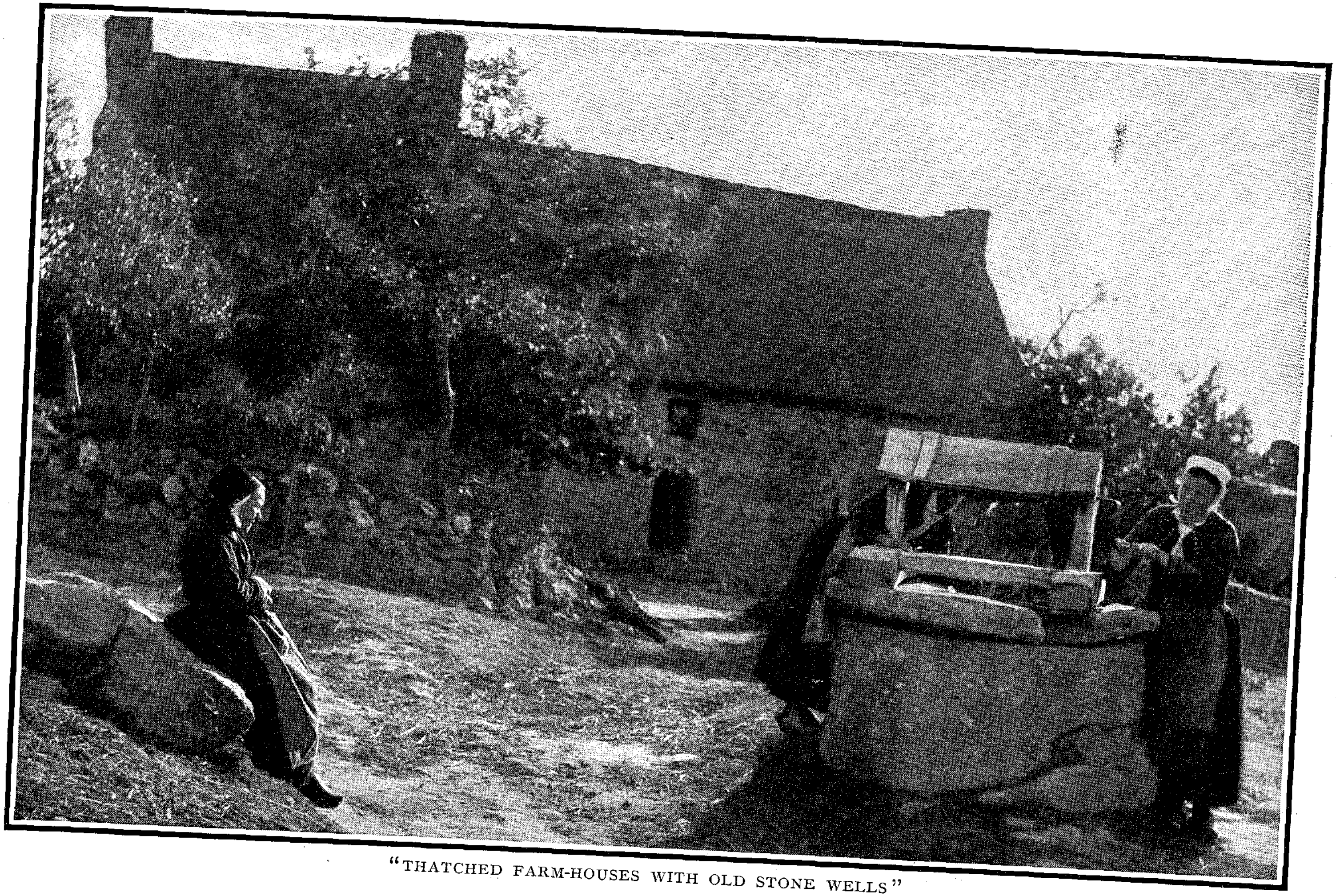
The Perfect Village of Finistère

By Mary Denver Hoffman

Pont-Aven, ville de renom;
Quatorze moulins, quinze maisons.
—*Old Breton Saying.*

AFTER all, our real, our practical, explorers are the artists. It is they who seek out, not a North Pole, at the thought of approaching which most of the world shivers, but, in lands comfortably available to all of us, the coast where the cliffs are finest or the fishermen's sails of loveliest red or blue; the village that has the quaintest houses or costumes or habits; the best French inn fitted into a landscape all pollard oaks and lines of slender poplars marching beside their gay little streams. Scarcely a favorite bit of Holland, of Normandy, of our own north coast, that has not come to our acquaintance because some prying one of us has caught sight of a paint-box journeying thither or a hint that the place was a haunt of the painter folk.

One can guess the delight with which, years ago, the first of the craft traveling through Finistère, that wonderful Breton country of golden gorse and pine forest, of ancient chapels and châteaux in silent courtyards, came upon Pont-Aven. It was a gem of a village, nestling in rocky hills and bordering a merry little river that rushed between poplars and fallen boulders of granite to turn exactly one less mill-wheel than there were dwellings in the town, then broadened into an estuary through which, when the tide favored, large craft found their way up from the sea. Across the *passerelles* of the Aven or back and forth from the market-place over the bridge that helps to name the village tripped women and little girls dressed alike in the most bewitching fashion, their long, full black broadcloth skirt meeting a tight velvet-trimmed



“THATCHED FARM-HOUSES WITH OLD STONE WELLS” bodice, cut low and square to admit an embroidered white chemisette and broad, finely quilled ruff. As for their cap, in all Brittany, where each tiny parish has its own, none is so captivating as the coiffe of Pont-Aven, encircled by its ribbon of pink or blue showing through a transparent white wing-like bow edged with hand-made lace. The millers were dressed to match, their short coat pointed at the waist behind and trimmed, like the trousers, with velvet; their waistcoat, sometimes gay with yellow Breton embroidery, always bore two rows, well apart, of large gilt buttons; and over the broad brim of their felt hat hung the long ends of a velvet band.

The first painter to behold the unbelievable picturesqueness of such people in such a setting could hardly have hidden his good fortune. But one wonders whether he didn't try, and whether it was not, finally, some canvas of his that betrayed to the artists who gathered later at the inn in the market-place the beauty of the rare old chapel of Trémalo on the hill or the charm of a little maiden of Pont-Aven in a dress exactly like her mother's. And one is never convinced that he did not try; for the two friends of Corot who came in 1860 to Pont-Aven appear for two years to have kept the field quite to themselves. Then they were joined by Robert Wylie, of our American school, whose pictures painted there during the rest of his life drew to Pont-Aven a veritable invasion of artists from every corner of painting Europe and America. Pelouse and Dagnan-Bouveret came, Bastien-Lepage and Renoir; Messrs. John and Anderson Haig, the etchers; Mortimer Menpes, Greiffenhagen; Hovenden, Alexander Harrison, Melchers, Harison, and Maynard among the Americans; and of the modern Dutch, Belgian, and Swedish schools, such masters as Mesdag, Israels, Hubert Vos, van Beers, and Thalow have paid, each in his day, their tribute to the beauty of Pont-Aven.

Indeed, so many of the craft have found their way into this lovely Breton valley, with its quaint folk among their mill-wheels and their poplars, that the walls of the dining-room at the inn, now expanded into a spacious hostelry, are nearly covered by panels, set one against another, left by painters to Mademoiselle Julia, the remarkable woman whose portrait has been drawn in two English novels—Blanche Willis Howard's "Gwen" and Mr. Horace Vachell's "Face of Clay."

"A Pont-Aven il y a—Julia,"

wrote Botrel, the poet of the Bretons; and it was, in its way, a little like Mr. Howells's saying once in his essay on American literary centers: "When I think of Mark Twain, it seems to me that our greatest literary center is just now at Riverdale-on-the-Hudson." It is "Julia" who cares for the village, who prepares the wedding feast, who buries the dead. It is she who has made Pont-Aven the most comfortable spot in Brittany for the traveler.

One November noon, when we entered the delightful old L-shaped dining-room, with its paintings and rare faïence, and carved chests for bread or *confiture*, and its chimneypiece built from the altar of a demolished chapel, we noticed unwonted glasses at each place at the long table. Some one had barely time to whisper that the Touring Club de France had awarded its golden medal to Villa Julia as the best hotel in Brittany, when Mademoiselle Julia herself appeared, carrying a dusty bottle from which she filled the glasses with white Burgundy. She went about silently, then stood for a moment silhouetted against the great black chimneypiece, and, with tears on her cheeks and in her voice, said simply, "Mesdames et messieurs, I pray that I may be permitted to live twenty years longer so as to deserve this honor." By a happy chance, Monsieur Botrel was there, his striking Breton dress adding to the picture, to spring to his feet with a graceful little speech to "*notre bonne et chère Julia.*" And the rest of us, "*anciens*" or not, cried "*Vive Julia!*" with a momentary share in the triumph. For the medal and *diplôme* to be solemnly presented in the Grande Salle of the Sorbonne, in Paris, was indeed a triumph, of a sort possible only in that dear, delightful country of France!

Tourists have followed fast upon the heels of the painters. Gray-balconied houses have spread up the hill, about the church. And half a dozen villas, white or pink, now look down upon the boats along the quay. But Pont-Aven has not lost the charm that gave it the name of "the Perfect Village" in the days when Miss Howard's Gwen danced the gavotte in the market-place. It is precisely when there are most tourists in Pont-Aven that one loves it least; but that is because strangers are unbecoming to the village, not because the villagers have become self-conscious.

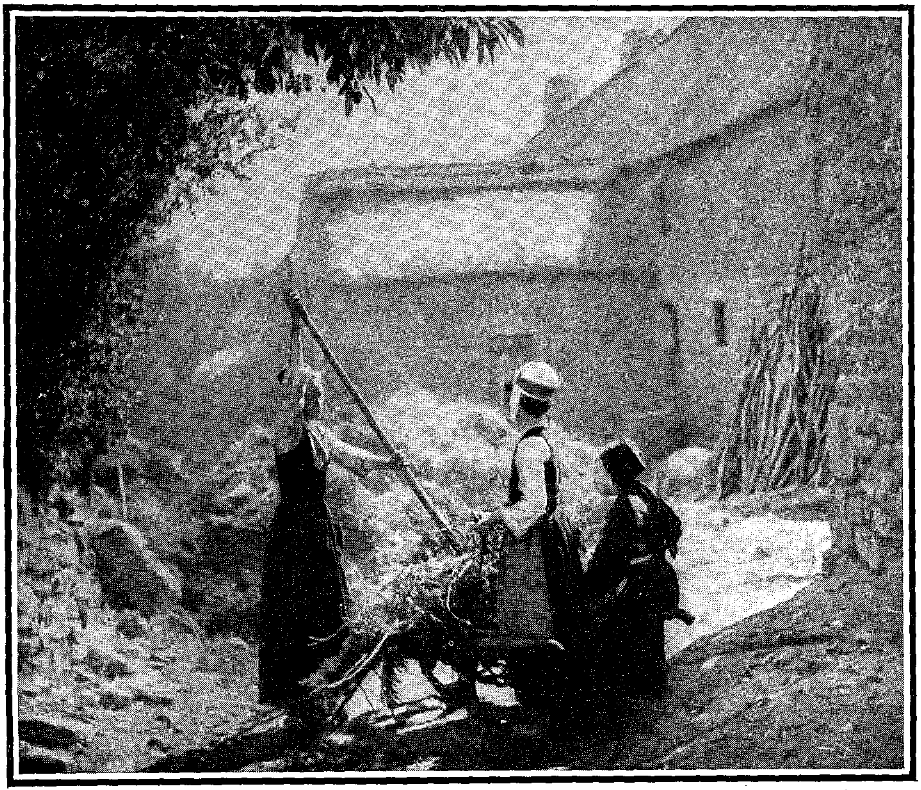
If the miracle of Breton faithfulness to tradition is due to any cause other than those things in the heart of the Celt that in four different countries have kept him, after centuries of oppression or subjugation, forever a Celt, it is to the work and example of one man, Théodore Botrel. All France, and more than France, now knows Botrel and sings "La Paimpolaise." But it is not because the Académie has crowned his "Chansons de Chez Nous" that the bard still sings

"J'aime, je chante, et je crois."

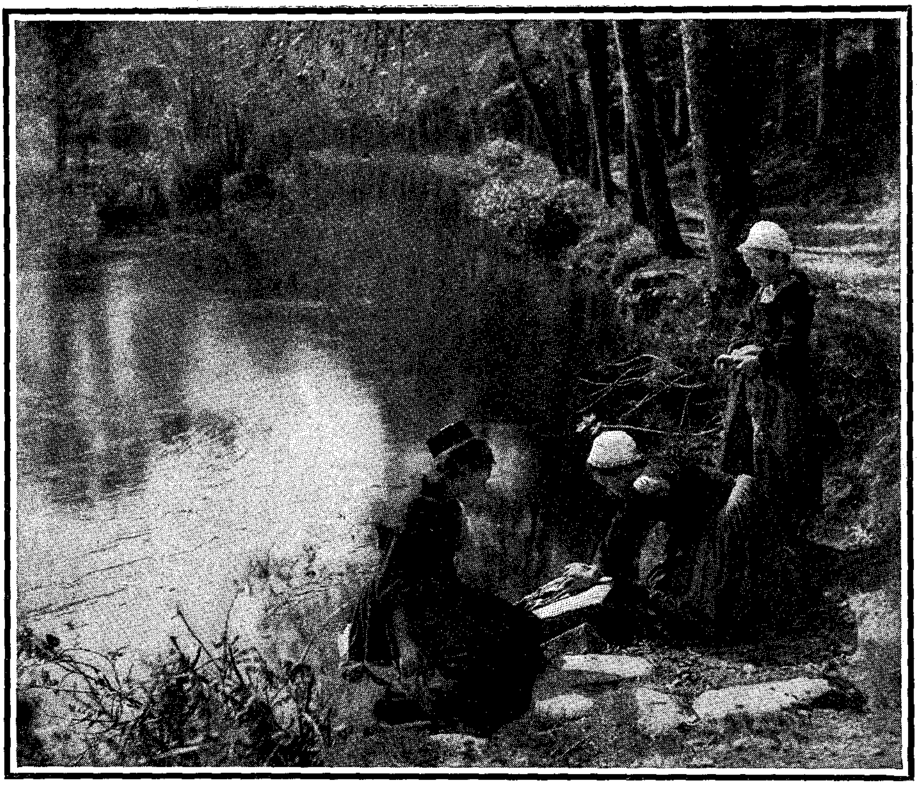
It is because his chansons help to keep the Bretons loving their country and their traditions, singing their gorse-flower and their apple trees, and believing the message brought them long ago by Irish saints. And so, I think, Théodore Botrel may even be called the Gaelic League of Brittany!

Whoever doubts that the Bretons of Finistère go on making pictures of themselves from one year's end to the other has only to go to Pont-Aven when a few painters or other people of a certain sympathetic unobtrusiveness are the only foreigners in the place. A background of apple blossoms or of poplars turned pale gold is even more becoming than the greens of August to these folk who market and wed, worship and bury, in one month as picturesquely as in another.

Every Tuesday the gay old white-capped women seat themselves with their baskets of fruit or fish against the stone railings of the bridge. And long after the cows at one end of the market and the piles of brilliant-hued salads and carrots at the other have changed owners the liveliest talk goes on, at the bridge and among the men loitering under the mistletoe at the



"THE BRETONS OF FINISTÈRE GO ON MAKING PICTURES OF THEMSELVES"



LE BOIS D'AMOUR

tavern door or beside the brass Helmet of Mambrino that marks the barber. In Brittany one makes a pleasure of one's business, and conversation is a pleasant thing. It lends a charm even to what with us is the dreariest thing in life—the affair of washing clothes—as any one may see who crosses the little bridge on the Riec road on any fine Friday, and hears the chatter of the women grouped like gypsies about the huge copper caldron in which, once they have rubbed it well upon the stones in the stream, they will boil the entire linen of the town. The only change the occasion demands of their costume is the removal of the wings of their coiffe.

On any day that the clattering of children's sabots centers about the *mairie* you may be sure that a bridal party is before the mayor and will proceed to mass at ten o'clock. Presently bride and bridegroom appear, the bride wearing over her black gown an apron of white brocaded silk, blossoms at her belt and in her bodice. Her *filles d'honneur* follow, wearing aprons of pink or blue, and then the mothers, grandmothers, godmothers, and aunts, each with a cavalier. From the church the party marches to the home of the bride. There, on two stout barrels, is perched the wedding orchestra, which in Brittany is always the bagpipe, or *biniou*, and the flageolet. The gavotte begins forthwith, and lines of dancers, young and old alike, sweep up and down the sawdust-sprinkled street. Pont-Aven does not always marry Pont-Aven; for the charms of her maidens bring suitors from afar. Sometimes Pont-Aven marries Concarneau, the scene of Miss Howard's story "Gwen." Then one sees close-fitting caps of Breton filet lace on the bridegroom's mother and sisters. Or Pont-Aven marries Quimperlé, or Riec, or even Quimper, whose women wear the long-pointed bodice of Louis XVI, peculiarly becoming to the little girls, their small skull-caps of black velvet sown with seed-pearls. Now and then Pont-Aven marries Pont-l'Abbé. It is then that one sees those strange folk, the Bigoudens,

"POPLARS AND MILL-WHEELS AND WHITE-COIFFED FOLK"

said to be descended from a remnant of Attila's Huns. To heighten the effect of their tawny skin, straight black hair, nearly almond-shaped eyes, and high cheekbones, the Bigouden women comb their hair up flatly at the back and hide it in front by a curious ocher-colored cap which ties like a child's at the chin. Their bodices are covered with horizontal rows of wonderful yellow embroidery, and their three or four voluminous skirts, each edged with a different color, give these ladies much the shape of the musicians' barrels.

The Pardons, which in much of the Côtes du Nord have degenerated, through governmental opposition or the irreverence of tourists, into village festivals, still show in Finistère the deeply religious character that marks this region as the stronghold of Roman Catholicism in France. Even the secular fête called Pardon des Fleurs d'Ajonc (Flowers of the Gorse) celebrated every two years at Pont-Aven, opens with a mass. On September 8, at the church of Belon, the village of oyster fisheries that sends each day to Pont-Aven the first course of one's *déjeuner*, the face of the woman of Pont-Aven will not have lost its "holy brightness" because she wears her dress of scarlet, encircled by tinsel and chenille, that has cost her twenty years' economies and must be her *robe-de-fête* until she dies. Nor will her squire, on his way thither, have forgotten his prayer at each *calvaire*—rude descendant of the High Cross of Ireland—because of his embroidered waistcoat and the white "accordion"-plaited trousers ending at his knee.

In summer honor is paid to St. Fiacre, patron of gardeners, whose chapel is one of three particular jewels among the churches in the hills about Pont-Aven. The Côtes du Nord have often ruined, in rebuilding, the beauty of their ancient chapels. But in Finistère even the vandalism of men like Victor Hugo, who lined Haute-Ville, his Guernsey home, with the spoil of Breton sanctuaries, has left standing countless exquisite little chapels, low, shrug-shouldered, each with its fine doorway or skillfully carved gargoyle, and within, hung from the roof, some miniature votive ship (offering of a sailor's wife) or wooden frieze of grotesque mediæval beasts in low relief, painted crude reds and blues that time has softened.

In the long afternoon you may walk to Saint-Fiacre through *chemins creux*, or sunken roads, roofed in summer with densest foliage, in winter with a mist of elfin branches; or down past Trémalo through the Bois d'Amour, to be driven by rain, perhaps, into the cottage of the miller of Le Plessix, where your eyes will feast upon carved *lits-clos*, or closet-like beds, and an ancient brass-bound sideboard. Or you may tramp over a hard white road to the fifteenth-century Château de Hénan, past dolmens and thatched farm-houses with old stone wells. Over the landscape rests a gentle melancholy, due perhaps to the nearly surrounding sea upon which Breton life depends, or perhaps to the Celtic temper of the people, or perhaps, may we say, to the country's eternal grieving that Anne of Brittany ever married the King of France.

If, having fallen under the spell of Pont-Aven, you can bear to leave it for a day, much of Finistère is open to you. You may explore the fortified "Old City" of Concarneau on an island in the harbor and see whatever the defection of the sardines has left of the famous fleet with its brown sails and nets of exquisite blue; you may see Quimper, its cathedral, the splendid carved façades of its old houses, and return laden with Breton lace and Pont-l'Abbé embroidery or pretty peasant faïence from the potteries; you can sail down the beautiful broadened Aven, past the châteaux of Hénan and Poulguin, to historic islands in the sea; in half a day you can reach Carnac and see the most extensive druidical remains in Europe, or the enchanting Château de Josselin, or the Forest of Merlin, or the Field of the Thirty.

But even if one is not a painter, and so unhampered by canvas and paint-box, one is likely to be more than content at Pont-Aven with one's own neighborhood. Whatever inviting path out of the village one may choose to follow will bring its rewarding farm-house or chapel or château. No day passes without its bit of drama in the market-place. And every winter night, after one of the dinners that have made "Julia's" famous, there is such talk before the fire as could be only among a dozen people of half a dozen fatherlands. In the company are an Irish gentleman, who once stopped for the night at Pont-Aven and has remained for more than twenty years, and a delightful Belgian painter, who came first thirty years ago and means, like Robert Wylie, to stay until he dies. He has tried, he says, since then to live in Paris, but something always called him back to Pont-Aven, as something will, he insists, every one who once has known the charm of the perfect village of Finistère. Whoever is afraid of dreaming, in a modern world of complicated unloveliness, of an old world all peace and simple charm, should never go to Pont-Aven. For a November evening might bring him a stab of longing for a distant company gathered about the fire in an old dining-room; for the sight of a lovely valley full of poplars and mill-wheels and white-coiffed folk; for the voice of a Breton maiden singing "La Paimpolaise."

THE NEW BOOKS

There is none of Mr. Winston Churchill's novels more carefully written or more thoroughly thought out than "A Modern Chronicle." Its interest is less salient, perhaps, than that of a historical story like "The Crisis," or of a study of modern political chicanery like "Mr. Crewe's Career;" but, on the other hand, its attraction is more nearly universal—for it presents the social experience and disillusionment of an American young woman of charm and ambition. This topic is one that might have been overemphasized or vulgarized; indeed, it would be easy to cite instances of novels of late years which have done just that. But Mr. Churchill uses restraint and taste throughout. His Honora is not a crude, reckless fashion-hunter; neither is she by nature sordid; she simply has not started with fixed standards or with sound ideals, while heredity has given her a complex temperament. She has the natural gift of pleasing, is somewhat of a social diplomat, without being a toady or a trickster, and she is hardly out of school before she begins to flutter her wings in New York's exciting atmosphere. For a long time she mistakes the false for the true, and does not see that her sensible Western uncle and aunt and the square-dealing, intellectual, but somewhat rough-mannered young St. Louis lawyer who has loved her from boyhood are the true gold, and the "smart set" of Newport and New York are the dross. First she marries a "sporty" broker. She tries to think she loves him; but soon she finds that he is not the "real thing," and cannot even introduce her to the "right" circles. But when, with the aid of an admirer whom she fears she may love but doesn't, she pushes into the "exclusives," she finds nothing that satisfies her. She escapes this "dangerous" admirer only to be carried off her feet in a whirlwind of passion for a "Viking" of a man. Divorce and remarriage seem easy under the impelling strength of this passion; but social ostracism follows, and both husband and wife are in a measure unhappy, for their love is essentially a selfish thing. Only in her grief after the husband's sudden death by accident does Honora begin to realize what life means, and to see that character and sympathy are the great things, and that display and fashion are empty of joy. Mr. Churchill has put his story, not just in the present hour, but in that period when automobiles and bridge were the new fads. He leads us to see, with Honora, a varied procession of types, all sketched cleverly, and some rounded into characters. Nothing is caricatured, nothing is overdone; one has the feeling of passing in review foibles and follies with a smile of amused recognition but without animosity. The book is a portrait of a woman, but it is also a composite portrait of American society. It is decidedly entertaining, and it has more than transient value and suggestion. Mr. Churchill's popularity as a novelist did not need to be strengthened; his reputation for careful writing and delicate treatment of a difficult subject will be enhanced by "A Modern Chronicle." (The Macmillan Company, New York. $1.50.)

Mr. Warrington Dawson's "The Scar" is one of the two novels to which Mr. Roosevelt last year directed attention in an editorial in The Outlook. The second, still unpublished here, is "The Scourge," and logically there should be a third to deal with the revivification of the New South. As Mr. Roosevelt pointed out, these tales of Virginia, written by a South Carolinian, were first published in England and have been translated into two or three Continental languages. This is an unusual history, and is accounted for largely by the fact that the author had lived abroad for several years and had literary and journalistic connection of a special kind there. "The Scar," to quote Dr. Max Nordau, presents "a perfect picture of the violent and sometimes tragic changes which civil war and its consequences have introduced into the social, political, and economical life of the Southern States. The novel is concrete history demonstrated by individual destinies." There is capital character work here also; two or three of the negroes are amusing individually and faithful as types; the mother and son who, with aristocratic traditions, are fighting for a bare existence and to continue to hold their place against poverty and narrowing influences are portrayed with unshrinking truth; only the Northern girl who becomes involved in their fortunes is somewhat melodramatic and unnatural. The merit of the book, and the thing which makes it of real force and value, is not in its plot but in the reality of its men and women and in the absolute truth with which the story brings out the exact conditions of the period and country described. It is the kind of novel in which one cares comparatively little for the ordinary attractions of fiction; the book grips the attention through the author's knowledge and feeling—or, to quote still a third admirer of Mr. Dawson's novel, Miss Grace King, herself a faithful depicter in fiction of Southern life, "it is documentary evidence of the best kind." (Small, Maynard & Co., Boston. $1.50.)

Two tales of crime and mystery lately published must be recognized as providing an unusual amount of thrill and excitement. Anna Katharine Green is an adept in complication. Her "House of the Whispering Pines" (G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York, $1.50) is the best detective story she has written for a long time. Perhaps it is a bit too complicated, but the threads are first woven together and then unraveled with remarkable deftness, and while some readers may guess part of the solution, none, we fancy, will fathom all of the mystery. Like all this writer's books, this is gloomy in tone; but, after all, crime has a tendency to distressfulness. Some modern practitioners of the art of crime-detection, however, strike a more lively and even semi-humorous note. Such a writer is Mr. Roman Doubleday, whose "The Red House of Rowan Street" has fun as well as thrill, and is original both in plot and treatment. (Little, Brown & Co., Boston. $1.50.)

The Indian problem is constantly changing. It is now chiefly a problem of administration. After over a quarter of a century of agitation and education the country has generally come to accept the solution first proposed and formulated at the famous Lake Mohonk Indian Conference. Of this policy, Mr. Francis E. Leupp, United States Commissioner of Indian Affairs under Mr. Roosevelt, has been perhaps the most consistent and practical exponent who ever occupied that office. And in his volume on "The Indian and His Problem" he succinctly and clearly defines this policy as follows: "As soon as an Indian of either mixed or full blood becomes capable of taking care of himself, we should set him on his feet and sever forever the ties which bind him either to his tribe in the communal sense, or to the Government. This principle is imperative as to both land and money. We must end the un-American absurdity of keeping one class of our people in a common lump. Each Indian must be recognized as an individual and so treated, just as each white man is." Mr. Leupp has not only said this, he has acted on this principle, and partly for that reason, partly because he inherited the fruits of the work of his predecessors, more has been accomplished during his term of office toward the solution of the Indian problem than in any other term of equal duration since the Nation really set itself seriously to the work of solving it. The practical working out of this problem is admirably told in this volume. But in our judgment Mr. Leupp's chapter on Missionaries and their Methods is very one-sided. There is justice in his criticisms; but it is not just to ignore, as he does, the service which has been rendered by such men as Dr. Riggs and Bishop Hare. (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $2.)

We congratulate St. David's College, Lampeter, in having as Professor of Literature a man who can write a thousand-page volume on "The Literature of the Victorian Era" without a dull paragraph in it. And by this we do not mean that Dr. Hugh Walker has striven to be humorous; he is simply so steeped in the human-element side of his subject; he talks so freely and easily of the personality of the Victorian novelists, poets, and essayists, not disdaining anecdote and quotation; his criticism is so unhackneyed and his method of grouping so reasonable, that the average reader finds a continuity and readable quality rare indeed in works of this scope. The book is not, we judge, intended as a text-book for students, but it may be cordially recommended to them as well as to all lovers of literature. (G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. $3.50.)

The "History of Mediæval Political Theory in the West," by R. W. and A. J. Carlyle, is worthy of the best tradition of Oxford scholarship, and of high value to students of politics in the undefiled sense of the word. It corrects the notion that the Middle Ages were a period of stagnant thought. In the eleventh and twelfth centuries a rapid growth of ideas was going on, out of whose incoherent elements the great thinkers of the thirteenth century sought to form a harmonious system. In their writings the Middle Ages inherited from the ancient world truths which have been bequeathed to us, *e. g.*, the majestic conception of law as justice and equity, and, with this, the Roman idea of the people as the source of political authority. As regards the conflicting claims of Church and State during this period, a study of the cross-currents of opinion and practice comes to this conclusion: Down to the publication of the Decretals by Pope Gregory IX in 1234 the normal doctrine of canon law held that the civil and the ecclesiastical authority were wholly independent of each other, and each supreme in its sphere. Canonists as well as civilians held to the sacred character of the State. That modern ultramontanists overpass those limits there is full evidence. (G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. $3.50, net.)

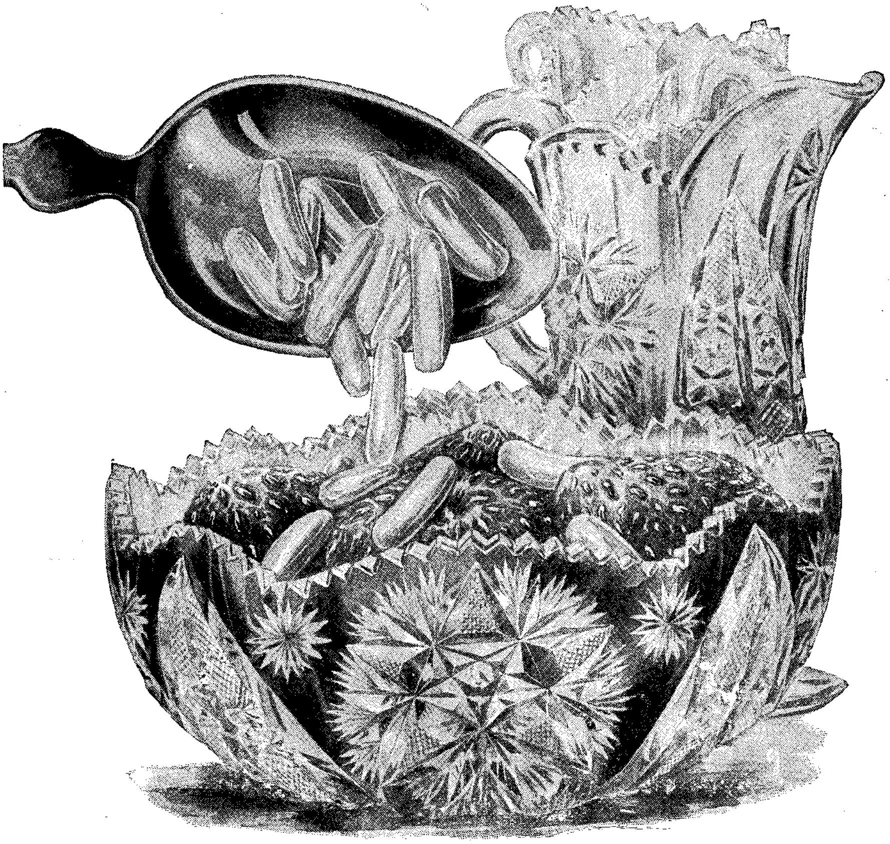
Dr. George A. Hubbell's life of Horace Mann, called "Horace Mann, Educator, Patriot, and Reformer," is an interesting biography of one too little known to the present generation. It is doubtful whether any other one man has done as much as he did for common school education in America. He was more educational reformer than educational leader. At least this biography gives no hint of any discovery or interpretation of a new conception of education, a new principle to be applied, or a new ideal to be reached, such as would justify putting Horace Mann's name with that of Froebel or Pestalozzi. But he awakened Massachusetts from her sleep of self-satisfaction, and by his efforts gave a new dignity and life to the public school, which since his day has never relapsed into a form of public charity or an economical police protection. Mr. Mann belonged to that unique school of Massachusetts reformers who occupied so large a share of the stage in the middle third of the nineteenth century: anti-slang reformers, temperance reformers, food reformers, socialistic reformers, religious reformers. They were a curious combination of transcendentalism and rationalism, liberalism and bigotry, humanitarianism and intolerance, idealism and caustic criticism. They had no ancestors and left no descendants, except occasionally one born out of due time; but they kindled a moral enthusiasm which has made and is making moral progress possible in democratic America. Of these Mr. Mann was one of the best because one of the most practicable. He was a much larger man than Theodore Parker's critical estimate would lead the reader to suppose. And he fought—though not alone, for he had a splendid support in his educational campaign—that combination of vested interests, inveterate prejudices, and stolid traditionalism which miscall their allied host conservatism, and always league together to oppose every advocate of progress. (William F. Fell Company, Philadelphia. $1.50.)

The fourth course in the Charles F. Deems Lectureship of Philosophy at New York University is on "The Religions of Eastern Asia." Dr. Horace Grant Underwood, missionary to Korea, examines the Taoism and Confucianism of China, the Shintoism of Japan, the Shamanism of Korea, and the phases of Buddhism in these countries, to get at their ideas of deity. He then compares these with Christian theism, and notes points of contact which the missionary can make much of. He holds it conclusively shown that the evolution of religion has been downward, except where checked by revelation; that "the most ancient people have had the purer and higher ideals of God;" that religion is not a product of civilization, but of divine inspiration. In comparing Christianity with the religions it hopes to supersede, Dr. Underwood writes from the antiquated view-point which fancied the doctrine of the Trinity starting in the Old Testament. This, however, does not in the least impair the value of his volume in its helpfulness to a better understanding of the vast populations with which commerce is now bringing us into closer relations. (The Macmillan Company, New York. $1.50.)

Mr. Montgomery Carmichael's "Francia's Masterpiece" is somewhat misleading in title. Inasmuch as opinions differ, one may wonder which of Francia's masterpieces is meant. Then, if that question be settled, one may suppose the book to include technical discussion concerning one picture. So it does. But its scope is far wider. The little book is an essay upon the beginnings of the doctrine, as represented in art, of the Immaculate Conception of the Virgin Mary. Mr. Carmichael uses the altarpiece painted by Francisco Raibolitti, whom the Italians call Il Francia, at San Frediano, Lucca, as a peg on which to hang some interesting opinions, technical and critical, concerning the picture and the painter, but historically descriptive concerning the doctrine pictorially represented. The book is thus interesting not only to students of the history of art, but also to students of religion, and especially of that early period when the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception grew mightily in the Roman Church. As early as the eighth century, so Mr. Carmichael tells us, the feast of St. Anne, the mother of Mary, was celebrated in the Eastern Church, and by the middle of the twelfth century it had become a "Holy Day of Obligation." In Francia's time the doctrine was held as a vital force. So the notion grew that Mary was immaculate—that is to say, sanctified before birth and sinless unto death. (E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $2.)

The seventh volume of the "History of the People of the United States from the Revolution to the Civil War" (1841–1850), by Professor John Bach McMaster, of the University of Pennsylvania, continues a work of painstaking research and well-used material, and is likely long to be an authority for the period of which it treats. This volume deals, among other subjects, with the social and educational reforms in the North, the slave conditions in the South, the annexation of Texas and the Mexican War, the Wilmot Proviso and the Free Soil movement, and the gold rush to California. (D. Appleton & Co., New York. $2.50.)

Professor Buckham's "Personality and the Christian Ideal" is the latest essay in the line which Bushnell's "Nature and the Supernatural" opened a half-century ago. The real supernatural is the personal; the universe must be interpreted in terms of personality. It is upon the dynamic value of the idea of personality that Christian theism supersedes deism. In this idea philosophy, psychology and ethics, theology and practical Christianity, find their common and central interest. Dr. Buckham's simple and luminous course of thought brings out the contribution of each of these to a clear view of personality as a divine possibility of human nature, inherent in all men, but not realized in all. The discussion of his theme both grasps and glows; the ideal becomes the practical; the true human self which is uncovered by reflection reveals at its core the divine as the Soul of the soul, the Holy Spirit which demands self-realization in the ethicizing of conduct and the divinizing of life. (The Pilgrim Press, Boston. $1.50.)



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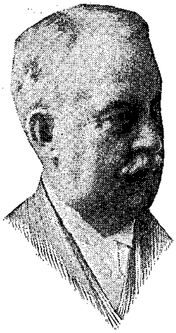

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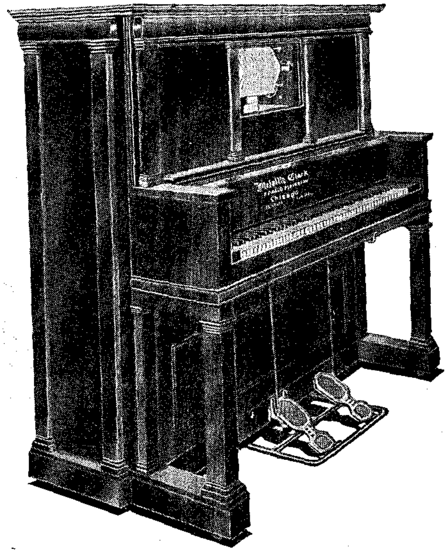

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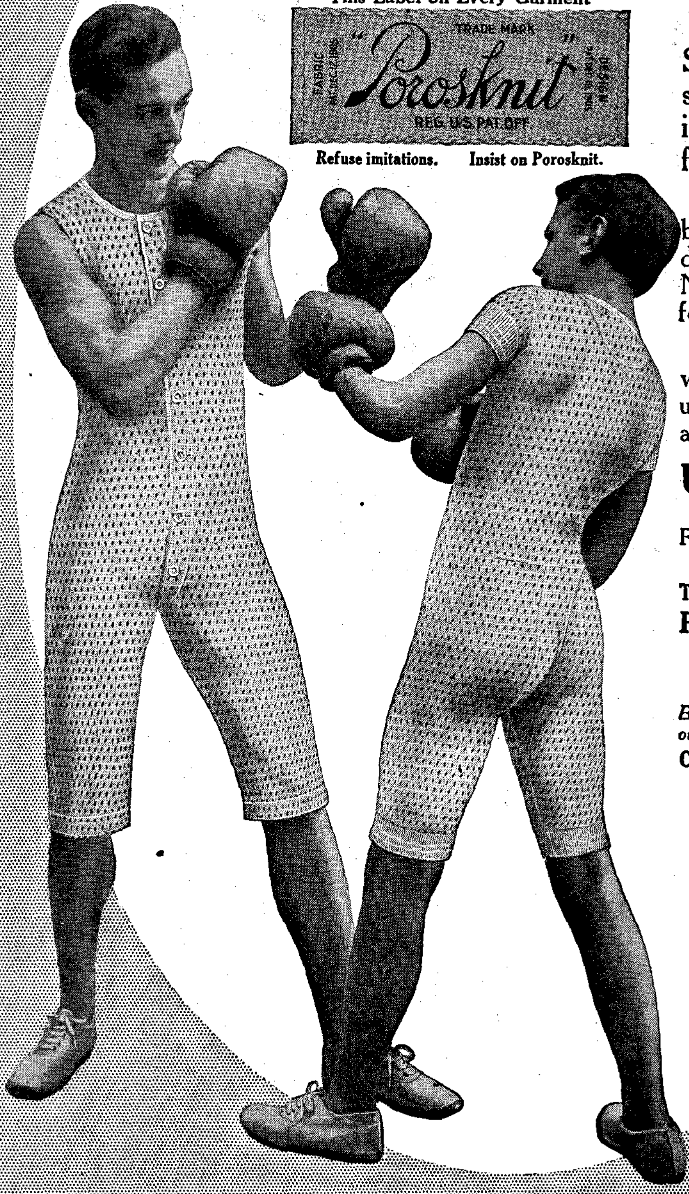

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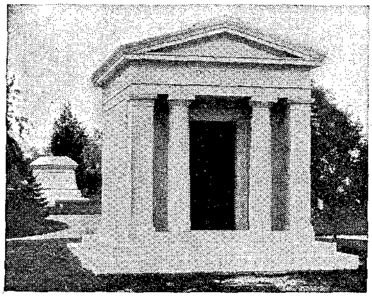

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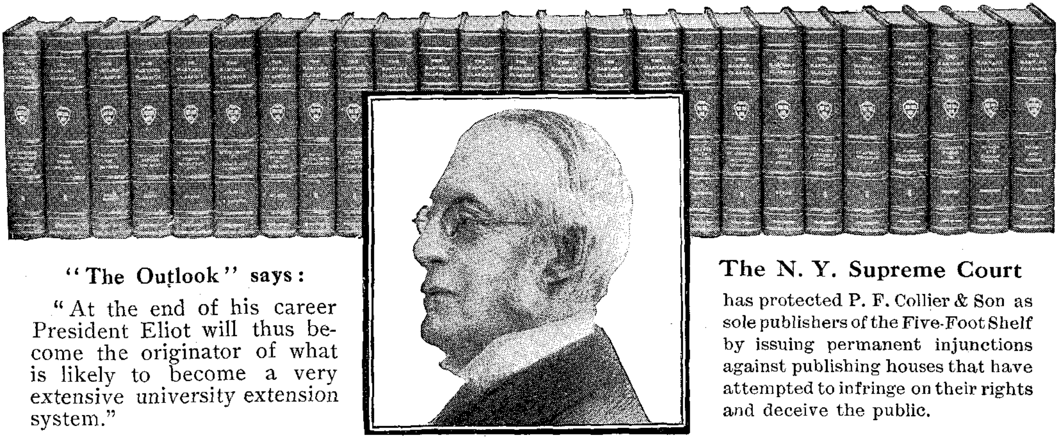

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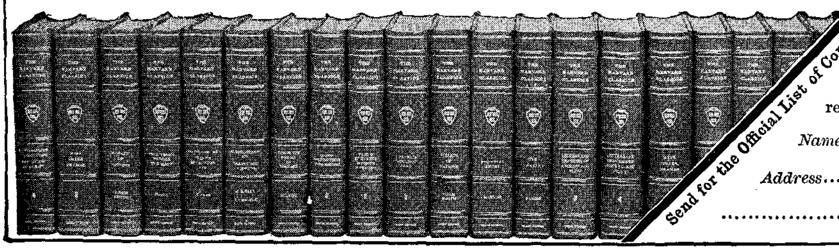

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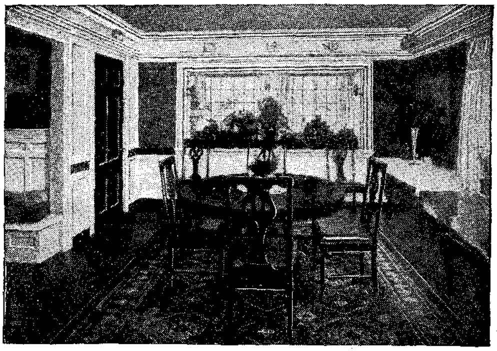

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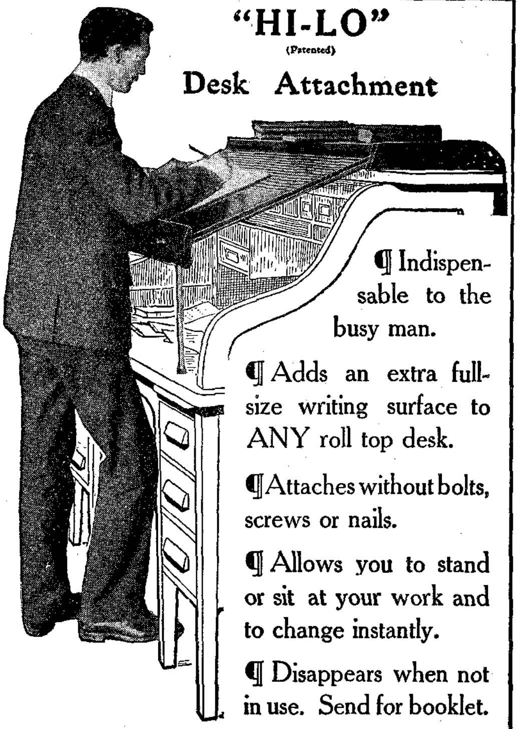

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MAC ARTHUR BROS.	26.42	Am. Beet Sugar	12.51
U. S. Steel	18.72	Ry. Steel Sp.	11.90
Amer. Loco.	18.48	Gen. Chemical.	11.34
Amer. Sugar.	16.94	Pressed S. Car	11.17
Car Foundry	16.76	Am. Ag. Chem.	10.28
Int. Harvest	16.69	Int. Steam Pump	9.62
Am. Cot. Oil.	15.81	Natn'l Lead	9.24
Am. Smelting	15.54	Rep. Iron & S.	8.84
Natn'l Biscuit	15.48	Am. Woolen	8.61
Va. Car Chem.	14.75	Cent. Leather	8.39
Corn Products	7.90		

We have prepared a booklet treating the affairs of the above companies showing the comparative investment values of their preferred stocks and comparative market values. We also have a special circular of the Preferred Stock which makes the best showing.

Write for circular 103 B

BIGELOW & CO.
BANKERS
49 Wall Street **New York**

9½% Annual Policy-Dividends Guaranteed by the Postal Life-Insurance Company and the Usual Contingent Dividends Paid Besides

AN EPOCH-MAKING COMPANY

POSTAL-LIFE policyholders insure *direct*, without the intervention of solicitors on commission involving costly agency organizations. The money thus saved is turned back to the policyholders. That the public appreciates this kind of a company is attested by the fact that the POSTAL LIFE now has policyholders in every State of the Union.

The Hughes Legislation

In the last few years there have been far-reaching reforms inaugurated in behalf of policyholders for which the Governor of New York is most responsible. Through the Hughes investigation the need of a company such as the POSTAL LIFE was emphasized; accordingly its organizers seized the opportunity to launch it.

The reforms as first inaugurated have been carried further forward by the POSTAL LIFE; it has set the Hughes high-water mark still higher. Its policies are made as liberal as the Hughes legislation requires and considerably *more.* Its usual contingent dividends are *larger* than those of other companies, and 9½ per cent *additional* is guaranteed.

Strict Laws and Larger Dividends

Let's look into some of the Hughes measures and see wherein dividends have come directly out of the statutory reforms, and what the POSTAL LIFE has directly added by its non-agency method of doing business:

The *stricter provisions as to the investment of insurance funds*, designating the kinds of high-grade securities, prevent losses from imprudence, and thus give very decided gains to the policy-dividends. Also *limitation in first-year expenses* prevents waste from inordinate agents' commissions, agents' advances, and costly supervision, with resulting larger contributions to policy-dividends.

Similarly, *limitation in the total annual expenses*, preventing more waste from renewal commissions, unchecked Home-Office charges and general expenses, results in larger contributions to policy-dividends.

Limitation also in the amount of business done in a single year prevents such an expansion of a company as diverts profits that should go to *old* policyholders, to securing *new* policyholders by the propagation of additional agencies; this results in larger contributions to policy-dividends.

Abolition of political contributions, "yellow-dog" funds, and extravagance of every sort results in corresponding contributions to policy-dividends.

Abolition of deferred dividends, with dividend-accounting required annually, affects the policy-dividends in similar fashion.

Publication of profit and loss exhibits, required to be specifically set forth as to definite particulars, thus disclosing the contributions to the surplus of the Company, adds likewise to policy-dividends.

Provisions for most careful and searching supervision by the insurance department brings about the enforcement of these legal requirements, with resulting contributions to policy-dividends.

Requirements of vouchers, describing in detail the nature of disbursements, prevents irresponsible leaks, and places responsibility where it belongs, with resulting contributions to policy-dividends.

Postal-Life Economies and Dividends

The POSTAL not only keeps strict account of contributions to policy-dividends as thus derived, and conveys them each year to its policyholders in increased *contingent* dividends, but it also imposes upon itself a requirement to do business without agents and *guarantees* to return to its policyholders in addition to this contingent dividend a sum equal to what is paid by other companies in renewal commissions and collection fees to their agents, amounting to 9½ per cent of the annual premium each year, throughout the life of the policy. Last year there was paid in commissions and disbursements to general agents and sub-agents more than $15,000,000.00 by New York companies alone.

Postal-Life Particulars

You are sure to be interested in the POSTAL'S non-agency way of doing business, its High-Class Insurance, its Guaranteed Dividends, and its Monthly-Premium Plan.

Official information will be mailed on request. Simply write and say, "*Mail insurance information as per Outlook announcement*," and be sure to give the *date of your birth* and your *occupation.* No agent will visit you.

Wm R. Malone
President.

Fifth Avenue cor. 44th Street,
New York